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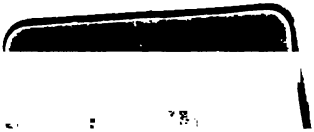
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HONOUR AND SHAME.

A NOVEL.

"Come then, fair Truth! and let me clearly see
The minds I paint as they are seen in thee;
To me their merits and their faults impart;
Give me to say, 'frail being, such thou art,'
And closely let me view the naked human heart."

CRABBE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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HONOUR AND SHAME.

CHAPTER I.

Isabella Lorraine was the only surviving child of Captain William Lorraine, the cadet of a respectable family in one of the midland counties of Scotland. Her mother was the only child and heiress of a Liverpool merchant. Mr. Osthwaite died in prosperous circumstances, but too young to have amassed the princely fortune which rewards the toils of the most successful in his line of life. He left his daughter, however, thirty thousand pounds, far more than sufficient to satisfy her moderate desires.

After her father's death, Eliza Osthwaite, who had lost her mother many years before, went to reside with an early friend, who had married a solicitor in York, a

young man of the most promising abilities and a rising reputation. Here, in society so congenial, she spent two short and happy years. In the autumn of the second, she went to Brighton to spend a few weeks with a distant relation. Miss Osthwaite possessed many qualities which could not fail to attract a considerable share of notice in a place like Brighton. Uncommon beauty, and a large share of fashionable accomplishments added lustre to the more solid charms of wealth, which, in spite of the moralizing of poets and the wisdom of philosophers, yet retains its supremacy over the minds of the multitude. A sweet temper, and a heart free from selfishness secured to her the affection of her intimates, while they escaped the notice of superficial observers.

Few of the rich and beautiful Miss Osthwaite's admirers thought of looking beyond her extrinsic advantages. She had the fate of many a beauty and many an heiress; she was followed and courted for the least valuable part of herself. This she had, in most instances, the good

sense to perceive ; and numerous were the suitors, who, during that eventful autumn, withdrew disappointed from her train.

Fate, however, had decreed that she should not leave the scene of her triumphs and cruelties with a heart untouched. The fine person, fascinating manners, and varied accomplishments of a young officer, at last, made an impression on her obdurate affections. She was flattered, and who especially in her situation would not have been, by the belief that her character was now duly appreciated, that she was loved for herself alone. Captain Lorraine possessed the appearance of every virtue, and Eliza gave him credit for being more than all he appeared ; suspicion was not in her nature, and suspicion of him she would have deemed little less than sacrilege. They were married. After their marriage, Captain Lorraine retired from active service, and took his wife to live at Burn Cottage, a pretty little residence in the immediate neighbourhood of Linnwood, his brother's seat. In this sweet retreat, the three first years of their wedded life passed swiftly by. Their hap-

piness—Eliza's happiness at least—was almost without alloy during that period; but sorrow came at last, and a sorrow the most agonizing that could have touched the heart of the unfortunate wife.

During the first two years of their establishment at Burn Cottage, Captain Lorraine had scarcely ever gone from home, occupying himself with angling, and shooting, and other rural sports. Latterly he had been in the habit of going more frequently to Edinburgh, which his wife rather encouraged, as it was evident he had not much relish for country amusements; but only engaged in them as a method of disposing of a surplus quantity of time.

His visits to the town were at first short and rare. Gradually they became more frequent and of longer duration, till at last by far the larger proportion of his time was spent from home. In other respects, also, he was an altered being; a secret evil seemed to weigh on his mind and cast a gloom over his spirits. The mental anxiety expressed in his countenance was strongly reflected in that of his wife; and yet she

dared not ask its cause. Dared not! was this possible? Dared not ask its cause of him whose heart and mind she had once fondly believed to be but a part of her own? Yes, all was completely changed; his manners, though seldom positively unkind, had become cold and formal; and occasionally even the tone of his voice, though never the words, when he replied to her questions, was harsh and irritable.

At last there was a partial confidence between them. He wanted money; and it was then that Eliza discovered, with astonishment and dismay, that not only, as she had feared, had they greatly exceeded their income, but that ten thousand pounds which had not been settled on herself were entirely dissipated. She gave him the money he required; and as she did so, insinuated the necessity of greater economy for the future. He seemed touched by her words and her ready acquiescence, he pressed her hand to his lips, thanked her for all her unmerited goodness, and gave the promise which was rather wished than required.

Eliza wept tears of joy. A happier understanding seemed to spring up between them, and she would not have thought it dearly purchased at far more than half her fortune. She forbore to ask the reason of his temporary alienation: she did not wish to know it. She was contented to see all things restored to their former footing. But alas! this renovation of happiness was but short lived. Captain Lorraine soon relapsed into his former bad habits, and the hopes which his poor wife had begun to form were blighted almost in their birth. Often during the long dark nights would she hold her lonely watch by the couches of her sleeping children, anxiously expecting, longing for, and yet dreading his return. Every variation of sound caused by the wind as it swept through the trees, or whistled round the corners of the building, seemed to her to announce what she most wished and yet most dreaded; and it was seldom till morning dawned, and he had not come, that her mind and body, alike exhausted, obtained by a hurried sleep a brief respite from their toils and care.

It was one morning after a more than usually sleepless night as Mrs. Lorraine sat, with feelings compounded of anguish and envy, listening to the joyous prattle of her little ones, that a strange-looking letter was delivered to her. The address was in hand-writing with which she was not acquainted; and it had an Edinburgh post-mark. A strange foreboding seized her mind; she feared she knew not what; and as she opened the letter with the greatest precipitation, her anxiety was so great as almost to deprive her of the power of collecting its purport. And happy for her would it have been had it done so entirely; for her imagination had come far short of the horrible truth which now dawned upon her.

Some real or imaginary insult from the guilty husband had induced the writer to revenge himself by sending an insulting epistle to his innocent and injured wife, accusing him of lavishing her money in play and on his favourites, and ascribing to him a long series of misdemeanours, which it paralysed her every faculty to

read. It was by an instinctive and tremendous effort, which the dread of discovery alone would have produced, that she prevented herself from fainting. When at last she recovered from the mental stupor into which she had fallen, her first impulse was to disbelieve every assertion; but alas! too soon she became painfully aware that every circumstance conspired to declare that though there might be many exaggerations in the particulars, the substance of the whole must be correct.

The unfortunate woman was yet sitting motionless with the fatal paper in her hand, when she heard her husband's step at the door. She looked wildly round the room; but there was no means of exit. They confronted each other, and the first glance made her aware that he looked more moody and irritable than he had ever done before. He also seemed to perceive some change in her; for he said abruptly and almost angrily:

"What is the matter with you, Eliza?"

"Nothing, that is to say not much," she replied with hesitation, and scarcely know-

ing what she said. He looked at her in surprise, and then said:

"What letter is that? Let me see it."

"Oh no, I cannot. Indeed you must not."

"Must not?" he repeated furiously, "I will see it. Give it me this instant."

Terrified at his unwonted violence, she offered no resistance as he took it from her hand, but remained pale and trembling as if she had been the guilty one, while he made himself master of its contents.

I will spare my reader the sequel of this painful scene. Suffice it to say that on her side it consisted of tears, far more upbraiding than the bitterest words could have been, and when she could find voice, affectionate expostulations on the sinfulness of his conduct. On his, it began in rage and invective, which finally subsided, if it could be called subsiding, into passionate protestations of attachment to her, and promises of amendment for the future—promises which experience forced her to fear were made but to be broken; and so it proved.

It would be needless to dwell on the events of the ensuing months, which, as they wore heavily away, only served to convince her that reformation for him was hopeless—happiness for her impossible; and that in a separation lay her only chance of educating her children, and ending her days in peace. What would she have given in the extremity of her misery for a female friend to whom to look for comfort and advice, to whose sympathising bosom she might have confided a part, at least, of those sorrows which oppressed her own.

There was indeed Mrs. Manners, but she was far distant; and a letter, in such a case, is but a poor substitute for the consolation which the presence of a friend affords —the consciousness that we are not alone. She was also on terms of sisterly intimacy with Mrs. Lorraine of Linnwood; but though that lady's amiable feelings might have qualified her to sympathize, her mean understanding and weak mind must necessarily have precluded her from exercising the office of an adviser. In this desolate condition, she, at last, determined to apply

to her husband's brother. Mr. Lorraine was as superior to his brother in character, as he was inferior in external graces. Under a homely exterior, he concealed warm and even delicate feelings. Though destitute of those brilliant qualities which command admiration, he possessed those steady principles of integrity and Christian honour, which cannot fail to ensure respect and esteem. He listened to his unhappy sister-in-law with the deepest grief, and the most heartfelt commiseration; but he heard her without surprise, for he had long had suspicions of the true state of her affairs, and had only been withheld from communicating with her upon them, by the fear that his interference might have been considered an intrusion. He agreed with Mrs. Lorraine, on hearing all the circumstances, that continued misery with eventual destitution, or an immediate separation was the only alternative. He undertook every arrangement, and relieved her of every burden within the compass of his power to remove. Captain Lorraine, on hearing of his wife's determination,

refused violently to comply with it; but a very little calm consideration showed him that it would be in vain to withstand it. He promised, on the receipt of five thousand pounds of the fifteen which yet remained of his wife's fortune, to leave Britain for ever, and never again to apply to her in any pecuniary difficulty in which he might chance hereafter to be involved.

Mrs. Lorraine was not long left in the possession of the cheerless peace which for a brief interval her husband's departure had left to her. Her children caught the measles, and it was her hard lot to behold two of those cherished remnants of happiness consigned to an untimely grave. One, however, her eldest, recovered; and with her, Mrs. Lorraine determined to leave Scotland. Every object around Burn Cottage only served to remind her of joys passed away, never to return; of sorrows which could only terminate with life itself. Mr. Lorraine, for his own sake, regretted her departure; but he could not urge her to remain: her feelings were too natural to be combated.

Mrs. Lorraine had fixed her residence in

the neighbourhood of York for the sake of being near her early friend. Mrs. Manners received her with more than the affection of former days, and as she pressed to her heart the wasted form of the companion of her youth, and gazed on her pale and woe-worn countenance, she shuddered at the change which sorrow had made. It was, indeed, a fearful change. She who had left her, a bright, blooming, and cherished bride, returned faded and heart-broken, a bereaved mother, and a worse than widowed wife.

During the few first years of her abode at York, Mrs. Lorraine heard frequently of, and even from, her husband. By degrees these notices became of rarer occurrence; till, at last, after a long interval of silence, she received a letter from a gentleman in New York announcing his death, and making a demand for five hundred pounds to liquidate some debts which he had contracted, and to pay his funeral expenses. The money was, of course, immediately transmitted. Mrs. Lorraine was dreadfully overcome by the first shock of this intelligence; but Mrs. Manners was convinced

that it contributed eventually to her tranquillity of mind during the few remaining years of her sorrowful pilgrimage.

She did not very long survive her husband. She died of a consumption which for years had been imperceptibly, but surely wearing away the principle of existence. Her death was an easy and a happy one; and as her friend beheld her chastened spirit gently free itself from the bonds of mortality, she trusted that it had gone to meet that reward in Heaven, all portion of which an all-wise Providence had seen fit to withhold on earth. She left Mrs. Manners and Mr. Lorraine conjointly guardians of her young daughter, expressing a wish that the former would undertake the charge of her education, but leaving her in after-life to choose her own home.

Mrs. Manners had also an only daughter about the age of Isabella Lorraine. The daughters became what the mothers had been, the most tenderly attached of friends, and Isabella met with the same care and tenderness from her friend's parents, which they bestowed upon their own daughter.

They had their reward in seeing both become all that the heart of parents could desire. Many might have possessed a larger share of showy accomplishments than Isabella, but few are more truly well-educated in the proper sense of the term.

Without being either a pedant or a blue stocking, she was generally well-informed, and had acquired a correct taste, while her sentiments on most subjects were just and sensible. In addition, she possessed that desire for knowledge, that love of the good and beautiful, which in themselves are worth more than all that masters can impart to a mind which has them not. With regard to the personal appearance of my heroine, for the personal appearance of a heroine is always important, I shall only say that though her figure was not precisely "formed in a mould of the most perfect symmetry," it was generally pleasing in its effect, whilst the sweetness and intelligence expressed in her countenance might have set off to advantage much plainer features.

Her principal characteristics were an

earnestness of disposition and a playfulness of temper, which though not often united are by no means incompatible. Possessed of so many endearing qualities, it is not wonderful that her English friends should have been unwilling to part with her; nor is it strange that she should have completed her twenty-first year before she could determine on separating, even for a year, from those who had been so kind to her. Then, however, she resolved to go to Scotland, not less on account of the numerous pressing invitations she received from her uncle and cousins, than from her own earnest desire to revisit her native land.

This may seem surprising; but it must be taken into consideration that of her mother's misfortunes she knew little or nothing. She only knew that her father was dead, and this accounted to her for the melancholy which she, as a child, remembered to have observed habitual in her mother. Of the darker parts of the tale she was ignorant, and her friends esteemed such ignorance too blissful to be enlightened.

I shall now transcribe Isabella's letter, written immediately after her arrival at Linnwood, in the hope that it may be the most satisfactory method of conveying to my readers a just idea of her feelings on quitting England, and of her first impressions of her new home.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER FROM ISABELLA LORRAINE TO HARRIET MANNERS.

Linnwood, 2nd April, 18—.

"YES, my dearest Harriet, I am once more in Scotland, in the land of my fathers, in the home of my childhood; and writing to you actually within view of those misty mountains and silvery streams, of which, since I first quitted them, I have so often thought, and dreamed, and spoken. You will, ere now, have been assured of my escape from all the perils of a sea voyage by the newspaper which, according to our agreement, I sent you immediately on my arrival in Edinburgh at the house of your kind cousin. I now proceed to fulfil the remainder of my promise, by giving you a full, true, and particular account of all my adventures since I sailed from Hull.

"There is an excitement in leave-taking that prevents one from feeling the pain of parting in its fullest extent. It is not till we see no longer the dear familiar face, till the beloved accents have ceased to vibrate on our ears, till we have had time to realize the idea of separation, that we feel that aching blank produced by the absence of those friends with whom we have dwelt so long that they seem almost a part of our existence.

"As I viewed the receding shores of England, as I strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse of them, as they seemed to vanish between the sea and the sky, I felt as if I were leaving home and happiness behind. Perhaps, my dear Harriet, when you recollect all my fond aspirations after my native land, my delight at the prospect of seeing it once more, you may be surprised to hear of such feelings. How it was, I cannot tell you; but instead of thinking of joys in store, my mind seemed to take a painful pleasure in dwelling on those I had quitted. I thought of the gentle lessons of my beloved mother; I thought of the cold

grave which contained her earthly remains, and how it would be now passed by unheeded. I remembered all the increasing kindness of your father and mother, all their endeavours to supply the place of her I had lost. I recalled in sadness the merry days of my girlhood when my Harriet was my favourite companion, when we

> Created with our needles both one flower,
> Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
> As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
> Had been incorporate.

"I lived over again, in fancy, the years of our more mature friendship with a feeling, a foolish one certainly, that our personal intercourse was cut off for ever. It was in vain that I endeavoured to impress upon myself that my absence was voluntary, that I could return when I chose, and that a year should be the term of my exile, for such did my return to my early home then seem.

"As I sat brooding over melancholy images, tears gathered in my eyes, an icy chill fell upon me, I grew sick at heart, all

objects swam before my eyes; sea, sky, vessel, and passengers, were all blended in one general indistinctness;—it was then I discovered that I was sick, not only in mind but in body also. Sea-sickness is not one of those things that may be more easily conceived than described, as imagination and words are, I should think, equally inadequate to depict its horrors. Experience alone can give a just idea of them. Whether it was that I had got more accustomed to the motion, or that the water was smoother, I know not; but certain it is, that on entering the Frith of Forth, my sickness began to abate. At last, I was informed that in a few minutes we should land. I crawled on deck in hope of catching a glimpse of Edinburgh, that beautiful city which I had so long and ardently desired to see; and uncomfortable as I was, a portion of my latent enthusiasm was awakened at the idea of having at last arrived at this goal of my wishes.

"You may be able to conceive my disappointment when, on reaching the deck with great difficulty, I could see literally nothing.

Every object was enveloped in a dense fog. The spray was dashing over the deck. Every thing looked wretched. I asked a sailor to point out to me the situation of Edinburgh. He indicated two large dark objects looming through the mist, which he informed me were the Castle and Arthur's seat. I shivered with the chill damp; it was a most dispiriting return to my native land. We had now anchored, and I sat looking at the busy scene around, as if it were a thing in which I had no concern; when I was aroused by the sound of a friendly voice pronouncing my own name. It was your cousin, Mr. R. He bade me welcome to Scotland, and told me that there was a coach in waiting. I was received by Mrs. R. with the greatest kindness. I was much refreshed by a cup of tea, and completely restored by a night's rest. The following day and part of the next was devoted to seeing the lions; on the afternoon of the second day, I came to Linnwood, which is about two hours and a half's journey from the metropolis. I shall say nothing of Edinburgh and its many

beauties, as you have many opportunities of reading descriptions by abler pens than mine. I shall only mention one little circumstance, rather on account of the undue impression it made upon me, than of its own importance.

"We had driven about all the forenoon, and I thought that in the afternoon I should prefer a walk; Mrs. R. and I set off accordingly. Before we had gone far, we were under the necessity of taking shelter from a shower of rain in one of those passages leading to a '*common stair*,' as they call them here, which are very numerous in Edinburgh.

"We found it pre-occupied by a gentleman who immediately attracted my attention, not less by the notice he bestowed upon me, than by his appearance which was certainly marked. He looked at least fifty, was very tall, and had rather a military deportment. I could scarcely persuade myself that I had not seen his face before—in a dream at least. It was one of those strange reminiscences which we have sometimes of something

that seems to have passed in a previous state of existence. His was a face which, when once seen, was not likely ever to be forgotten. The features were all remarkably handsome; but the expression, of which they had a great deal, was marked by strong and unbridled passions.

"I recoiled from the steadfast gaze of his dark piercing eye, and was truly glad when the brightening sky again allowed us to move on our way. His parting glance yet haunts me; but I fear I tire you with my folly on this subject. After a pleasant journey through a pretty country, I was met at Kirkholm, a little town about a mile from Linnwood, by my uncle and my second cousin, Rose. I was much affected by the manner in which my uncle received me; he seemed scarcely to be able to speak, kissed me affectionately, and I am almost sure there was a tear in his eye. I was the more touched by those marks of emotion, as my uncle does not at all look like a man of sentiment. I could only find relief for my excited feelings in a burst of tears.

"My uncle is a man about the middle

height, stout and broad, with very much the air of a respectable farmer. His features are regular, but cannot be called handsome, unless a remarkably open, good-tempered, and somewhat humorous expression may be said to render them so. My cousin Rose, is, I think, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld. Her figure is tall, commanding and graceful; her face classically perfect; with large, brilliant eyes; a clear, though not fair complexion; and a quantity of dark hair. She has a great deal of manner and more self-possession than is usual at her age. I do not yet know whether I shall like her or not. I am inclined to think she is one of those persons of whom people say, 'she can be agreeable when she pleases.' My reception at Linnwood, by the remaining members of the family, was also most cordial.

"For your edification, my dear Harriet, I shall also set down my first impression of their appearance and characters. Mrs. Lorraine has been rather pretty, in the most insipid style of prettiness; however, I never saw a countenance that was not

absolutely silly, so totally unillumined by the mind. Her voice is soft, and her manner kind and unaffected. Sarah, the eldest of the family, is little and plain, and dresses rather untidily; but she is, I should fancy, rather clever. Helen, the third daughter, is a very striking resemblance of her mother, except that she has a sentimental and affected deportment, which is, I think, no improvement. As James the last born child and son and heir is at present absent at school in England, I must defer giving you his portrait till a future opportunity.

"We have hitherto had no lack of conversation at Linnwood. On my part it has chiefly consisted in answering questions. My uncle asked how I liked Edinburgh, and if I had had a pleasant journey. My aunt and two younger cousins made many inquiries concerning my information on the latest fashions. Helen asked me if I was fond of poetry, what kind I liked, and what sort of girl you were. Rose wished to know if I could sing duets; and Sarah cross-questioned me on my know-

ledge of, and love for literature, science, languages, &c. &c.

"And now having given you some idea of the inmates, I must try to describe the external appearance of my new home. The house is old-fashioned and rambling, plentifully supplied with gables and chimneys, almost covered with ivy and other kinds of creepers, and on the whole rather an interesting-looking building. It stands low, the grounds rising gently behind it. A very pretty lawn extends from the house to the little river Cole, which forms the boundary between my uncle's grounds, and those of Mr. Melville of Glencola. On the other side of the stream, the ground is more unequal than it is here, and some fine old trees, either single or in groups, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect as I see it from my window at this instant.

"Glencola is a handsome, modern mansion. I can see its terrace of roof where I am sitting. It stands on rising ground, and must command a noble view of this beautiful country. It is backed by a range of hills wooded to the very top, which limit

the charming scene before me, except where an opening in the chain discloses in the distance the blue line of the Highland barrier. But to return to Linnwood. It is surrounded by shrubberies and plantations; and Helen informs me that there are delightful walks in all directions cut through the woods.

"I had written thus far, my dear friend, and was on the point of closing my very long letter, when Helen and Rose invited me to accompany them in their walk, and now at the risk of tiring your patience, I must give you some account of it.

"We entered the wood at a short distance from the house, and though most of the trees are leafless, I enjoyed myself exceedingly, admiring the exquisite shape or fantastic form of many a naked trunk, and inhaling with delight the sweet scent of the primroses which starred the grassy carpet beneath our feet. After following for some time the intricacies of a winding path, we at last emerged from the wood, we found ourselves in the loveliest and most retired little spot I ever beheld. Oh that I

had the pen of a poet, or the pencil of an artist to do justice to its beauties! But as I have neither, I must endeavour in a more humble manner to present it to your mind's eye. Picture to yourself then a green knoll surrounded by trees, the Cole seeming to issue from a wood, and flowing for a few yards at the foot of the slope, till it precipitates itself over a high bold rock, forming a small cascade, or as it is called in Scotland, a linn. A rustic bridge is thrown across the stream above the linn.

"On the Glencola side there is also a grass plat, and in the middle of it a tall spreading beech. From this spot you have the finest view of the windings of the glen, till the banks flatten and lose their bold and rocky character. In some places, the rocks are very high and abrupt, and occasionally covered with lichens and ground ivy; sometimes they are of a less rugged description, and overhung by trees, principally the wild birch, which here denotes our vicinity to the Highlands. There is a path cut at the bottom of the glen which I have determined to explore some day very soon. I

asked Rose and Helen if they often walked this way. Rose replied, 'very seldom, she was no walker;' and Helen said 'not very often.'

"I was rather surprised at their indifference; but I privately determined that I should often go there in the ensuing summer with a book, if I could find no better companion. Oh, my dear Harriet, Linnwood is so beautiful a place, and the family are so kind, that I think there are only two things wanting to complete my perfect happiness. The relative importance of these two things, however, differs greatly; one is the presence of yourself and your dear parents; the other that I could sing like Rose. She favoured us with a song during our walk, and truly she has a voice like an angel.

"On reading over the above, I cannot avoid smiling at the list of drawbacks to my entire felicity. Only two—surely no one had ever so few before, no one had ever so much cause to be grateful to Divine Providence for a multiplicity of the best blessings of this life. Youth, health,

enough riches, kind friends, and, I may say, two happy homes are mine; and my imagination delights to paint the future in yet brighter colours; but, who can tell how this may be? Of one thing, however, I am certain; amid all the vicissitudes of life, whether in joy or sorrow, I shall ever continue my Harriet's faithful friend,

"ISABELLA LORRAINE."

CHAPTER III.

"The Melvilles arrived yesterday, I understand," said Mrs. Lorraine one morning shortly after her niece's arrival at Linnwood, as the family party were all assembled round the breakfast-table, "it would only be neighbourly to go to-day to call on such old friends. What do you think, my dear?"

"Certainly, my dear," replied her husband thus appealed to, "I should not wish to omit any attention to my old friend Mrs. Melville, who, though she may have some peculiarities, is in the main a most worthy, excellent woman. Her son too seemed a fine promising young man the last time I saw him, and every one speaks well of him. Name any hour you like, my dear, for our visit, and I shall be ready to accompany you."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Lorraine, "one would be too early, and three—three would

be the best time; but I meant to be busy at three, and after that I should not have time to go and make myself comfortable before dinner. If I went at two I should not be home in time for my business. I do not know how to manage it, Mr. Lorraine."

"Nor I, my love, if, as you seem to intimate, no hour will suit you. We must defer our visit till to-morrow; I see no alternative."

"Oh no, my dear, that will not answer at all. We must contrive it some way or other. Let me think again; I am to be busy at three—one is too early. I really do not know what to do."

"If your business admitted of being done earlier, you might have it finished by three, mamma," said Rose.

"True, very true, my love. I am glad you happened to think of that. We shall be ready at three then, and Rose, see, my dear, that you do not keep your papa waiting. He does not like it, you know."

"Is Rose going?" said her father.

"Yes, my dear, she was saying so before breakfast. Indeed I am not sure that I

should have thought of going to-day had she not fortunately reminded me."

"And do none of the rest wish to go?"

"Sarah, you know, my dear, never calls any where, and Rose is older than Helen."

"But Isabella," said her uncle, "would she not like to see Glencola?"

"Very true, my love. Isabella, my dear?" said her aunt interrogatively, and fixing her eyes upon her.

"Thank you kindly," returned the young lady, "for thinking of me; but I could not think of depriving Rose of her visit to her old friends; and I do not doubt that I shall have many opportunities of seeing Glencola."

"And, Mr. Lorraine," resumed his wife, "Rose and I were also thinking that we ought to have them to dinner some day next week. Now what day will suit you?"

"I have no engagements, so you may fix on any you please."

"I wonder which day would be most convenient—what do you think, Rose?"

"To-morrow week, I should think,"

returned her daughter, "would be as suitable on many accounts as any other day."

"I dare say you are right; yes, to-morrow week will be much the best day. And whom shall we ask to meet them, Mr. Lorraine?"

"There are the Heriots, my dear."

"And the Mackains," said Rose.

"The Mackains," returned her father, "have dined with us very lately, and our table will be full without them, as we must ask your mother's cousins, the Bells."

"The Bells; oh papa! what use in the world is there in inviting the Bells?"

"The same use, Rose, that there is in inviting any other person—to pay them a compliment, and to have the pleasure of their society."

"It is impossible anybody can find pleasure in their society. The vulgarity of the mother, the cool insolence of the daughter, and the silliness, vanity, and presumption of the son, are all equally insupportable."

"I cannot agree with you, Rose. Mr.

Bell is a sensible, well-informed man, his wife is a well-meaning woman, and their children very like other young persons."

"The Mackains," continued Rose, "are related to the Melvilles, and Mrs. Mackain is a particular friend of mine."

"Our own relations," said her father, "have at least as great a claim upon me as any other person's; and with regard to your selection of a particular friend, I cannot compliment you. Mrs. Mackain is a vain, egotistical woman, and if you object to coarseness and vulgarity of manners, it is impossible you can find pleasure in her husband's society. But to be sure they live in a fine place, and keep a large establishment. They are not like the Bells, guilty of the vulgarity of living in the street of a country town. It is a creditable thing to be intimate with the lady of Highwood Park; there lies the charm, I suspect. Take care, Rose. I know you dislike nothing so much as vulgarity; but remember there is a vulgarity of mind as well as of residence or manner. Beware, for it may be nearer you than you dream of!"

Whilst her father spoke, Rose sat with the air of being determined not to hear; and when he finished, deigned to take no notice, but by assuming a more gloomy and sullen expression than that by which her beautiful features were already disfigured. With a view to break the awkward silence which ensued, and to turn the current of conversation, Isabella inquired:

"What sort of person is Mrs. Melville?"

"Most people," replied Sarah, "reckon her proud and disagreeable. Proud she certainly is, but disagreeable I think only in consequence of her pride. I cannot say that she is a favourite of mine. She takes no trouble to make herself agreeable. But I find no fault with her: we have all a right to please ourselves."

"Not at the expense of other people's comfort," said her father. "We have no right, Sarah, to make ourselves disagreeable. On the contrary, we have a command to the reverse from the highest authority. The golden rule is the basis of all true politeness. So well aware are mankind of its necessity to the comfort of

society, that in all civilized communities, which ever existed, artificial politeness and conventional forms have been invented to supply its too frequent deficiency, as a law written in the heart of man. As far as it is consistent with higher obligations, it is our duty to make others as happy as we can, and not to do so is a species of selfishness. I cannot help regarding it as a defect in Mrs. Melville's character, that she takes so very little trouble to please; but she has so many excellent qualities, that on their account this one fault ought to be overlooked. Nor are you to suppose, my dear Isabella, from anything we have said, that she is either insolent or obtrusive; she has too much good feeling for the one, and too much good sense for the other. Her disagreeableness is merely negative."

"Mrs. Melville is a great oddity," said Helen.

"She is very odd and proud," said her mother, "and a very good woman too; but talking of her oddness puts me in mind of what Saunders was saying last night. Saunders went over to Glencola, about the

turkeys, though I told her not to go out on account of her sore throat. I was just going to scold her when says she, 'ma'am, what do you think? Mrs. Adams came out herself to give me the turkeys, and she says she is still to have the whole charge of the place herself for Mr. Melville, as Mrs. Melville is not coming to live at the big house, but is going to stay at Burn Cottage.'"

"At Burn Cottage!" exclaimed all present.

"Yes. I do not wonder that you are surprised," continued Mrs. Lorraine. "I was myself, though I knew, indeed, you told me, my dear, that young Melville had bought the cottage and enclosed it in the park."

"Did Mrs. Adams tell Saunders the reason of this arrangement?" said Rose, breaking for an instant her moody silence.

"No, my dear," replied her mother; "but I am afraid they must have quarrelled."

"Impossible!" said Mr. Lorraine, "that is the last thing I should think of. I am inclined to think it is merely Mrs. Melville's spirit of ultra-independence."

"Very likely, my dear. I dare say you are right," said his accordant wife.

Breakfast now being over, the family separated in pursuit of their various avocations. Mr. Lorraine went to his farm, his lady to make her domestic arrangements for the day, and Rose to accompany her voice on the piano. The three other young ladies lingered for a few minutes in the breakfast-room.

"I wish I could persuade you, Isabella," said Sarah, "to become the companion of my studies. It seems strange that you, who have so much more information than the generality of young ladies, and a love of literature, apparently so genuine, should choose rather to engage in the frivolous amusements which engross the attention of too many of our sex, than to employ your time in the cultivation of your mind. You see, my dear cousin, I speak plainly; but I am not skilled in making gentle insinuations. Indeed, I prefer at all times the plain truth."

"You may depend then upon having the plain truth from me," replied Isabella;

"and now, most learned cousin, I must reply to the heavy charge you have laid against me; for do not imagine that I mean to plead guilty. My amusements, then, since I came to Linnwood, have been walking, reading, music, and drawing; and I do not consider them frivolous. On the contrary, they are exactly the occupations the best calculated to form and to delight a refined and intelligent mind."

"Yes, yes, they are very well as amusements, as relaxations from the more serious cares, but I do object to their being made the business of life."

"The real business of my life," said Isabella, "is very little indeed. Neither you nor I, Sarah, have any great duties to perform, but those we have in common with all mankind. As one of the paths to earthly happiness, you and I seem both to have made choice of the improvement of our minds. The means only by which we pursue the same end are different. You endeavour to attain it by poring continually over the works of the learned. I, by uniting the study of books with the study of

the great book of nature, upon which all others are only commentaries."

"You do not mean to say that your mind derives as much benefit from a ramble in the country as from reading a well-written book?"

"Indeed I do. You know the poet 'finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

"Poetry," said Sarah, "is not always logic."

"Shakspeare's is generally truth," returned her cousin, "and Cowper too, no one can accuse him of indulging in flights of imagination beyond the bounds of reason. I wish you would read his sentiments on the subject in the 6th Book of the 'Task,' if you have not done so already."

"I will, I will read them; and now do you mean to say that you are not to be my fellow-student at all?"

"Far from it, my dear Sarah. I shall be at your service three or four hours every day. I only mean to say that I do not intend to pore over volumes of learning the

whole day long, and that I mean to vary my occupations, by that means enhancing the advantage and enjoyment to be derived from them."

"Remember, Isabella," said Helen, "that you promised to take a walk with me when mamma and Rose go to Glencola."

"You need be under no apprehension, I can assure you, my dear Helen. I shall be punctual to the time appointed; but I hear Rose singing 'The last Rose of Summer' in the drawing-room; and if Sarah does not want me immediately, I should like to go and listen."

"I shall be ready for you in an hour," said Sarah; and the cousins separated.

Isabella was faithful to her appointment with Helen; and accordingly on a fine but showery afternoon, they set out to have a long ramble by the banks of the Cole. They were alone, as Sarah had declined accompanying them, and Rose had gone to Glencola.

"How glad I am that we are alone!" was an exclamation of Helen's as they ran across the lawn, to which her companion could

not respond, as she had hitherto found Sarah superior to her younger sister in intelligence and in the power of making time pass agreeably. Helen, indeed, was decidedly the least clever of the whole family; but it was not to be supposed that she, any more than the wisest, should be aware of her own deficiencies.

"How I have been longing," she said "my dear cousin, for this opportunity of speaking to you in private. It is impossible for you, who have always had a friend to whom you might pour out your confidence to understand how solitary and melancholy it is to be without one."

"Indeed, Helen, I cannot agree with you. It is only those who have been blessed with such a friend as I have, who can have an adequate idea of the value of such an affection as subsists between us."

"Ah, yes, you are very fond of Miss Manners. I wish you could like me as well; but as I was saying, I cannot find here a congenial soul. Mamma, you know is too old, and Sarah has no sympathy

with anything, and Rose is so proud and ill-natured. Did you ever see anybody so ill-natured as she was this morning at breakfast?"

"She seemed rather out of humour, I thought."

"Oh! but you did not understand," continued Helen, in the same perspicuous style which she had hitherto employed, "that was what I wanted to speak to you about."

"What was?" said her cousin, "Rose's ill-humour?"

"Yes—no—not exactly. I am just going to explain. Did you hear what she said about the Bells?"

"Yes—she seemed to have a great dislike to them."

"That was so like Rose. I was glad papa said what he did. And then, you see, what she said was not at all true; for though Mrs. Bell is rather a vulgar woman, she is a very good kind of person, and Ann, though she has not much to say, is a very nice girl in reality; and then to hear how she abused Andrew! But that was done to spite me."

"To spite you—how do you mean?"

"Why you see," said Helen with some hesitation, "Andrew Bell is a very superior young man indeed—in short, a young man that anybody might be proud of—he is not very handsome, but has something very elegant in his air, and he is so superior to young men in general. There is none of that folly about him which one so often sees. He always talks on intellectual subjects, and has read so much poetry, and he writes verses himself—oh, so very beautiful! But because he is not rich, and is only to be a surgeon, Rose does not think he is good enough for me, as if people who loved each other could not live in a desert."

"I am afraid," said Isabella, "that love is not quite so hardy a plant as you seem to imagine; it requires the constant continuance of those fostering circumstances which first gave it birth to preserve it in its pristine beauty, and is apt to droop and languish when it is transplanted to the wilderness."

"Ah! you have never been in love, that is clear."

"Are you then engaged to Mr. Bell, Helen; and do your father and mother know it?"

"No—we are not actually engaged; but we understand each other, I think. Papa and mamma know quite well that there is something between us, but they think that it is only childish nonsense. But Andrew and I are no boy and girl now, you know. He is twenty-two, and I am am almost nineteen. But, as I was saying, Rose thinks it would be a marriage quite beneath me, though I remember well enough two or three years ago she had no objection to flirt with Andrew herself; but she is quite changed now and will scarcely speak to him."

"And is there any prospect of your being married soon?"

"No, none at all. Andrew must first get some appointment. And I think if I were very anxious, he would prevail upon his father to allow him to graduate, and that would be a great deal better, you know. Oh! how I wish his name was not Andrew—it is so unpoetical; if he had

only been called Edmund now, or Alfred, how delightful it would have been! I like a pretty name so much—one that has poetical sound. Are you fond of poetry

"Very fond of it," replied her cousin

"I am so glad you like it," contin Helen; "I am so passionately fond o myself, and so is Andrew. There is thing so delightful as to be reading volume of Byron or Moore. How super they are to all other poets!"

"Some of their poetry is exceedingly beautiful," said Isabella; "but I cannot agree with you in thinking that they have never been equalled."

"Can you not? Andrew does though, and he has such a taste for poetry. He and I both wish so much to have been Lord Byron. He was certainly the most enviable of men."

"Did you ever read his life?" said Isabella in great astonishment.

"I have read a short account of it."

"That is exactly what I have done myself, and I must confess that to me there seems few attractions in such a life."

"But only consider the fame and the glory."

"It is very sound philosophy, I think, to say, that where fame and glory do not bestow happiness, they are utterly valueless."

"Can you really think so? For my part I think it is the most delightful thing in the world to be able to write poetry. Andrew's is so beautiful, I will let you see a piece of his which he wrote in my album when we go in. It is to the moon and begins, 'Thou fair pale moon,' so very original, you know. But I forget the rest."

Isabella had seldom in her life felt more inclined to laugh, but determined to suppress her incipient mirth, she cast her eyes around in the hope of seeing something to make a remark upon.

"What a large black cloud there is, Helen, do not you think we shall have a shower?"

"Oh yes! I am sure it is going to rain. What shall we do?"

"Is there no short cut home?"

"No, none. Stay, I know of a place

round that rock, straight on. Oh! be quick—run—I feel the drops already."

Isabella, who was more lightly and actively formed than her cousin, soon outstripped her, and running in the direction which had been indicated, was turning the jutting angle of an immense, overhanging rock, in order to get on the leeward side, when she was met right in the face by a gentleman. Both started and begged pardon, and the stranger had stepped upon a rock in the Cole to allow the young lady to pass along the narrow foot-path, when Helen coming up, was accosted by him as an old acquaintance.

"How do you do, Miss Helen Lorraine, I wish this had been a more agreeable meeting."

As he spoke, he alighted from the rock, and they shook hands in a most friendly manner.

"Thank you, Mr. Melville," said Helen. "I am quite well, I hope you are the same."

"Quite the same, returning your thanks," he replied; "but I think we had better

defer the remainder of our polite inquiries till you and your friend are on the safe side of the rock, when I hope you will do me the honour of introducing me to your— cousin, I suppose she is, that I may make her a proper apology for my awkwardness."

They were now within shelter, and Isabella said:

"If there is any apology at all necessary, I think we ought both to make one, as the awkwardness was certainly mutual."

"I am delighted to hear you say so," he said, "though, as in duty bound, I must think mine was the greater fault."

"Make your apology first then," she said, "I am quite ready to listen to it."

"There you have the advantage of me, for I am not at all ready to deliver it. I have not even begun to compose it. Have you prepared yours?"

"No," returned Isabella, "I have not, and as we are mutually at fault, suppose we dispense with apologies entirely."

"I should have no objection, as the exertion would certainly be great, did it not seem cruel to disappoint Miss Helen in the

expectation she must have formed of hearing two sublime speeches in a place, and at a time peculiarly adapted to the display of oratory."

"Oh, do not mind me!" said Helen.

"Perhaps," said Isabella, "she may have another opportunity; at any rate, for Helen's sake, your compassionate heart may indulge in the hope that at some future period we may again be in danger of knocking each other down."

Melville laughed, and then said:

"If it were not for the fear of having to make another apology, uninspired as I am at present by the muse of rhetoric, I should place myself exactly in front of Miss Isabella, as I think she is getting more than her share of the watery element."

As he spoke, he placed himself before her so as to intercept the rain.

"I must insist on your going back, Mr. Melville," she said, "as you will soon get wet where you are."

"Do not think of me," he replied; "for if not waterproof, I am at least quite harm-proof; and the shower, I think, will soon be over."

He then began to tell Helen that he had just come from Linnwood, whither he had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine and their second daughter, whom he had met at Burn Cottage. Whilst he spoke, Isabella found time to take a more accurate survey of his personal appearance than she had hitherto been able to accomplish.

He was tall and well formed; his figure and his address were equally gentlemanlike, while a lively, sensible expression gave animation and interest to a set of features in themselves generally good. His manner was unusually frank, yet perfectly free from forwardness; his voice animated and agreeable, and altogether Isabella was much prepossessed in his favour. She felt as if she had been acquainted with him as long as her cousins, and she rejoiced at the intimacy which subsisted between the families.

In the meantime, the rain ceased, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out, giving to every object that bright and glittering appearance, which on a showery

day alone they ever possess. Our party then emerged from their retreat, and Mr. Melville accompanied the young ladies as far as the lawn, where he took leave.

The ladies, on reaching home, found Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine and Rose, in their several ways, eloquent in praise of Mr. Melville; regarding his mother, they did not seem so well agreed. Rose had never seen her so disagreeable. Mrs. Lorraine thought her odd, whilst her husband declared that she was a good woman. Isabella really felt anxious to see her, that amid such a diversity of opinions, she might be able to form her own judgment. She trusted that she might be at home when she returned her aunt's visit; but at all events she was certain of seeing her the following week, as she had accepted the invitation to dinner.

CHAPTER IV.

The weather set in rainy. The days intervening before the dinner were all, except one, hopelessly wet. On that one, Isabella went out to enjoy a ramble from which she had for some time been debarred, and whilst she was absent, the Melvilles called. She was sorry she had missed them, but she comforted herself with the certainty of meeting them in a day or two. From the party altogether she promised herself much amusement. Not that she expected it to be, in the common sense of the word, an agreeable party, where like a piece of mosaic work, every individual finds the place best suited to him, forming altogether a beautiful and harmonious whole. No; she expected to find all her enjoyment in a totally opposite effect—in the opposition of characters likely to be exhibited—in the strong contrast between the haughty Mrs.

Melville and the vulgar Bells—between the pride of Rose, and the silliness of Helen and her admirer. She took care to be dressed and in the drawing-room early.

The Melvilles were the first of the party to arrive. Mrs. Melville entered leaning on the arm of her son, and instantly riveted Isabella's attention by her noble and commanding aspect. She was a woman considerably past the prime of life, yet the traces of uncommon beauty still lingered in her well-marked and expressive features, whilst her figure was as tall, erect, and dignified as it could ever have been. With an unbending stateliness of manner, she shook hands with every member of the family except Mr. Lorraine; in her greeting to him, his niece thought that she displayed rather more cordiality. Isabella was then introduced to her, and received with a graciousness which quite astonished its object. She shook hands, and smiled, and seemed almost as if she would have spoken, when the Bells were announced, and she relapsed into more than her former stiffness.

Mrs. Bell, a large overdressed woman, everything she wore being furiously fashionable, and nothing in keeping, looked even more conspicuous by the side of her husband, a little, thin, quiet, but by no means vulgar-looking person. In the appearance of their children there was nothing remarkable; they were exactly such people as one passes every day without their awaking in our minds the slightest speculation as to who, or what they are. They were neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, neither good-looking nor remarkably plain, with nothing, in short, in the outer man to distinguish them from the mass of mankind; they seemed so much alike to the careless spectator, that he would not have observed more than that the one was man, the other woman. The brother and sister were as dissimilar in character as it was possible to be. Andrew Bell was, as Isabella had suspected, a very silly young man. He fancied himself in love with Helen, because his vanity was flattered by her admiration of his verses; because she was the first pretty young woman who had smiled on his advances;

and because in every respect her situation was eligible for that of his lady-love.

Miss Ann Bell had the misfortune to be superior to the rest of her family—superior, in sense and natural refinement; misfortune did I say? Yes—it must be a misfortune to be wounded at every turn by the folly of a brother, or the vulgar adulations of a mother, towards those whose countenance she desired; insensibility, stupidity, even in her case, would have been a real blessing. She was mortified to see her family paying court to those who she was convinced despised them. The presence of Rose was gall and wormwood to her feelings, and it would have been difficult to determine which of the two disliked the other the most.

Miss Bell was, notwithstanding the superior qualities of her mind, less liked in society than any of her family, for in the fear of being guilty of one extreme she saw into another; in trying to avoid the Scylla of flattery, she split on the Charybdis of ungraciousness. She seldom spoke at all;

when she did break silence, it was in a most unwilling manner.

Mr. and Miss Heriot followed close in the wake of the Bells, and brought up the rear of the party. The former was a tall man about forty, in his address and manners, with perhaps the addition of a shade of superciliousness, quite like a man who had seen a great deal of the world. The latter, a mild, subdued, long-suffering looking woman, who entered the room scarcely touching with the tips of her fingers her brother's arm, and immediately on finding herself within, quitted it entirely. Mr. Lorraine having welcomed his guests and complimented them upon their punctuality, a dead pause ensued. Not even Mr. Melville was speaking; but then he was placed next Miss Bell, who, in the present company, would have proved impenetrable to the sharpest arrows of wit. The rest of the gentlemen were gathered in a knot in one of the windows.

At last one of them remarked, in the tone of making an important communication, that the weather had been dreadful

for some time past. This observation did not fail to awaken an echo in the feminine division of the assembly, and the whole party continued to talk on the national topic till dinner was announced. At dinner, Isabella found herself most unfortunately placed between Miss Bell and Mr. Heriot.

The former would scarcely vouchsafe a word, and though the latter did reply civilly enough when he was spoken to, yet it was so much in the tone of one subjected to an importunity, as effectually to repress, on her side, all future attempts at conversation. Her situation, an isolated being in the midst of many, offered a melancholy contrast to that of her two younger cousins, the one of whom was engaged in an animated chat with Mr. Melville, whilst the other was conversing in more subdued tones with Mr. Andrew Bell.

Towards the end of dinner, Mr. Bell, who had been engaged in conversation with Mr. Heriot and Mrs. Lorraine, in which the latter had hitherto played her part by assenting to everything that was said, even

on both sides of an argument in support of something he asserted, introduced a quotation from Shakspeare, and asked the lady if she did not remember it.

"No, I do not. I am no great reader. Where is it?"

"It is from Shakspeare," replied Mr. Bell.

"Oh! I never read Shakspeare. I do not approve of plays in general. I never allowed my young people to read them when they were children. Of course they may do as they please now."

"And did you allow them to read novels?" asked Mr. Heriot.

"Why no, not very many at least; but I do not consider novels so bad as plays. Do you?"

"If it were not rude to contradict a lady, I should say that I considered them much worse. They not only vitiate the taste, but they poison the minds of the female part of the rising generation."

"I quite agree with you," said Sarah, who was seated opposite her cousin; "it is a frivolous waste of time which ought to

be better employed. There is no good to be got from novels."

Here Isabella could not avoid exclaiming in a tone of astonishment:

"Oh, Sarah!"

"You do not seem to agree with your cousin," said Mr. Heriot. "Are you a novel-reading young lady?"

"After what you have all said," replied Isabella, "you can scarcely suppose that I shall have the courage to answer in the affirmative. Fortunately for myself, however, I am not easily daunted, and I shall therefore answer boldly that I do like novels, and that I have read a great many. And now, Mr. Heriot," she said laughingly, "I bid defiance to your contempt."

There was something at all times uncommonly winning in Isabella's smile; and even Mr. Heriot was not proof against its influence.

"You may promise to do so with safety," he replied, "as there is, you must be aware, small chance of your being put to the test."

"Indeed! I should have thought now that there was a great chance."

"You were mistaken then for once. And now may I ask you why you like novels?"

"I have almost a mind," she replied, "to put you off with what is most ungallantly called a woman's reason. I like them because I like them. But on second thoughts, I perceive that would give you a triumph, which I am far from wishing to do. I shall, therefore, tell you that I like novels because they delight the imagination, and do good to the heart. I like them because they enlarge and enlighten my views of life, because they inspire me with a love of what is noble, a hatred of what is mean, and a toleration for the little defects incidental to humanity. From perusing the works of Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, or Miss Austen, I always rise a wiser, and I almost hope, a better being."

"If no other novels were in circulation but by such authors as you have mentioned, that species of fiction would indeed be an honour to our literature. But I spoke of fashionable novels, the kind which I fear is most in vogue with fashionable young

ladies. I often wish we had some other name than novel to apply to such works as you have mentioned; for in that species of composition the bad predominates over the good even more than it usually does in everything in this world of ours."

"Oh, Mr. Heriot! I must differ with you again," cried Isabella, "the bad does not to me seem to predominate in anything. If we look around, we behold every natural object beautiful; if we mix among our fellow-beings, we see, it is true, many little blemishes mingled with their virtues. But yet, I think, the greater number of the people we meet, we feel more inclined to love than to hate."

"Heaven forbid," said Mr. Heriot, "that I should endeavour to bring you over to my way of thinking! That you may long continue to hold your own opinion is the best wish I can form for your happiness."

They then dropped the subject, but continued conversing together while the ladies remained in the dining-room. Isabella soon found that when Mr. Heriot had the will, he had certainly the power to make

himself agreeable. He had travelled a great deal, and seen great varieties of men and manners, and as he had naturally good parts, and a great deal of observation, he had made the most of those advantages. She was much pleased and entertained by his narratives or anecdotes, whilst he was gratified by the intelligence of her countenance while listening, or the justness of her sentiments when she replied to him.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Heriot was not the only person whose attention Isabella had attracted during dinner. Mrs. Melville, who though no longer young, concealed under a calm and dignified exterior all the fire and enthusiasm of youth, had been charmed by the vivacity of her manner and the independence of her opinions. Escaping, therefore, from the never-ending, still-beginning flatteries of Mrs. Bell, and the scarcely less tiresome insipidity of her hostess, she placed herself beside Isabella, and said:

"I am sorry Miss Isabella, that you did not accompany your aunt to Burn Cottage the other day; but I hope it will not be long before you favour me with a visit."

Isabella felt considerably flattered, and replied suitably, adding:

"Independently of all other considera-

tions, I shall be glad to see Burn Cottage again for its own sake, though I can scarcely expect to recognize any of my old haunts, it is so long since I left them. Imagination, however, will supply the defect of memory, and invest every object with that charm which early association alone can bestow. I have a greater desire to see Burn Cottage than any other place whatever, though I might, perhaps, be puzzled to give what would seem to you a sufficient reason for doing so."

"Our feelings," said Mrs. Melville, "are sometimes our best reasons, though I am as well aware as you can be, Miss Lorraine, that there are many people to whom it would be impossible to adduce them as such. I, however, am not one of those persons, and neither, I am sure, are you. I wish you would make me a less formal visit than a call. It is rather too early in the season to ask you to come to tea. Suppose you come to breakfast. Are you an early riser?"

"I rise at six," said Isabella.

"Oh, then! that is quite early enough

for me. Will you come to breakfast at eight the day after to-morrow ?"

Isabella had scarcely time to express her acceptance of the invitation, before a stop was put to conversation in general for the purpose of listening to a song from Rose. When she had finished the song, which was an Italian one, Miss Heriot, who was seated near her asked in a timid tone if she sang Scotch music.

" Oh, Rose !" cried her cousin, " do let Miss Heriot hear that beautiful air you were singing yesterday morning."

" I cannot do it now, Isabella," she replied carelessly, and without taking the slightest notice of Miss Heriot's question, gave scope to her fine voice in another air from an Italian opera. Isabella felt herself blush for her cousin's rudeness, and perceived that Mrs. Melville's feelings were the same as her own.

" Are you a musician, Miss Isabella ?" said the latter as Rose left the piano.

" I play a little upon the harp," she replied.

" Do, my dear Isabella," said her aunt,

as soon as a momentary cessation in Mrs. Bell's loud praise of her daughter's performance would allow her to be heard, "give us a little music. I heard you tuning your harp before dinner."

Isabella was not a fine player, but she had a correct ear, and played Scotch music, in particular, with a great deal of feeling.

"How beautiful!" said Miss Heriot, with tears in her eyes, as finishing a fine old air, the musician paused for an instant.

"Do you like it? Shall I play it again?"

"Oh, thank you! if you please, if it is not encroaching too much on your goodness."

"How I like that air!" continued Miss Heriot on Isabella's pausing again. "It reminds me of my girlish days, when I and my young companions used to run gaily about singing it in chorus. Ah, those were happy days!"

"Have you always lived in this neighbourhood?" asked Isabella in a tone of interest.

"Yes; always. I never stayed more than a few weeks, I think, any where else. But do not imagine, because I sighed, that I am unhappy; no, I have many blessings to be grateful for. I was only thinking of my young friends, and how few remain of that merry, light-hearted band, and how changed are even those who are left!"

"Were there many of you?"

"Yes, a great many. One by one they married or died, till I alone was left. After my mother's death, I boarded for several years with an old lady, in Kirkholm, till my brother returned from India, where he had held for some time a very lucrative situation under Government. Unfortunately, his health obliged him to resign while he was yet a young man. He then returned home, and bought Birchmount, where I have lived with him now for some years."

"And did you like your change of residence?" said her attentive auditor.

"Very much indeed. Birchmount is a very pretty place; but you will come and see it, I hope, before long?"

"I will, indeed. I will come to see you."

"Thank you. Do come very soon then," said Miss Heriot with a grateful, placid smile, as if she were not always accustomed to have her requests received with so much kindness of manner. She was on the point of speaking again, when she was prevented by the entrance of the gentlemen.

"I have not been able hitherto, Miss Isabella," said Melville advancing towards her, "to find an opportunity to inquire respecting your welfare after the shower which overtook you the other day. I hope you did not catch cold."

"You forget, I think, Mr. Melville, you were the principal sufferer, if I remember rightly."

"Oh, but I am a Scotchman, you know! Now you are an English woman and not warranted to stand Scotch mists."

"I beg your pardon, I am as much a native of Scotland as you are, in heart and soul a Scotch woman, I can assure you."

"You must be so, I think," said M
Heriot, "as I never heard an Engl
woman play our music with so much fe
ing as you do."

"I hope," said Melville, "you do
reserve all your music for the ladies."

"Miss Heriot has, I am afraid, gi
you a very false idea of my powers a
musician, as I am really a very indiffer
player. However, I shall do my best,
the best you know can do no more."

"I allow that you are a Scotch woma
said Mr. Melville, as she struck the
beautiful note of the 'Flowers of the Fore
"After what I have heard you say, I s
pose I need scarcely ask you how you
this country."

"I like it exceedingly. I like everyth
Scotch."

"The climate and the accent incluc
I suppose," he said, smiling.

"There is nothing perfect in this wor
said Isabella; "but I like Scotland a
like my friends, faults and all, or rathe
like the faults for the sake of the excel
cies connected with them."

"I cannot exactly agree with you," he replied. "I never like faults, and the greater the degree of excellence with which they are connected, the more glaring they appear by contrast. No, much as I love my country, I see in it many faults to be amended. I do not, however, allude to either of the two I mentioned, the one being irremediable, the other unimportant. I speak of weightier matters. We need not, however, enter upon so grave a discussion at present. We had much better enjoy the good things within our power. It would be superfluous to ask such an accomplished Scotch woman as you are, if you dance reels. I hope you have no objection to join in one at present, as I hear Mrs. Lorraine proposing a dance. Will you allow me the honour of your hand?"

"How beautifully you dance, Miss Isabella!" said Mrs. Bell, as the young lady, completely exhausted by a very long and spirited reel, threw herself on the readiest seat.

"I was really quite surprised; so many steps you seem to know! Ann, my dear,

did you ever see anybody have such a variety of steps as Miss Isabella."

"I did not remark," replied her daughter.

"And your beautiful lace," continued Mrs. Bell, "you have torn a hole in it."

"It caught in a pin in Helen's dress; but it can easily be mended."

"And see," said Mrs. Bell, "there is Mr. Melville going to dance again—he does not seem at all fatigued; but to be sure, who could think of weariness with such a partner?" Then in a lower tone to Mrs. Lorraine, she continued, "Mr. Melville seems to be of the same opinion that most of us are concerning a certain young lady; see, they have joined the quadrille," directing a glance towards Mr. Melville and Rose. "What a handsome couple they are! It is a pity they should ever be separate; but there is no saying, or rather one may give a good guess. Hey, Mrs. Lorraine!"

Mrs. Lorraine seemed but half to comprehend her; however, she smiled and looked pleased. Mrs. Melville, who sat a

little apart, happening at this instant to look towards them, Isabella was struck by the disdain and haughty displeasure expressed in her countenance. That she did not like Rose, and could not endure Mrs. Bell, was evident. Mr. Heriot, at this instant, greatly to the surprise of most people present, who had never seen him dance, came to ask her to join the quadrille. She declined, however, as she had not yet recovered from her former exertions, and as she perceived that Helen and her admirer were perfectly willing to take the vacant place. Mr. Heriot seemed to acquiesce very readily, bringing a chair and sitting himself beside her.

The quadrille being finished, Mr. Melville attended his fair partner to the piano, where he remained till carriages were announced, and the party dispersed.

"What a sweet creature Miss Isabella Lorraine is!" said Miss Heriot to her brother as they were driving home.

"She is a very superior young woman indeed, Mary. I am glad you have the sense to like her."

"I asked her," she continued courageously, "to come to Birchmount."

"You did perfectly right," he replied, leaving his poor sister not more delighted with the acquisition of her new acquaintance, than with her brother's approbation of her choice.

CHAPTER VI.

"We had really a very pleasant party last night. Do not you think so?" said Mr. Melville to his mother during his customary morning visit to Burn Cottage.

"No, I do not," she replied, "it was no worse than usual, however, I dare say."

"I felt so glad," continued her son, "after my long wanderings in foreign lands, to be once more in my own country, in the midst of my old friends. After being satiated with variety of every description, it was a rest to the eye and the mind, and real pleasure to the heart to be once more at home, surrounded by familiar scenes and kind, well-known countenances, and some of them, too, such beautiful countenances."

"I need not tell you, Rollo," said Mrs. Melville, "that I love my country. It is impossible that your heart could have felt

a deeper thrill of joy than mine when I again touched its shores—when I once more beheld my home. I felt also sincerely happy to see Mr. Lorraine, than whom a better man never breathed; but I could find no pleasure in the society of people who have always been indifferent, if not offensive to me. I love the Scotch as a nation for their national virtues, and because my own well-being, and the well-being of those I love, is identified with theirs; but individual merit must claim individual affection. Mine, at least, I cannot bestow on account of the mere accident of locality."

"But you speak, my dear mother, as if I felt a real friendship for these people. There are surely a great many degrees between friendship and absolute indifference."

"Not with me. I never experience any of those lukewarm sentiments."

"But surely all the party were not equally indifferent to you—the Miss Lorraines for example? Did you ever see a creature so beautiful as Miss Rose?"

"I admire her cousin more."

"Oh, my dear mother, is it possible! She is rather a pretty girl; but Rose is perfectly beautiful."

"Rose, perhaps, may have finer features," said Mrs. Melville; "but Isabella's countenance possesses charms in my eyes infinitely superior. Her fine dark eyes are capable of every variety of expression, from the most brilliant sparkle of vivacity to the softest shade of feeling; while her sweet, placid mouth seems to bespeak a mind at peace with itself, and a heart formed for affection. She certainly resembles her father in some respects, and yet she is not like him either."

"I do not mean," said Melville, "to dispute what you say. Miss Isabella is, I dare say, all that you think her; but that does not prevent me from considering her cousin more beautiful, and as agreeable too, I think. I can assure you she is very well informed, and quite capable of being interested in a sensible conversation."

Mrs. Melville was silent, and her son also paused for a few minutes, when he again began:

"Why do you smile, my dear mother,

and why do you sigh, that is to say, if you will permit me to be so inquisitive ?"

"My smile and my sigh proceed from the same cause—the vanity of man."

"It has been a fruitful theme for moralists ever since the days of Solomon."

"Yes and justly so. But I did not at present allude to the vanity of the world—the perishable nature of all things earthly. I spoke of the vanity of your sex in particular—your liability to flattery, and your easy credence of it."

"I hope you make some exceptions."

"Not one; at least they are very rare. Proteus-like it may assume a thousand different forms, yet depend upon it, it lurks at the bottom of every man's heart, the last to be subdued of all the passions; and yet by others the most easily manageable. Every man is vain, and every woman knows it; some using their knowledge for good, others for evil, and others again not using it at all."

"What a contemptible opinion you must have of men! There is nothing so despicable as vanity."

"Woe betide the human race, indeed, if

that were the case! I have not a contemptible opinion of all men, vain though they be; for not only in the most amiable, but in the most gifted, does this blemish take root and spread most luxuriantly, as the richest soils are the most fruitful in weeds. The young and ardent mind, feeling in itself the power and the will to do good, and accustomed to hear its fondest aspirations stigmatised by a cold and vulgar world as those of a romantic visionary, is all at once delighted to find them listened to by the young and fair; to hear them echoed from beautiful lips. He pauses not to consider if the sudden enthusiasm be counterfeit; it flatters him too much to doubt for an instant its genuineness. He beholds his own image reflected from the loveliest of mirrors, and Narcissus-like, falls in love with it, till too late he awakes from his brief dream of happiness to find that the mind and the heart which he had believed, counterparts of his own, are artful and designing, cold and mercenary. Yes, my dearest Rollo, beware of the syren's voice and the syren's charms."

Her son looked at her as if he would read what of her meaning yet remained behind, and then said, colouring deeply:

"I will not affect not to understand you; but as I know you at all times like to hear the whole truth, you must allow me to tell you that, in the present instance, I think you are prejudiced and unjust, and moreover a little premature in your cautions. I hope I do not offend you."

"No," replied Mrs. Melville, "you do not. I did not expect you to think otherwise. But I cannot agree with you in regarding my caution as premature. It is folly to anticipate inevitable misfortunes; but when by foreseeing evils we can provide against them, it is the part of wisdom to do so. My sole happiness in this world is in seeing you happy; but I have no title, no wish to interfere with your choice of your own bliss, certain as I feel that you will always follow the dictates of honour and virtue. All I wish to give you is prudence; all I ask of you is to use your own excellent understanding, and not to allow it to be blinded in the outset by the

glitter of beauty, the charm of music, or the still greater charm of flattery."

"Rely upon it, my dear mother," he replied, "I shall never do anything unworthy of you or of myself."

"I believe it indeed," she said. "I should be miserable if I did not."

Both were silent for a few minutes, till seeing her son rise as if to depart, Mrs. Melville said:

"May I ask whither you are going?"

"To Linnwood," he replied, smiling archly: "that is to say, if you do not regard such an action as entirely contrary to the dictates of prudence and common sense."

She smiled in return as she said:

"I did not mean you to flee from danger like a coward; but like a skilful General to make yourself acquainted with the perils lurking in your path, and not to rush heedlessly upon them."

Though Mrs. Melville and her son resembled each other greatly in all the essential parts of character, they differed materially in points of less impor-

tance. Left at an early age to the care of a woman, and that woman the most doating mother who ever breathed the breath of life, there seemed to be but too great probability that Rollo Melville would meet with the fate of thousands in similar circumstances, and grow up the spoiled and pampered child of baneful indulgence. But no; his mother loved him too truly to spoil him. Her love was of that noblest kind, which works only for the good of its object, and she could deny herself the pleasure of gratifying his wishes, when her reason told her that it was for his ultimate advantage. Her whole conduct, indeed, proved that her husband did her only justice when he left her the sole guardian of their only son. From her the little Rollo early imbibed a lofty contempt for whatever was mean or base, a love and admiration for all that was great and noble. She taught him that in the love and fear of God, and in the approbation of a good conscience, that voice of God in the soul of man, alone lies true happiness.

She endeavoured to inspire him with

the disdain of vulgar applause, and to quell in his heart what she considered a bar to all true greatness of mind, the love of popularity. Where in the moral world she drew the line of demarcation between this passion and the love of fame which she considered a noble motive to action, she might have found it difficult to determine. It never, however, entered into her mind to make the comparison; and in after years more knowledge of the world and of life than she had ever allowed herself to acquire, enlarged and rectified her son's ideas on that subject as well as on many others.

Endowed herself with uncommon strength of mind, Mrs. Melville could make but small allowance for weakness or inconsistency in others. Where she saw these appear, she was too apt to despise and condemn; and enclosing herself within a strong fence of pride and reserve, it was nearly impossible that she could perceive the better qualities with which they were often allied. A more enlarged intercourse with mankind even in the microcosm of a

school, and a naturally more inquiri
and tolerant mind, ere long displayed th
error to Rollo, and gave him a juster id
of human nature. His own experience,
well as that of others, showed him that n
only with the kindest dispositions, b
with the most brilliant talents, are fr
quently connected the most pitiable irrit
bilities, the most ridiculous vagaries, a
that in the moral world, as in every oth
part of the creation, there is no end
variety in similitude, the minds of m
being as different and yet as much alike
their countenances.

He was often astonished that his mothe
with her excellent abilities, and general
quick penetration, should never have di
covered this universal truth; and thou
he regretted her blindness, he felt
admiration for the singleness of mind a
unity of purpose which occasioned
There were times, indeed, when he broug
her to allow the truth of his propositio
in theory, but never in practice; a
sometimes, perhaps, he might even ha
smiled at the living illustration she hers

afforded of them. Aware of this defect in his mother's character, and knowing the strong prejudices which she was but too apt to conceive, it is not surprising that Melville should have been unwilling to adopt her opinions concerning one so beautiful and fascinating as Rose Lorraine.

Her dislike on this occasion had, however, a juster foundation than was frequently the case. Though she had often been absent from Glencola, she had known Rose from infancy; and she remembered her a spoiled and selfish child—a petulant and disobliging girl, while one or two little traits in her behaviour of yesterday convinced her, that these characteristics yet remained unaltered, however they might be concealed under graceful manners and suavity of demeanour.

Her son also remembered that in childhood he had thought Rose cross, and had preferred playing with Sarah, or even with the little Helen; but then he recollected likewise the faults of his own childhood, the fits of anger, the starts of the most

violent passion by which he was overcome on the most trivial occasions.

Possessed by nature of an impetuous temper, the too frequent attendant, though by no means the necessary concomitant of warm feelings, it had been the study of his mother's life, and subsequently of his own to subdue it; and they had partially, but by no means entirely, succeeded. Rose, too, he thought, might—must indeed have been also thus employed: the reason and good sense of riper years must have corrected the errors of childhood. It was impossible to look at her and not think so. So reasoned Rollo Melville; but he forgot to distinguish between the nature of their faults. There is as much difference between moderating a fiery disposition, and giving kindness to a cold and selfish heart, as there is between allaying a violent fever and reanimating the dead. Divine influence is the original cause of every event; but a divine miracle alone can effect the latter.

Melville was met in front of the house at Linnwood by all the young ladies, with

the exception of Sarah. They were in walking costume, and apparently bent upon a ramble, as the clouds had cleared away, and the weather was once more fine.

"How do you do, young ladies?" said Mr. Melville. "I hope you are not the worse for any of your exertions last night."

"Not at all," replied Rose; "but come in—we will go back with you."

"By no means. I will call again very soon upon the rest of the family, if you will allow me to make my visit to you to-day in the open air. One ought really to take advantage of such weather."

"Come away then," said Rose, her countenance radiant with beauty and bright with wreathed smiles.

"How unfortunate that my mother should have taken a dislike to a creature so charming!" was the inward sentiment of Melville's heart. "She must be mistaken in her opinion."

"But where are we to go?" inquired Isabella. All eyes were turned upon Rose.

"Do you not think," said Helen, "that

we had better go where Isabella has n
been?"

"Suppose we go down the Cole," s
Rose, who never approved, and seld
noticed any proposal which emanated fr
Helen.

"But Isabella was there the other d
you know, Rose," said the latter.

"I shall have no objection to go ba
thank you, dear Helen," said Isabella, w
in spite of Helen's silliness, really beg
to like her on account of her obligi
disposition.

"Let us go then," said Rose, beginn
to move in the direction she had indicat

"Nay," said Melville, "if you have
particular reason for desiring to go by
Cole, I think we had much better, as M
Helen says, go where your cousin has
been, although she is so obliging as to
that it is of no consequence."

"Very well then," said Rose, in a
pleased tone, and with a cloudy brow, "
Isabella decide. I have nothing more
do with it."

Melville looked at her in surprise; th

was something in all this which jarred against his feelings.

"I cannot decide," said Isabella. "I am not acquainted with all the different walks; but as I shall have many opportunities of seeing all of them, it can be of no consequence whither I go to-day."

"But you were saying in the morning," said Helen, "when we were at breakfast, that you did not wish to go down the Cole again."

"Have you been to the moor, Miss Isabella?" asked Melville.

She replied in the negative.

"It is a walk," he continued, "which certainly cannot vie in beauty with many others in the neighbourhood; but it is, I think, an agreeable variety from the richly clothed and well-wooded country before us."

"And we can go through the wood," said Helen; "the trees are now in leaf."

"There will be a pleasant breeze on the moor, I dare say," said Rose, with the best grace imaginable, thinking, on second thoughts, that it was better on

every account to lay aside her ill-humour for the present.

The party now set out. It was a lovely morning; earth, refreshed by the rain, seemed now to rejoice in the bright warm sunshine,

> Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn.

The trees were in perfect beauty, seeming to unite the freshness of spring with the variety of autumn, for every shade was there, from the pale yellow of the last expanded buds on the deciduous trees, to the weather-beaten foliage of the veteran pine, blackened by the storms of years. The groves were vocal with the cooing of the wood-pigeons, and the song of the smaller birds, whilst the merry note of the sky-lark was heard as he soared to Heaven with his little lay of praise and thanksgiving. It was an hour and scene to gladden every heart not dead to joy. Isabella and Helen felt its inspiriting influence as they rambled gaily along, their countenances glowing with exercise, and their eyes bright with pleasure.

Rose and Melville felt it too, it is to be supposed; but they took it more quietly. They followed the others at a sober pace, deviating neither to the right nor left, and deeply engaged in conversation. Rose now put forth all her powers of entertainment; and entertaining she certainly was. She possessed the unenviable talent of perceiving the ridiculous, where perhaps it scarcely existed, and of casting a strong light on the little foibles inherent in humanity.

Wit, and even satire, when softened by the milk of human kindness, and directed against folly and conceit are admissible—nay, beneficial; but when employed for the purpose of gratifying spite, or turning goodness into ridicule, they are equally unamiable and unchristian. Melville could not avoid laughing at, and being amused by his companion's lively remarks and spirited sketches; but he was not pleased, for he sought in vain for one trait of benevolence—one spark of kindly feeling. Love and truth were not there, and without these there is no beauty. On arriving at the

moor the parties united, and the conversation became general.

"How beautiful Glencola looks!" said Rose. "It is decidedly the prettiest place in our neighbourhood, with the many improvements that have been made. You have really displayed great taste, Mr. Melville."

"I am glad you approve of my taste," he said, laughing.

"You have opened," she continued, "such a beautiful view of the glen and mountains in the distance from what we used to call the 'Willow Walk.'"

"Yes," he said, "I consider that one of my happiest alterations. You must know," he continued, turning to Isabella, "that after much hesitation, I found in my heart to fell a beautiful willow tree which stood at the end of that grassy walk by the Cole, and obstructed the view. Perhaps you may remember the place—the opposite bank is rocky and covered with trees and brushwood."

"I have not yet been to Glencola," said Isabella.

"Indeed," exclaimed Melville. "I hope you intend to go."

"Yes," she replied, "whenever I can get one of my cousins to go with me."

"I think," said he, "as you have not been there yet, you should not go now till next week. If the weather continues fine, the grounds will then be in their greatest beauty, the foliage fully expanded, and the thorn trees in blossom."

"I shall not go then till next week," she said, "as I consider first impressions of great importance."

"I should like exceedingly," said he, "if we could all go together as we are doing to-day. Have you any objection to make an engagement for some day next week?"

There was not one dissentient voice to this proposal, and it was forthwith agreed upon. They had now reached the farthest verge of the moor, where there was a road and a plantation of fir-trees. Rose proposed taking a seat in the wood, which the rest of the party most readily agreed to. Here they sat resting and chatting, and listening

to Rose singing, who sang all kinds of so
and who had never sung so beauti
before. As Melville sat gazing upon
beautiful countenance, and listening to

> Melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,

he forgot ill-humour, satire, every d
greeable feeling; and remembered
that she was the loveliest and most cha
ing of created beings.

CHAPTER VII.

Thus they sat unmindful of the lapse of time, till they were aroused by Helen's exclaiming:

"I declare we are never in better luck; it is about to rain again to-day, Isabella."

"So it is," cried Melville; "and I am afraid it will be impossible to reach home before it begins, and this wood will afford us but slight shelter," he continued, looking upwards at the stunted foliage of the Scotch firs.

"There is a little inn," said Rose, "beyond the turn of the road there, round the end of the plantation."

To go to the inn was instantly resolved upon, and the party were quickly in motion, and soon within view of the desired shelter. The little inn, or rather wayside tavern, for it was nothing more, was a cottage with attics, built of that blue, comfortless-

looking kind of stone, which in Scotland is called *whinstone*, and roofed with red tiles. It was ornamented by a pig-stye at one end, and a gutter in front, which formed the outlet of a stagnant pond a few paces distant from the house. A small farm-yard and offices behind the dwelling seemed to announce that the landlord united the business of a farmer with that of a retailer of ale and spirits.

"How much you must be struck, Miss Isabella," said Melville, as this scene presented itself, "with the lamentable want of neatness and taste displayed by the lower orders in this country, when compared with those of England. It is true there are few Mrs. Marlwatys now extant, yet if that had been an English farm-house, how different it would have looked."

"But," said Isabella, "as improvement has begun its march, let us hope that it will continue progressively. We cannot expect to effect a reform in a day, or even in a generation."

"But it will never be effected at all," said Melville, "unless means are adopted.

One must begin by holding out some inducement to the lower orders to cultivate the refinements of life, which, after all, constitute its chief pleasures. Once having brought them to make the desired improvements—once having overcome the 'canna be fashed'—the task would be comparatively easy, for to do them justice, the Scottish peasantry are neither dull nor stupid, and must soon perceive the advantages of the new system."

"And has this never been attempted?" said Isabella.

"Yes," he replied, "it has, and when judiciously set about has never failed of success. It is only a pity so many speak of it, and so few do anything. I, however, have no title to blame others; but if I live, I trust, Miss Isabella, you will see a difference. 'Meat, fire, and clothes,' though they may be the necessaries of life, are not its enjoyments. Man's capacity for happiness is commensurate with higher sources of pleasure suited to every station of life; and woe be to him who has it in his power to open those sources, and yet holds them

closed. But look! do look, Miss Rose that little amphibious animal," cried M ville, as a little dirty, white-headed, s burnt urchin, who had been standing at door, now began to paddle in the gu with an air of the greatest satisfaction.

Drops of rain were now beginning to f and Melville was approaching the doo beg admittance, when a woman dar out, exclaiming in a voice of rage:

"A—ye little lim, if I was at ye!"

Whereupon she seized him by shoulders and shook him violently, wh he began to manifest his pain and displ sure by roaring with all his might and ma

"Woman!" cried Melville, whose was always excited by any instance oppression to an inferior; "how dare beat your child in that manner? Are not ashamed of yourself?"

"Ay," screamed the woman, letting the child and turning furiously upon hi "Gentles—gentles—its a' the way wi' th They rab us o' health and peace, husb and hame, and than they maun set up, quarrel us for chasteesing our ain bair

Oh sirs! but there's some things in this warld sair sair to bide."

As the unhappy woman said these last words in a bitter but subdued tone of voice, she burst into tears, and wringing her hands rushed into the house, leaving our little party in some astonishment.

"Poor creature!" said Melville, "something has happened to distress her. I am sorry I spoke so harshly to her. But what are we to do? Shall we go in?"

Before any one had time to reply, another female appeared in the doorway, in person and demeanour, a striking contrast to the first. She was little, and pale, and demure-looking, and when she spoke, her voice was low and gentle. She begged them to enter, and as it now rained fast, they were not slow in availing themselves of her invitation.

"Come, Ben; this way ladies, if you please," she said, conducting them towards an inner apartment. The door of the outer stood ajar; and as Melville passed, he caught a glimpse of a man apparently in a state of intoxication,

broaching a cask. A woman's arm was thrown round him, and he distinctly heard the words:

"Oh! Jamie, dinna, man, dinna!" the answer to which was—a curse, and "haup awa wi' jaud, or I'll paik ye."

The cause of the poor woman's passion and sorrow was now but too plain; she was the victim of an intemperate and unkind husband, and Melville's heart was filled with compassion for her melancholy fate, and indignation against her selfish and brutal tyrant. The little room in which our storm-stayed wanderers now found themselves, was much more neat and cleanly than the exterior of the dwelling had led them to imagine. There were some flowers in a tumbler on the chimney-piece, bespeaking the taste of some of its inhabitants, whilst a quantity of plain work on the table seemed to denote that the occupant exercised the business of a sempstress.

Close to the fire, in an old time-worn arm-chair, sat a little shrivelled old woman, dressed very cleanly, with a

large yellow checked cotton handkerchief on her neck and shoulders, and a white night-cap on her head. As they entered, she turned upon them her shrunken, half-concealed countenance, surveying them from head to foot with a vacant and unmeaning stare. She was apparently quite in her dotage. A transient emotion of melancholy filled the minds of the spectators as they gazed on this sad specimen of poor human nature, and thought that perhaps such might one day be their own case. But in this transitory world, such impressions are but too easily effaced; and yet, perhaps, it is well, for were they less evanescent, they might induce a frame of mind which would render this world indeed a vale of tears.

"Whae is thae, Jessie?" said the old woman, as the little conductress placed chairs for her guests.

"The Miss Lorraines, grandmother."

"Lorraine!" continued the old woman, "I mind the Lorraines, Jamie and Willie: they were twa fine callants; but Willie was aye a hempie. But wha did ye say

that was, hinny?" she said, pointing to Melville.

The young woman courtesying answered hesitatingly:

"It is Mr. Melville of Glencola, I think."

"Mr. Melville o' Glencola; wow me, but he is a bonny lad. I keepit your father, hinny. Eh! he was a bonny bairn, I mind him weel—at least," she added in a lower tone, "I think I do, but I whiles forget now. I'm no what I hae been. Waes me! but this is a weary warld. But Jessie, hinny," she continued, raising her voice again, the light which had partially illumined her features, now totally obscured by a deeper shade of idiotcy than before—"wha did ye say it was?"

Jessie affected not to hear this question, and turning to Melville, said:

"My grandmother was nursery-maid for a long time at Glencola in your grandfather's time. I have heard her often say that she *kept* your father Sir, the late Laird."

"Indeed," replied Melville. "I wonder my mother is not acquainted with her."

"It is only two years again Whitsunday, Sir, since we came to this country. We have lived all my life in Ayrshire, till my brother took this farm and the public-house. Oh that we had been there yet! but we maun hope for the best."

"Is there anything," said Melville, "that my mother or I can do for your grandmother? We should be happy to be of use to an old servant of the family."

"You are very kind, Sir," returned the girl; "but my grandmother wants for nothing yet, at any rate. We live in my brother's house, and I work for her and myself."

"Have you plenty of work?" inquired Isabella.

"Sometimes, ma'am, Miss Heriot is very kind in getting work for me."

"Should you be able to do any for me?" again asked Isabella.

"Oh yes," cried the girl joyfully, her quiet face brightening with pleasure, "as much as you like, thank you ma'am."

"Come for it then as soon as you like after to-morrow, I shall have it ready for you."

Before Jessie had time to reply, the whole party were startled by a loud and piercing shriek, so intense in its agony, that it caused them, with the exception of the old woman, to rush simultaneously from the apartment, and pursue the direction of the voice from the house. Here a spectacle presented itself. The little boy before mentioned, having missed his footing on the steep side of the pond, had fallen into the deepest part of the water. His mother was running wildly towards him, screaming violently, and in a state bordering on distraction. Melville instantly darted forward with the intention of plunging into the water to endeavour to save the child. Another, however, was already in advance of him—a tall, dark man, who seemed bent on accomplishing his object.

He was not long in getting hold of the child, and raising its head above the water; but on account of the steepness of the low bank round the pond, it seemed difficult to effect a landing. After a few minutes of sickening suspense, this was at last gained with the assistance of Melville, and the boy

was once more on *terra firma*. All trace of life had disappeared from his poor little pale face, on seeing which his mother's grief, which for a brief moment had been changed into the most exuberant joy, was now redoubled and expended itself in the most frantic demonstrations. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The drunken husband, now almost sobered, endeavoured to comfort his distracted wife, whilst he mingled his tears with hers, and deploring his past conduct, promised amendment for the future. Helen, who had fallen into a fit of hysterics, occupied Jessie's attention entirely, while Rose stood by with an appearance of *sang-froid* which annoyed Melville. The old grandmother, who had hobbled to the door, stood staring at the whole as if she did not clearly comprehend what was going on.

Melville, assisted by the stranger, now carried the child into the house, where both, with Isabella, endeavoured to restore suspended animation. Scenes of trial and distress show forth most strongly the lights and shades of human character. In the

present emergency, Isabella displayed both presence of mind and kindness of heart. She was prompt in thought, and gentle in action. Her conduct was in direct opposition to that of her cousins, the one of whom was rendered useless and helpless by her weak feelings, whilst the other stood by, offering, it is true, her assistance, and giving vent to exclamations of pity; but the latter seemed forced, and the former not intended to be accepted. At first, all their efforts to renovate the vital principle were unavailable. At last, however, their earnest endeavours were crowned with success, and signs of life began to appear.

Gradually these became more decided, till at last the poor little fellow opened his eyes, moved, and spoke. The mother's joy then became as extravagant as her grief had formerly been. Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion to their previous depression. She embraced her son again and again, and wept over her recovered treasure. She loaded the stranger, Melville, and Isabella, with thanks and blessings, and finally leading her still contrite husband to the

bed of their child, said in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"Oh Jamie, man, dinna let us forget this awfu' day, and let us thank the Lord for all his mercy and lang-suffering! See at our puir bairn. Oh, let us be happy!"

Sobs and tears, with which those of her husband and child were united, choked her utterance; but they were apparently tears of joy. Isabella turned from this affecting scene to catch another glimpse of the stranger ere they departed. She had at first been so intently occupied with the safety of the child, that she had scarcely remarked his appearance; but a peculiar glance from his large dark eye, as hers happened to meet it, riveted her attention, whilst it immediately flashed upon her mind that she had seen him before—that he was, in fact, no other than the person whom she had formerly met in the covered entry in Edinburgh, and who had then made an unaccountable impression upon her mind.

This unexpected recognition had caused her a momentary absence of mind, and she had been recalled to herself by these words from the object of her attention:

"This way, Isabella—right—quite right: apply it to his temples."

Isabella! He knew her then, although she felt certain that her name had never been mentioned in his presence. Who could he be? And why did he not call her Miss Lorraine? The name too seemed to have escaped involuntarily from his lips, and even after he had pronounced it, he appeared totally unconscious of having done so. His thoughts seemed engrossed by the recovery of the child. This being at last happily effected, Isabella's ideas were diverted from the stranger by the scene which ensued, and did not again revert to him till Rose, seconded by Melville, began to propose returning home. But when she turned to look at this mysterious individual, he was gone. Melville too seemed surprised at his abrupt departure, and inquired of Jessie if she knew who he was.

"I don't know his name, Sir, but he lodged here all last night, and I suppose he has just gone to his own room."

This was all the information that could be elicited; and Isabella was forced to be

content. She walked silently home with Helen leaning on her arm, her mind deeply impressed by the occurrences of the day, and her imagination filled with speculations concerning the mysterious stranger.

Melville and Rose, meanwhile, walked on together, discoursing of the events at the farm-house. Melville praised Isabella warmly for the part she had acted on the occasion, and was surprised to find that Rose, far from responding to his praises, only said:

"Some people have so much less feeling than others, that they find it much more easy in time of need to exercise their judgment, and make provision for the wants of those who are in distress. They are the more useful people I grant you."

"And the most unselfishly feeling too," said Melville.

The instant these words had escaped from his lips, he felt sorry that they had been said, as the words of Rose, which had sounded in his ear so strangely like detraction of her cousin, were, perhaps, after all, only employed to exculpate herself. But

yet when he remembered the bitter tone of her voice, he could not think so, and he could not regret the manner in which he had spoken.

They had now arrived at a stile which was the only mode of egress and ingress between the moor and the wood. As Isabella and Helen came up, Rose exclaimed:

"Bless me! Isabella, how grave and solemn you look. I declare, if you were in a gown and bands, you might pass for your minister, Mr. Johnstone."

"Miss Isabella," said Melville, "could not pass for a more worthy man; but I cannot say that I perceive any personal resemblance."

"Oh! it is only in length of visage," said Rose flippantly; "but what can make you look so solemn? What can you be thinking of?"

"I did not know," replied Isabella, laughing, "that I was looking solemn; and with regard to my thoughts, you must know they were employed on the mysterious hero of our late adventure."

"He really seems to have made quite an impression upon you," said Rose with a sneering laugh.

"Of course he has," returned Isabella, good-humouredly. "Conduct so humane and gallant is calculated to make an impression too enduring, I hope, to be effaced in a few minutes."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Melville; "he is a fine fellow. I wish we knew more of him."

Rose felt much mortified. She wished to say something, and yet she knew not what. She was, however, spared all further trouble on this head, as a turning brought her father before them at the distance of a few paces. He was walking without his hat, and carried his watch in his hand. The young people now began, for the first time, to imagine that they might be too late for dinner; and on consulting their watches, found that they were a full half hour beyond the stated time. Mr. Lorraine now accosted them in a tone half displeased, half jesting:

"What is the meaning of all this folly?

Do you think the cook knows by instinc how long you mean to stay out? I beg, a a favour, you will leave a message ne time. And what do you mean, Melvill he continued, "by keeping these foolis girls wandering about the country till th untimely hour? Their mother is exercisin her maternal imagination in divining a kinds of disasters which may have befalle them, whilst their sister is wiling awa the time by perusing a philosophic treatise. But I, you see, who am neith an anxious mother nor a philosopher, b a poor hungry mortal, who has no inte lectual method of satisfying the calls appetite, have come out to see if the are any hopes of dinner."

Having begged pardon for their offenc Melville accounted for their detention b relating the circumstances of their exp dition. Mr. Lorraine became so muc interested by the recital, that he forgot th lateness of the hour, his dinner, and every thing else, and loitered slowly along tha he might ask questions, and make him self acquainted with every particular.

"And what kind of looking man was the person that saved the child?"

"A very strange-looking man," replied Rose.

"Very odd indeed," said Helen.

"There was certainly," said Melville, "something remarkable in his appearance, and something too not altogether pleasing; and yet I think I have seldom seen a handsomer man. It is strange how likenesses strike people sometimes; but, do you know, I could not help fancying he bore some resemblance to Rose, allowing of course for the difference in years and sex."

"That is very strange," said Isabella, "the very same idea struck me; but I determined not to mention it, as I thought it could only be a whim of my own."

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Lorraine in some surprise. "Rose is very like — but," continued he in a lower tone, "it is no matter—these things do happen. I am sorry the man drinks—bad look out for his family!"

"But I hope," said Melville, "he will give it up. The occurrences of to-day seem to make a great impression on him."

"I wish he may; but it is the most inveterate of all habits, and once contracted is rarely broken. To put himself out of the way of temptation is his only chance. If he gives up the public-house, I shall have some hope of him."

"What a degrading vice it is," said Melville, "and what misery it brings upon this land! Do you not think that if there were some pleasant method of employing the leisure hours of the lower class, they would be less prone to fall into it? If they had little gardens to cultivate, for instance?"

Mr. Lorraine only shook his head, and Melville continued:

"I mean to try it, at least I intend to build some cottages on a new plan with a garden plot allotted to each. I have fixed on the site already, and as I propose being my own architect, I shall speak to Wood, the mason, to-morrow."

"I see," said Mr. Lorraine, with a smile, "that you are one of those who walk by the new light, who march under the banner of improvement of which one hears so much now-a-days. For my part,

I belong to the old school, and abide by the maxim, 'Let well alone.'"

"But when it is not well," said Melville.

"Well, my dear Melville," said Mr. Lorraine, "however your scheme may turn out, your endeavours will do you honour, and I am sure I heartily wish they may be crowned with success. But what will Miss Susan Hunter say to all this innovation? I fear you will offend her irremediably."

"I am sure I do not care," said Melville laughing. "I should be sorry that you thought me extravagantly romantic, or foolish in my ideas; but I do not care for Miss Susan Hunter."

"Now, my dear young friend, that is the most extravagantly romantic thing I have heard you say. She is a wealthy spinster, and you are her nearest of kin. Depend upon it when you have a wife and children, you will think differently, and regret that you had not taken a little more pains to cultivate Miss Susy's good will."

"Indeed you are mistaken, I shall not,

and neither, I am sure, if I marry, will my wife. But to change the subject, Mr. Lorraine, I have taken a small farm into my own hands, and I want to have your advice on its management. I have no taste for public life, and I am very fond of the country; but I think every young man ought to have some stated employment. Though I take a great deal of pleasure in shooting and in the chase, I feel a horror at the very idea of degenerating into a mere sportsman. I shall hunt now and then, and go to the moors for a week or two in autumn; but the real employments of my life are to be the superintendence of my estate, the management of my farm, and the study of books, as I think a few winters at college, and even a five years' tour on the continent, far from finishing the education, lay only the foundation for that superstructure which the after life of the man must continue to rear in the hope of seeing it perfected in another world."

"If such is to be the tenor of your life, my dear young friend," said Mr. Lorraine, "it holds out a fair promise of being a wise

and a happy one. With regard to your farm, I need not tell you that you may command my services."

"I intend," continued Melville, "to try a great many experiments. I belong to the class of people who can afford, indeed, whose duty it is to do so. Gain is no object to me, and I shall think myself amply rewarded, if I can hit upon anything beneficial to agriculture."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely! If yours is to be merely an experimental farm, I am afraid the advice of a plain, practical farmer like myself will be of no avail. But come in, and take your dinner with us--we can talk it over afterwards."

Melville, however, declined this invitation, as he had promised to dine with his mother, adding with a smile, that he feared they must all have thought him very egotistical.

"Certainly we have," returned Mr. Lorraine; "but I think I can assure you of the ladies' forgiveness as well as my own."

The ladies having smiled their assent, Mr. Melville took leave, reminding them

of their promise to walk to Glencola the following week.

"He is really a fine lad that," said Mr. Lorraine, as they entered the house; "he only wants a little prudence; but he will acquire that in time. There are excellent materials to work upon. But come, girls, be quick, don't keep dinner waiting longer than is absolutely necessary."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM ISABELLA LORRAINE TO HARRIET MANNERS.

Linnwood, —th May.

"ALTHOUGH I wrote to my dear Harriet only yesterday, I feel myself again to-day impelled to resume my pen, by the resistless desire I always feel to communicate to her whatever I may experience of good or ill in the varied path of life: in whatever may befall me, from her I am secure of sympathy —sympathy, that most indispensable ingredient in every human pleasure, that best earthly alleviation of every human woe. You need not, however, fear a repetition of the adventures of yesterday. I have nothing more to relate of drowning children, heroic actions, or mysterious strangers. No, my theme to-day is very different, and in my opinion far more agreeable; the burden of it being 'home, sweet home.' Yes, my

dearest friend, I have accomplished my visit to Burn Cottage, my birth place, the beautiful home of my infant years.

"I have again trodden its once familiar apartments, and visited every nook of its garden and shrubberies; and memory and imagination, those sister enchantresses, have called back, from the time-unshrouded past, a beautiful vision. Again I beheld in fancy the stately form of my father, and I saw the angelic countenance and graceful, slender shape of my beloved mother seated, as of yore, by the half open window with her mild, serious eyes fixed in love on her dear ones. The merry little voices of my infant brothers, as they pursued their childish sports, seemed to ring in my ears, and I fancied myself a sharer in their infantine glee. It was indeed a blissful dream of the waking mind, but too soon it vanished. Father, mother, and brothers were gone, and I was left alone and an orphan. I alone remained of that happy band, the rest were the tenants of the cold and silent tomb. A chilling sensation of loneliness, in the midst of one of the brightest

scenes ever lighted by the rays of the morning sun, oppressed my heart. I felt that in the world I was a solitary being, that to no one was I nearest and dearest. But tears at last came to the relief of my surcharged heart, and better thoughts were awakened.

"I recollected how many there were more friendless and desolate than I—how numerous were the orphans to whom no kind voice had whispered words of consolation, to whom no kind hand had administered. I remembered that I had found friends and a home when I most needed them, and that they yet remained to me. I recalled to mind the affection with which I had been received in my native country; the kindness which I had experienced everywhere; and I felt that I was indeed highly favoured.

"I remembered, also, that though I should never again behold with my mortal eyes those dear lamented beings, we should meet after a fleeting interval in that land where friends are never parted. Oh, Harriet! what a consolating hope—how blessed that religion which assures us of its

certainty! It is of itself a boon to efface the remembrance of every pang, a panacea to cure every sorrow. How mistaken are those who invest religion with darkness and gloom; to me it is a ray of that celestial light 'of the Eternal co-eternal beam,' touching every object on earth, seen through its medium with a portion of its own ineffable beauty, and gladdening and ennobling the heart of man by its purifying and heavenly influence. But I think I hear you say, 'Isabella promised to give me an account of her visit to Burn Cottage; but instead of doing so, she is speaking only of her own feelings.' I shall not, however, detain you longer.

"You must know then, when I arose, every object was enveloped in so dense a mist, that nature presented only one universal blank. By the time, however, that I was ready to set out, the sunbeams were beginning to penetrate the hazy atmosphere, and to unveil the fair face of nature. The outline of the mountains became distinctly visible, traced against the clear blue sky; while a few light misty clouds floating

around them, added to their beauty. The bushes were intersected with cobwebs of the tiniest gossamer, from which, as I ran gaily past and brushed the diamond like dew drops which were fast beginning to vanish, as well from the opening flowers as from the hedges and shrubs, before the smile of the God of day, who does not long suffer tears, even the beautifying tears of nature in his joyful presence, I felt my spirits exhilarated by the freshness of the air, which united the pure and bracing properties of a sea breeze with all the sweetness of early morning. I sung for joy like the birds, and I felt as if like them, too, I could have soared above the earth, borne aloft on the pinions of a light and grateful spirit. My mind was worked up to a pitch of considerable excitement by the time I reached my former home: but enough on that subject.

"Burn Cottage is really a cottage; not, however, with a thatched roof, that, I regret to say has been removed to give place to a more commodious one of slates. It is closely nestled in a little wilderness of shrubs and trees, while one tall acacia,

sheltered by a screen of its hardier brethren from the inclement blasts, droops gracefully in front of the oriel window of the sitting parlour. The little lawn and flower garden, which, from its sheltered situation and favourable position, is even already a little paradise of sweets, slope gently towards the brook, or as it is called here—burn, whence the cottage takes its name. A high bank crowned with trees, on the opposite side, overhangs the stream, the bed of which is deep and rocky.

"Thus hemmed in by trees on every side, Burn Cottage is of course entirely excluded from the advantages of an extensive view; but the loveliness of its sequestered situation, its complete seclusion from the noisy world, makes amends even in the eyes of such a lover of the picturesque as myself for this privation. I could not resist helping myself to a sprig of woodbine which covered the porch with a wild luxuriance. The jessamine was not yet in blossom, or perhaps my robbery might have been more extensive.

"I found Mrs. Melville in the breakfast parlour when I entered. She was very

plainly dressed, but with a neatness and propriety that were truly charming. She received me in the most courteous manner; mingling, however, with her politeness a degree of dignified ceremony, which I can easily believe may be on certain occasions its prevailing characteristic.

"In ease of manner, in that grace which bestows ease, she is certainly deficient; nevertheless, there is something about her so convincingly sincere, so nobly disdainful of all little mean acts, that I should conceive her a person capable of inspiring and feeling the strongest affection. Her contempt must be awful to support. She asked me many questions concerning you and your family, and appeared much pleased by what I told her respecting you. After breakfast I was much gratified by the good sense and delicacy with which she sent me to re-visit my old haunts.

"'Go,' she said, 'my dear, and see all those places which old association must render so interesting to you. Go all over the house and garden; but you must excuse an old woman from accompanying you.

You will find me here on your return ; but do not hurry yourself.'

"I availed myself of her permission. Of the thoughts and day dreams which occupied my mind, I have already told you. On my return to the parlour, I found Mr. Melville with his mother. He received me with his usual frank politeness, and we began to talk of the events of the foregone day.

"'You have never given me,' said Mrs. Melville, 'a minute account of the man who saved the child. Was he young or old?'

"Her son replied, that he was middle aged, giving also a very correct description of his appearance, concluding by saying that he bore a remarkable resemblance to Rose. Mrs. Melville was silent for some minutes, and then said in a thoughtful tone:

"'You surprise me a good deal, Rollo. I should like to see this man.'

"Why is it, my dear Harriet, that the mere description of this person should make an impression on my uncle and Mrs. Melville, similar to that which his real presence made

upon me? Why is it that I am thus reminded of him at every turn? And whence comes this tacit connexion which seems to have sprung up between us; for that he regards me with some peculiar interest, his looks, his expressions, something indescribable in his whole demeanour towards me, have conspired to impress on my mind. His image haunts me—I cannot get rid of it. I trust, however, that I may never see him again; although something seems to whisper to me that I shall.

"Our conversation then took a different turn; and I had never found either Mrs. Melville or her son so agreeable before. Mr. Melville and Mr. Heriot are, beyond competition, the most agreeable men I have yet seen in this part of the world. They might, however, bear a comparison with each other, and as I know the study of character is your favourite pursuit, I shall do my poor endeavour to make you comprehend, at least, the most striking features in theirs. Both of these gentlemen have travelled a great deal, and in many instances in the same countries. Their separate

statements concerning men and things, entirely corroborate each other in almost every particular; and yet, when listening to them, the impressions left on your mind are so dissimilar, that you find great difficulty in reconciling them. Mr. Heriot is at all times so cool and so dispassionate. He gives his opinions as if they were uncontrovertible and universally allowed truths. He talks of the passions and feelings of men, as if he were merely a spectator, and not moved himself by the same springs of action. He gives his opinions concerning the good or bad policy of governments, much in the same tone in which he might praise or condemn the correct or faulty arrangement of groups in a picture.

"He speaks of an ill-governed country as if it produced a disagreeable and jarring effect; not as if such a state of affairs involved the misery, temporal and spiritual of thousands of his fellow-creatures. To him, 'All the world's a stage,' and all men but himself, 'players.' He seems to consider himself the audience, and entitled to applaud

or hiss according to the dictates of his own critical judgment. Nevertheless, his opinions on most subjects are so just and forcible, that they can rarely fail of commanding approbation as well as attention.

"Mr. Melville's character is nearly the reverse of all this. The woe or weal of those of whom he speaks seems for the moment to be his own. On all subjects his opinions are warm and decided, and yet they are merely given as the result of his own convictions, and not as moral axioms whose truth it would be drivelling folly to contest.

"Mr. Heriot describes the beauties of nature as a connoiseur, as one thoroughly conversant with æsthethics; Mr. Melville as one who is too deeply imbued with their charms as a whole to have analysed either their merits or defects. The one is perhaps the more instructive, the other certainly the more interesting. To listen to one is like reading a sensible narrative in prose; whilst in hearing the other, the same subjects seem to have assumed the more beautiful garb of poetry. Not that Mr. Melville is either

sentimental or high-flown, but on the contrary perfectly sensible and gentlemanlike.

"As his mother said, 'To Rollo the landscapes of Claude Lorraine do not appear heightened in their tone; he sees nature as the painter depicted it. When I want a magnifying glass, I only require to borrow the aid of his imagination.'

"Mr. Melville did not appear to relish this account of himself, for he observed:

"'You will make Miss Lorraine think that I am too easily pleased to discriminate different degrees of excellence.'

"'Nay,' said Mrs. Melville, 'I by no means meant to say that your admiration was bestowed indiscriminately. I only intended to say, that where you did admire, it was not only with your whole heart, but with your whole imagination.'

"This appears to me so just a comment on Mr. Melville's character, that I cannot avoid writing down the very words as nearly as I can remember them. I strongly suspect that, among other beautiful things, Mr. Melville admires my beautiful cousin Rose.

I cannot help hoping, however, that he does only admire her, as to tell the truth, the more I see of her the less I like her.

"I wish I dare attempt to portray Mrs. Melville; but her character which is certainly no common one, requires time to unfold itself and develop its various peculiarities. I am convinced that hers is a mind which no one can read at a glance, and which it would be presumption in me to affect to have fathomed. I can only say that proud and unbending as I have seen her towards others, towards me she has hitherto conducted herself with the greatest condescension and even friendliness. I am at a loss to imagine why she should thus distinguish me from my cousins, for that she thinks but slightly of them, I can easily perceive.

"Whatever may be the reason, I am, however, much flattered by it, too much perhaps, to speak as an unprejudiced person. I do not remember to have spent since I left York a more agreeable forenoon. Our conversation never flagged. Mr. Melville was by turns grave and gay, serious and

jesting; whilst his mother entertaine me by her opinions and remarks; whicl though sometimes eccentric and one-sidec were invariably original and clever. Sh however, always speaks seriously; she do not indeed seem to comprehend a jest; ar I think only tolerates nonsense becau she sees that it sometimes diverts her son

"Anything which amuses him, thoug incomprehensible to her, must be endurabl and not totally unworthy of sufferanc Though very far, indeed, from making parade of her affection, or indeed of an thing, I can easily perceive that she is ve proud of him, and considers him superi to the rest of the world.

"But, there is the supper bell, and w be to the late. Adieu, dearest Harriet."

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Heriot had originally intended, on settling at Birchmount, to provide his house with a permanent mistress in the shape of a Mrs. Heriot. But as his taste was fastidious, he was not able, either at that time or subsequently, to find a person exactly suited to it. In the meantime he had taken his sister to live with him, intending to look about him, and do nothing precipitately. He had now, however, looked about him for so many years, and Miss Heriot apparently still continued so stationary at Birchmount, that people had begun to give up all hope of Mr. Heriot and matrimony. Even those who had been most sedulous in fixing on this, or that person, as the proper wife for him, now came to the conclusion that he was "not a marrying man." But people in general, as frequently happens, had

allowed themselves to be deceived by appearances.

Mr. Heriot was still "a marrying man:" that is to say, his fixed determination was to marry whenever he could find a woman to please him. But as it seemed doubtful whether or not this might ever happen, or happening, whether it might not be too late, there was still a chance of his acquaintances being right, of their having it in their power severally to say: "Ah! I always prophesied that Mr. Heriot was cut out for an old bachelor"—a delightful and lasting confirmation of their wisdom and foresight, sufficient to make ample amends for the loss of the transient bustle and excitement attending a wedding.

Mr. Heriot had a great contempt for the understandings of women in general; little more than "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer," seemed to him within the scope of their capacities. But, like every wise man, he knew that there is no general rule without its exception; and the exception to this one, he believed

to have now found in Miss Isabella Lorraine.

She was also young and pretty; and youth and beauty are advantages which are not only highly meritorious in themselves, but which frequently shed a lustre over the qualities of the mind, giving an appearance of charms, where in reality none exist. Neither were the ten thousand pounds, with which the possession of the young lady was encumbered, any drawback in the eyes of a prudent man of forty. Altogether, the match seemed unexceptionable, should the lady prove, on further acquaintance, to be all that she promised, and could she herself be brought to view it in a favourable light. And of this Mr. Heriot did not despair. The disparity in their ages seemed the greatest obstacle to the accomplishment of his scheme; but this he hoped to obviate by the display of his various agreeable qualities.

Mr. Melville was the only rival of whom he had the slightest dread. He possessed the great advantage of youth, and Mr. Heriot knew that, as Harpagon says in

Molière's comedy, "Les jeunes gens d'ordinaire n'aiment que leurs semblables.' Still Melville seemed more inclined to admire her cousin Rose, and with no other candidate in the lists, he felt tolerably secure of success. Love has naturally a tendency to create love in return. There is something so exciting to human gratitude; and, for we scarcely know where our virtues end and where our weaknesses begin, something so gratifying to human vanity in the idea of being beloved, that in most cases where there is no predisposition of the heart, such a conviction is almost irresistible.

To those who are violent sticklers for the perfect disinterestedness, the total unreasonableness of the affections, this may appear unoffensive doctrine; but they may rest assured that it is a true one, and fortunately so for mankind in general; the number of broken hearts being thereby far less numerous than were the growth of love on both sides always spontaneous. I do not, however, mean to insinuate that this either is, or ought to be invariably

the case. There are many instances in which it would be improper and unnatural.

Aware of the advantages likely to result from a course of skilfully directed attentions, and frequent opportunities of meeting, was now Mr. Heriot's endeavour to promote as close an intimacy as possible between the Linnwood family and his own, with a view to the nearer connexion to which it might eventually lead.

Accordingly, he and his sister took an early opportunity of calling upon Miss Isabella Lorraine. She was from home, somewhat to the disappointment of the lady as well as of the gentleman; for Isabella's kind manners had warmed towards her the heart of Miss Heriot, a heart unusually alive to kindness. Mr. Heriot, although by no means a miser, was what in common parlance was denominated *near*. He was not fond of spending money when no adequate result was likely to accrue to himself from its disbursement. His sister, timid and yielding as she was by nature, had hitherto found it difficult to induce him to invite the younger members of families to his parties.

"It was really," he said, "a tax upon small families to be obliged to ask such a number." Now, however, he proposed himself what his sister had been meditating and hinting for a week, that they should send an invitation to the Lorraines, the young ladies included.

"And be sure, Mary," said her brother, "that you send a separate note to Miss Isabella. She must not, on any account, be left behind, as she is worth all her cousins together."

The invitation was duly dispatched, and duly accepted, with the polite amount of happiness and pleasure—those most unmeaning of all terms in the polite world.

"What a bore it will be!" said Rose, "it is impossible to conceive anything more insupportably tedious than a party at the Heriots!"

"Let me go then instead of you," said Helen.

Rose returned no answer, but continued:

"And I have not the least doubt the

Bells will be there. Mr. Heriot always asks them with us, because they are our relations, and he thinks we are bound to endure their company. Miss Heriot too is such an idiot, and her brother so disagreeable. If there were any hopes of Mrs. Mackain being there—you have not seen her yet, I think, Isabella?"

"No, I have not."

"She would have called upon you before now, I dare say, but she has been in Edinburgh for a few weeks. She has either come back, however, or she is coming very soon."

The sound of carriage wheels was now heard in the avenue. Helen escaped from the room to adjust her hair. Rose and Isabella placed themselves where they might see without being seen. In a few seconds a very handsome britchska drove to the door, and there alighted from the farthest corner of its softly cushioned seat, a lady very elegantly dressed.

"Mrs. Mackain, I declare!" exclaimed Rose.

Mrs. Mackain was short of stature and

slightly formed. Her pale, delicate complexion, wax-doll looking eyes, and light brown hair, combined to give a character of yet greater insignificance to her small, not irregular, though far from finely formed features. A bonnet of the most fashionable materials and shape, surmounted by a plume of feathers, and a veil of the finest lace, shaded this uninteresting countenance. Her whole toilet was composed of the richest and most costly materials, with a perfect flutter of lace and ribbons, attracting that attention which the wearer would otherwise have failed to secure.

"How do you do, my dear Mrs. Mackain," cried Rose, as this lady was ushered into the drawing-room. "I am glad to see you back again."

"How are you, my dear Rose, I am so happy to see you," returned her friend in a tone of the most complete indifference, and with a drawling English accent.

"Mrs. Mackain, my cousin, Miss Isabella Lorraine," said Rose, introducing them.

"I am very happy to be acquainted

with your cousin—with any friend of yours. Mr. Mackain would have done himself the pleasure of accompanying me; but indispensable business—that horrid business! His time is really so much occupied, and I could not wait for him. I determined to seize my first spare moment to come here."

"Is Mr. Mackain engaged in county business?" said Rose, who could not think of any other employment at all likely to press upon him.

"Ah, yes! county business. How well you have guessed! What a clever creature you are, I vow! He has gone to Benedder Castle on business with the Lord-Lieutenant. We were calling on Lady Benedder yesterday—she is a charming creature. We are asked to dine the day after to-morrow to meet our cousins, the Melvilles, I suppose. Are any of your family to be there?"

"No," replied Rose. "We used to visit the last family; but when the present Earl and Countess came, papa said he could not be troubled to visit them. It is really provoking."

"So it is—very—really so very strange and *bizarre* in your papa. But how do you like my lace cloak?"

"Oh, quite beautiful!"

"I am glad you like it. That is made as like Lady Benedder's as possible."

"Really—was it very expensive?" demanded Rose.

"Really, my dear," replied her friend, laughing affectedly, "I do not know. I am a sad spendthrift. I take no note of money; but in my opinion it is quite a *bijou*."

"Your pocket-handkerchief too," said Rose, "is the prettiest I ever saw."

"My *mouchoir*," said Mrs. Mackain, who never used an English word when she could remember a French one, but who being totally unacquainted with the idiom of the language rarely used more than one at a time.

"It is *assez bien*, I have a set of them, they were only five guineas a piece. But have you seen much of our cousins, the Melvilles, yet?"

"Yes, we have seen Mr. Melville at least frequently."

"Mr. Melville! ah, I have a good mind not to tell you what everybody says. Everybody says, you must know, Miss Isabella, that young Melville thinks nobody so handsome as a certain pretty *amie* of ours who shall be nameless. Ah, Rose! now do not shake your head at me. I know you are going to say that I am a wicked creature; but I shall be very *bonne* for the future."

"Have you called on Mrs. Melville yet?" asked Helen, who had by this time returned from her hair-smoothing.

"No, not yet; I must wait till Mr. Mackain is at leisure to go with me. He says Mrs. Melville is a delightful person. They are cousins, you know, and long ago they used to be very intimate, quite like brother and sister. But I confess I am rather afraid of her, a *bas-bleu* I am told, and has been so much abroad, and all that sort of thing. I wished very much after my marriage to go to the continent, it gives one such a *distingué* air, one is really nothing now unless one has travelled."

"Mrs. Melville," said Isabella, "has t much sense to give herself the airs of travelled lady."

"Ah! I have no doubt. Mr. Macka thinks a great deal of her. I wish he cou have come with me to-day, I am sure y must have liked him, he is quite a lad man. All the young ladies like him; b somehow or other, he happened to choo me, and as I tell him he must keep me now declare I am sometimes quite jealous, esp cially of our sweet, *jolie* Rose of Sharo as he calls her. He is so witty, his pu are really quite divine sometimes. I a sure you would be charmed with him."

Isabella, who was not quite so su notwithstanding the divine puns, mer bowed and smiled. The lady continued

"What do you think he compared 1 feathers to yesterday? To the white plu on the top of a young person's hearse; funny of him! I was really quite offend my beautiful bonnet that really cost a mi of money; but I really do throw my mon away. I am always afraid of incurring t censure of our excellent friend and cous

Miss Susy Hunter. Such a good woman she is, so kind and sensible, and so fond of me! I really think I am a great favourite of hers, I do not know anybody that does more good than Miss Hunter. She is so charitable, she has got a *protégée* just now, I saw her last night, she was telling me at the cottage by the road-side near Staines Moor, I think they call it."

"Oh," cried Rose, "that must be the same girl that did some work for Isabella lately."

"Indeed, our worthy friend, however, has taken her by the hand now, so that there is no fear of her not doing well. She tells me she is going about every where making people give all their plain work to her, and whatever other assistance may be in their power."

"She declined receiving any pecuniary aid from me," said Isabella, "or indeed any aid whatever except employment."

"She will soon have plenty of that then, I dare say, as our good Miss Susy told me that she was determined to call upon everybody, and not leave anybody's house till

she had got their promise to give all their work to Jessie Tulloch."

"But," said Isabella, "will it be quite fair to deprive all the other plain-worker in the neighbourhood of bread on her account?"

"Oh, I pin my faith upon Miss Susan Hunter! Rely upon it, with all her little eccentricities, she knows a great deal better how to manage these affairs than anybody else. But I must really go to see her now. I declare, I have been here a *siècle*. *Adieu*, ladies. Rose, *mon amie*, you must come to the door with me," she continued as Helen rang the bell.

"Your cousin," she whispered as they were going along the rambling passage and down stairs, "is a very genteel, pretty girl, quite *comme il faut;* but she does not eclipse you, *ma chère*. Give my kind compliments to your mamma, and say how sorry, how *très-fachée* I am to have missed her. Come to Highwood soon, and bring *ta cousine* with you. Adieu." And Mrs Mackain leant languidly back in her carriage, which drove off at full speed.

"You have had Mrs. Mackain calling to-day I understand," said Mr. Lorraine as they sat at dinner. "What do you think of her, Isabella?"

"It is hardly fair to judge of a person's character during a morning visit."

"It depends upon its depth; Mrs. Mackain's I suspect is not unfathomable even in the course of a morning visit," said Mr. Lorraine, a comic smile playing about his mouth.

Isabella looked up and met his eyes with an arch expression and a corresponding smile, which she endeavoured to check, on beholding the haughty displeasure depicted in Rose's countenance. Mr. Lorraine's smile now became a laugh, which was ere long banished by a sigh.

Mrs. Lorraine only remarked, "Mrs. Mackain is a very sweet young woman, a very sweet young woman, and speaks very prettily. I quite agree with you—one cannot think otherwise."

CHAPTER X.

During the course of this true tale, the name of Miss Susan Hunter has been mentioned more than once, and in terms of consideration, so different on the separate occasions, that it would be only fair to delineate, if it be possible, the most prominent traits in her character, in order that people may judge for themselves. That this should not have been attempted at an earlier period of my history would, I doubt not, could she be aware of it, occasion the good lady considerable surprise, and some displeasure at my oversight.

In one word then, Miss Susan Hunter was, in her own estimation, at least, by far the most important and useful person in Kirkholm, if not in the world. She and Mrs. Melville were cousins, and more distantly related in the same degree to Mr. Mackain. Her father had been a physician in Kirk-

holm, in good practice, as the neighbourhood was populous, and he was both able and well connected. Susan was his only child, and she had the incalculable misfortune to lose her excellent mother ere she was old enough to appreciate such a loss.

Her father, whose numerous avocations allowed him but little leisure to attend to domestic economy, committed her, together with the *ménage* in general, to the control of a housekeeper, a woman of mean understanding, and totally uneducated, vulgar in birth, manners, and mind. Her entire want of education, however, far from being a drawback in the eyes of her employer, was only an additional merit in the woman whom he designed to be the preceptress of his daughter and heiress. His was that favourite creed, among the short-sighted, narrow-minded of his sex, that women are better without education, or at least with one of the most limited description. He belonged to that class of persons who prefer a housekeeper to a sympathizing friend, to whom the services of a drudge are more acceptable than the

willing sacrifices of a refined, gentle mind; and verily they have their rewards.

The system of education, or rather of non-education, conducted under his auspices, was something similar in spirit to that so graphically described by the clever and accomplished Miss Bremer in her felicitous sketch of the Hansgield family. Widely different, however, from the effect produced on Miss Hellevie, was that apparent on Miss Susan Hunter. Debarred from all useful information, the ever-active mind will seek occupation in some shape. Hers became the receptacle of gossip and frivolity of every description; and as conceit is almost inseparable from ignorance, she considered herself a model of propriety. She entertained an unbounded admiration for her father's educational opinions; by them she had been trained, and how could they be otherwise than superlative. In her was embodied the pure spirit of country-town intolerance.

To her contracted mind, Kirkholm, its affairs and opinions were the world, or at least all the world that merited her attention.

There was nothing she disliked so much as innovation, even when it tended to improvement. 'New-fangled,' was a word which she frequently employed, and in which, when pronounced by her, seemed to be concentrated the essence of every epithet of reprobation. She had not very long arrived at woman's estate, when she found herself, by the death of her father, in possession of a considerable fortune.

Young though she might be, we must do Miss Susan justice to say that there was not the smallest danger of her launching out into any extravagance. She was fond of money, not for the sake of the blessings it can procure, but for its own sake. Never was there a more devout worshipper at the shrine of Mammon than Miss Hunter. She also estimated highly the consequence her wealth bestowed upon her in the eyes of the world; indeed, from her whole demeanour, it was evident that she considered it a positive merit to be rich.

Enjoying the envied pre-eminence of being the richest person in Kirkholm, she considered herself thereby qualified for, and

entitled to exercise the functions of c
sellor and monitress to the whole vicin
There were none so low as to be ben
her notice—none so high that she did
feel herself competent to animadvert
their conduct. Instead, however, of b
considered the pest of society, she wa
general regarded as a very sensible wo

Of course no one loved her; but e
body said she did a great deal of g
Her company was not only tolerated
sought after, while her position in so
commanded, at least, outward defer
if not heartfelt respect. To the obse
there is nothing more indicative of the
judgments bestowed by a superficial w
than the commendations so freque
lavished upon mere arrogant pretensi
whilst unobtruse merit and real ch
pass by unnoticed and unapproved.
own estimate of our virtues and abili
provided we have but effrontery to su
it, is but too apt to be the world's also

Miss Heriot, with not more tha
hundredth part of the means, did at l
six times as much real good as Miss Hu

and yet nobody knew it, nobody spoke of her, or alluded to her except as, only Miss Heriot. Her brother treated her rather in a contemptuous style, and she being humble and unassuming, everybody else did the same. "Poor Miss Heriot, she is a very harmless kind of woman," was the negative kind of praise bestowed upon her in a careless tone, by those to whom she was as superior in intellectual endowments as in active philanthrophy.

It may be imagined that Mrs. Melville and her cousin were not very well calculated to suit each other. The self-sufficiency of the former was wounded by the haughty pride of the latter, who took but small pains to conceal the scorn with which she seemed equally to view Miss Susan Hunter, and those by whom she was courted. Some of the most uncomfortable days of Mrs. Melville's life had been passed under the roof of Dr. Hunter; she well remembered the horror she used to experience in the days of her girlhood, when she was told to prepare for a visit to her cousin Susan.

The impression of extreme weariness produced upon her by these cousinly

interchanges of civility, was yet vi
in her memory; it required no ef
to recall the feelings of contempt w
which she had been filled, on contrast
the parsimonious economy which prevai
in her uncle's household, with the op
hearted hospitality and lavish expendit
so conspicuous in her father's. She s
remembered the *ennui* with which she l
been oppressed on being forced to sp
those hours under the irksome constr
of her cousin's society within doors,
the not less tedious walk, at a measu
pace, in the environs of Kirkholm, wh
she was in the habit of devoting to
favourite employments; or in long ramb
by some blue mountain loch, some h
heathy hill, or some wild and lonely g
of her own Highland home. She felt t
life at Dr. Hunter's was, indeed, "wea
flat, stale, and unprofitable." Often s
often did she give offence, not only to M
Susan, but to the worthy Doctor hims
by beginning to sing after a most port
tous yawn, "My heart's in the Highlan
my heart is not here!"

The antipathy which subsisted betw

the cousins increased with their years, and strengthened with their strength; yet, notwithstanding their mutual aversion, they never failed to maintain a semblance of friendliness, as on this one point, at least, they both agreed—that it was not creditable for relations to quarrel.

Miss Hunter's intimacy with Mrs. Mackain, and her apparent affection for her may appear to demand some explanation, as the fine lady-airs and extravagant habits of the former might not, at first, seem exactly calculated to conciliate the affection of the latter. If this prove a riddle, I can only say in solution of it, that with people of Miss Susy's description, flattery varnishes over many little failings, and riches cover a multitude of sins.

When the Lorraines arrived at Birchmount on the day appointed, they found Miss Susy Hunter already in the drawing-room. Rose had been grumbling the whole way thither. She had heard that there was to be another party at the Heriot's, the following week, at which the Mackains and the Melvilles were to be present, and she was

very indignant at not having been invited to this, in place of the one to which she was going. She was much mollified, however, by perceiving on her arrival that the Mackains were already there. They had fetched Miss Susy Hunter, and consequently had been under the necessity of being punctual.

"How are you, *chère amie?*" began Mrs. Mackain, languidly taking Rose's hand. "You are surprised to see me, I dare say; but Mr. Heriot had an excuse from the Camerons, so he came up to see if we could come to make up the party. But I must introduce Mr. Mackain to your cousin."

Mr. Mackain was an elderly man, tall and stout, with that something indescribable in his air, which, though it cannot be called vulgarity, yet seems to denote the want of a certain elegance of mind.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, fairest lady," he said, with an air of familiar gallantry, which was far from propitiating its object in its favour.

Isabella here could not help making a

reflection on the difference between man and man. The same assumption of intimacy which, on Melville's part, had been only felt to be frankness, assumed, on Mr. Mackain's, the semblance of presumption. The party now began to move towards the dining-room.

"May I have the honour, Miss Hunter?" said Mr. Mackain moving towards that lady with an appearance of great *empressement*, and offering to conduct her to the other apartment.

Miss Susy smiled her gracious acceptance, and walked off with an air of suitable dignity.

Isabella found herself placed next Mr. Johnstone, a clergyman, or as he is more commonly called in Scotland, minister of the parish. Mr. Johnstone was one of those servants of the Lord, of whom, perhaps, in the present troublous times there are but too few extant. His whole soul was devoted to the care of his flock, and the management of his parish; and he wisely thought that these were the paramount duties of a minister, and which, if

rightly performed, must occupy his time and attention to the exclusion of more high-sounding, though less really useful occupations. As a husband—as a father, in the various relations of life, he enforced by his example what he daily endeavoured to instil by his precepts. Without a single grace in appearance or address, there was an affectionate sincerity in his manner—the offspring of a heart filled with that 'love which hopeth all things,' which rarely failed to attract the unsophisticated. Though Mr. Johnstone's attainments in literature and science were by no means despicable, he was yet a novice in the ways of the world. It was no difficult task to impose upon his credulity; but fortunately, he was so much beloved, that even by the most hardened, such an act was rarely attempted. A man of sense and learning, he was one of the most simple of human beings; but his simplicity had not taken that fatal step so celebrated for connecting the sublime with the ridiculous.

Isabella had frequently met Mr. Johnstone before, and had been introduced; but

this was the first opportunity she had had of cultivating his acquaintance. She found him possessed of a great deal of information, and very willing to communicate it. In the intervals of conversation, he appeared to become absorbed in his own thoughts, and, generally on the sound of his neighbour's voice, recovered from his fit of absence with a start which was certainly not threatrical.

Isabella mentioned Jessie Tulloch to him, and asked him if he knew anything of her. He said, "very little, that she was not in his parish; but that he had heard Miss Hunter speaking of her."

"Miss Hunter," he said, "is a very good, charitable woman; she is always in search of worthy objects of compassion. She takes a great deal of trouble to be of use; superintends the charity-school, teaches the girls to knit, and is very active in endeavouring to raise subscriptions."

"She can afford, I believe," said Isabella, "to be very liberal herself."

"She says that she has a great many calls upon her purse, and consequently she

cannot afford to give so much to any single scheme of benevolence as she could wish."

"I have understood," said Isabella, "that she is very liberal of advice, at least."

Mr. Johnstone smiled.

"She is very zealous sometimes; but ever mistaken zeal we must forgive when it proceeds from a benevolent motive. Miss Susan and I have often little disagreements, but we always end by becoming good friends I have only to ask Miss Hunter to be o use in some way, and all is forgotten."

Mr. Johnstone's account of Miss Susy Hunter, far from producing on Isabella th favourable impression which he had designed, only served to confirm the very indifferent opinion which she had hitherto been inclined to entertain from the slight mention of her occasionally made by the Melvilles. A meddling, managing old maid, liberal of other people's means, and saving of her own, opiniative, and easily accessible to flattery, was a picture by no means alluring.

On returning to the drawing-room, Isa

bella, who, to confess the truth, was rather fond of a lounge, had seated herself in a very inviting, well-cushioned chair; but perceiving almost ere she had taken possession, that Miss Hunter was placed bolt upright in a very small, uncomfortable-looking one, with the natural politeness of good feeling, she rose to offer hers.

"No, I thank you," replied Miss Hunter, "I never allow myself to get into bad habits. In my young days it was not the fashion for people in health to sit in easy chairs. People now-a-days think of nothing but ease and rest."

"Forgive me this time," replied Isabella, with a smile, "I shall not displease you by thinking of your rest another time."

Miss Hunter darted an angry glance at her, and turning to Mrs. Mackain, began to deplore the ingratitude of the world.

"Only think," she continued, "of that girl, Jessie Tulloch!—after my being at the trouble to go everywhere to get work for her, she tells me she has more than she can get through, and that she will be obliged to decline some of it. Such idle

nonsense!—and when I told her to sit u at night, to say that her health would nc allow her! People now-a-days are all s fine—the very servants must speak o their health and their nerves!"

"How amusing!" said Mrs. Mackain with an affected laugh; "really, Mis Hunter, you describe so humorously th one must laugh, I declare I am quite *acc blée.*"

"It is no laughing matter though, m dear, I can assure you. But it is alwa the way. It is all the thanks I ever get f doing good to anybody."

"But," mildly began Miss Heriot, " do not think poor Jessie is ungrateful for—

"I beg your pardon, Miss Heriot—deed not words, is my maxim. But it is r wonder the lower class should be so u setting, when people in our rank of life c all they can to encourage them. There that foolish lad, Rollo Melville, buildir cottages with attics and gardens. Set the up—I wonder what the world's to con to! What served their fathers may ser them, I think."

"Mr. Melville is a very young man, though," said Mrs. Mackain, "and, like all young men, perhaps, a little extravagant in his notions; but in time he will, no doubt, moderate his ideas, especially under the influence of such a kind friend and relation as you are, dear Miss Hunter. And Mr. Mackain, too, will, I am sure, be most happy to assist him with his advice."

"I am afraid you know nothing about it, my dear. Your own good sense prevents you from comprehending such folly. Would you believe it—when I ventured to express my opinions to his mother the other day, she flew out into a passion, and said that her son was the best judge of his own affairs? Ay, son and mother both alike! I shouldn't wonder to see them come to want yet, some of these days."

"But," said Mrs. Bell, divided between the fear of offending Miss Susy, and the desire of propitiating the Lorraines, "Mr. Melville has such a fine property that we must excuse him being a little lavish, as I dare say he can afford it. When he marries, which I hope he will do before long, no doubt he will settle prudently."

"We shall see, Mrs. Bell," rejoined Miss Susy, in a tone of incredulity, "we shall see. But my maxim is—'wilful waste makes woful want.' She'll be a venture some woman, in my opinion, that marries Rollo Melville."

"Ah," said Mrs. Mackain, with a languishing sigh, "if he would only take the advice of his best friends, all would be well I vow I must speak to him myself on the subject."

"Oh do, ma'am!" cried Mrs. Bell, "I am sure no gentleman could resist you."

Mrs. Mackain and Miss Susy smiled graciously in return for this speech, while Isabella felt so much inclined to laugh that to avoid being seen she walked towards a window, whither Mrs. Lorrain and Miss Heriot had already gone. She was much diverted with the idea of the high spirited Melville, and his haughty mother stooping to receive advice from Miss Hunter and Mrs. Mackain; whilst she could not help picturing to herself the young gentleman's astonishment upon being taken seriously to task about his affairs by Mrs. Mackain.

Rose now opened the piano which was placed near where Isabella was standing. As she did so, Mrs. Mackain moved towards her, and said something in a low tone of voice, of which Isabella only caught the words, "our friend's little peculiarities;" but she could not avoid thinking that Mrs. Mackain must be apologizing for having appeared to coincide with Miss Susy in her opinion of the Melvilles. Hereupon she fell into a reverie on the connexion that subsisted, or was likely to subsist, between Rose and Melville. Everybody seemed to take it for granted, and Rose did not appear to discourage the notion, that there was something between them: yet Isabella in vain tried to tax her memory with anything which could have formed a just foundation for such an opinion.

Melville had, indeed, at first seemed fascinated by Rose's beauty, and her musical talents; but she thought that she had observed of late that his admiration was much cooled. It was true that he often sat by her, and walked by her, attracted by that irresistible spell which

beauty rarely fails to exercise over th mind of man. Yet there was somethin in his manner towards her which, in Is bella's opinion, at least, seemed to forb the idea of his being in love with her:- and she had been long enough acquainte with Rose to know that her being in lo with Mr. Melville, or with any oth person, was wholly out of the question.

If Isabella had asked herself what inte rest she had in the matter, she woul probably have replied, that she thought i a pity that so agreeable a young man a Melville should be thrown away on such heartless woman as Rose; but I am no sure that she ever put the question t herself.

Her attention was again attracted b hearing Mrs. Mackain say to Rose, i rather a louder tone than she had hithert spoken:—

"What a pleasant woman Mrs. Bell is really, *ma chère amie*, she is not so vulga as you led me to expect. She has not, t be sure, *l'air distingué*, but one does nc always expect that, you know."

Rose seemed pleased by Mrs. Mackain's commendation of her relation; though in her heart of hearts she divined the cause, and despised her friend for it. She bestowed on Mrs. Bell a glance of greater complacency than she was wont to honour her with, whilst she said to herself:

"If it were not for Helen's folly, I could endure the Bells well enough."

The entrance of the gentlemen was an agreeable variety in the scenes of the evening. Mr. Heriot placed himself by Isabella, and she had never found him so agreeable. She was considerably flattered by his evident pleasure in her society, and might perhaps have been brought to prefer his to that of every other person, had she not, as we have seen already, discovered that there was another person still more agreeable.

Isabella seemed this evening to be more attractive to the gentlemen than her more beautiful and usually more fascinating cousin. Mr. Johnstone seated himself near her, and entered into conversation with her and Mr. Heriot. Mr. Mackain also seemed

bent upon doing the agreeable towards her. He addressed her in a complimentary vein, but finding her proof against his most skilfully directed shafts of flattery, he tried to amuse her by quizzing Mr. Johnstone, sometimes by putting a wrong construction upon his words, at other times by affecting great deference for his sentiments. Occasionally the object of all this wit perceived it was levelled against him; but oftener still it escaped his observation. He bore Mr. Mackain's rudeness with great good humour seeming much more amused than offended by it. If, however, it was Mr. Mackain's object to secure Isabella's admiration by the display of what he considered his satirical talents, he entirely failed, as he never moved her even to smile. She was listening to what Mr. Heriot was saying concerning the remains of antiquity in Scotland. She inquired if there were any ruins in the neighbourhood.

"None," he replied, "of any extent in the immediate neighbourhood. There is, I believe, a fragment of an old tower on the Glencola estate, perched upon the

of a cliff, and which has, I believe, some legend attached to it, with no truth in it, I dare say. In short, it is altogether so unimportant that it would scarcely repay the trouble of going to see it. There is a very pretty ruin, however, about twelve or fourteen miles from here, which, though far from being extensive, is yet deserving of attention from the elegance of its architecture, and the commanding beauty of its situation. I am surprised that you have never been to see Loch Bower Priory since your arrival."

"I should like very much indeed to see it," exclaimed Isabella.

"You really ought to go," continued Mr. Heriot, "for, independently of the associations inevitably connected with a building of that description, there is certainly the finest view in the country from the esplanade in front of it. I have just been thinking that it would be a very suitable place for a pic-nic, not that I approve of expeditions of that kind in general, as they are usually the essence of discomfort. But I do think it would be worth

while, if one could ensure a fine day, make a party to go to Loch Bower."

"Oh!" cried Isabella, "I should it above all things."

"Should you, indeed? Then I will sp to your aunt and Mrs. Mackain about and we can easily make our arrangeme But I think, on consideration, if you h no objection, we had better defer expedition for two or three weeks, as ab the end of June or beginning of July, weather is generally more settled than this season."

To this arrangement Isabella had objection; and Mr. Heriot promised to upon her aunt and Mrs. Mackain in a or two to settle the preliminaries.

As they drove home at night, Isab could not agree with her cousin Rose t it was one of the most tiresome and parties she had ever been at. Miss S Hunter, as the Mackains drove her Kirkholm, declaimed loudly against insolence and presumption of the yo people of the present generation—M Isabella Lorraine in particular. In

animadversions on this young lady's conduct, she was most cordially joined by her companions; and after they had dropped Miss Susy at her domicile in Kirkholm, Mr. Mackain observed to his wife:

"As high as she holds herself, I could pull down that girl's pride if I chose. I know something she would not like to hear."

"Oh, what is it?" exclaimed his wife, eagerly.

"It is impossible I can tell you at present, my dear; but perhaps some time or other I may."

"Oh, I shall die till I know it! But I cannot think enough of that girl's impertinence to you. But Miss Susy, too, came in for a share:—the girl must really be a downright fool. But I am sure it is not worth minding. If I were you, I would never take the least notice of her again—such impertinence! I am really sorry for Rose and her family, with such an inmate!"

CHAPTER XI.

Melville had now become almost daily visitor at Linnwood, while Isabell was almost as frequently at Burn Cottag He was always in need of advice fro Mr. Lorraine about his farming operation and as that gentleman was often not to b found when wanted, he was under th necessity of calling repeatedly to obtain On these occasions, he was generally bearer of an invitation from his mothe Isabella, to dinner, or to tea, or to sp the forenoon—invitations which she cepted with pleasure, as the more she of Mrs. Melville, the better she liked Their regard seemed mutual, as Mrs. ville omitted no opportunity of showing ness to her young friend as she calle

During her first visits to his r Isabella used to meet Mr. Melvill sionally; gradually, however, she b meet him more frequently, and f time past she had never been

Cottage without seeing him. He seemed to understand exactly the hour at which she was to arrive, and when she returned home, he generally accompanied her.

The hours she spent at the Cottage were certainly amongst the happiest of her existence. In Mrs. Melville and her son she found people whose feelings she could appreciate, and who seemed to understand her own; companions whose conversation was always interesting, and often instructive; friends whose sincerity she felt certain might be depended upon.

About this time she began to perceive a little inconsistency in Melville's behaviour. When she met him at his mother's, he was as attentive and agreeable as he had ever been; but in general society—and the neighbourhood was now very gay—he almost seemed to avoid her, invariably yielding the place next her to Mr. Heriot, and usually taking his station beside Rose, who always seemed to wish to secure his attentions. When Isabella looked towards them, however, Melville was rarely speaking; on the contrary, he had generally the air of great absence of mind, and several times

she had caught his eyes fixed upon herself. Whilst engaged in making these observations, she frequently lost the thread of Mr. Heriot's discourse, and began to fear that, were she subjected to the same narrow scrutiny which she bestowed upon Melville, she would have presented an appearance equally abstracted.

Mr. Heriot, however, did not remark her inattention; he continued to speak, and did not seem to doubt that she listened. He was now her constant attendant at all parties; but so little did he occupy her mind, that except when they met, a thought of him never once crossed it.

She was engaged in solving the problem which Melville's conduct presented. At last the question suggested itself, "But what is it to me? What right have I to scrutinize Mr. Melville's motives of action?" A blush was the only reply she dared to make; but she wisely determined to banish the subject from her mind, and to be very guarded in her behaviour during her intercourse with Mr. Melville. For this reason, whenever they met, she assumed what she intended to be an air of

great indifference, but which was in reality one of stiffness and coldness very foreign to her natural manners. Melville was not slow to observe this change, and every time they met he became more and more constrained.

Isabella now went to Mrs. Melville's when she thought her son most likely to be absent. Nevertheless she frequently encountered him, and on those occasions he addressed her in a style of distant politeness, and with much more ceremony than he had used in the very earliest stage of their acquaintance. Now and then, however, when drawn on to engage in some animated discussion, his manner re-assumed its former ease and spirit, and his whole being underwent, as it were by magic, a complete metamorphosis. These happy intervals, however, were but rare, and like gleams of sunshine through the rents in a clouded sky, which, to the imagination, only serve to deepen the succeeding gloom, and to leave the landscape more sombre than before.

Isabella found that by her new plan,

instead of not thinking at all about Melville, she thought of him more than ever. She began to contract a habit of idleness very unlike her former self. If engaged in needlework, she would start from a reverie, and discover that after the lapse of some half hour, her labours had made no progress; or, if reading, when her eye had run over several pages, it was ten to one that there was a single idea conveyed to her understanding. Like most idly-inclined people, she began to prefer locomotion to more sedentary occupation, as if hoping by bodily activity to obviate the necessity of mental exertion.

She ran up and down stairs, whenever she could possibly devise an errand, and delighted in nothing so much as long solitary rambles amid the beautiful scenery which diversified the banks of the Cole, or through the tangled woods, whose umbrageous foliage afforded a grateful shelter from the meridian sun of June, and touched its piercing rays as they streamed through the green leaves with that soft bright light so grateful to the

eye and so sweet to the mind, when both have been oppressed by the unwarying uniformity of sunshine without a cloud. And when the garish light of day had given place to the long soft hours of twilight, or the clear broad moon of midsummer, she delighted to wander in the lawn, watching the mountains fading away in the distance, and the shadows of night deepening around. All this was very romantic, and sometimes very delightful; but Isabella's good sense told her, ere long, that it was neither wise nor prudent.

Having found that it was not enough merely to determine to guard her thoughts, but that strenuous endeavours were requisite to effect her purpose, she resolved to direct her mind towards occupations which would require all her attention, to read neither novels nor poetry, to walk only in company with one of her cousins; and, in short, to avoid everything likely to have a tendency to excite the imagination. It is a far-famed saying of the great Italian poet, 'that good resolutions form the pavement of that place which we must not

mention to ears polite, and it must certainly be allowed that good resolutions without some effect are vain indeed.' Nevertheless, it requires some strength of mind even to make a resolution, which seems to augur favourably for its performance, in part at least.

I cannot vouch that Isabella never swerved from her intent; but she certainly made great efforts, and as no one ever tries to go right without succeeding in proportion to the attempt, their happy effects were soon visible. When fatigued with studying some task, which, by Sarah's recommendation, she had imposed upon herself, she sought relaxation in playing a duet with Rose; or if that young lady was not in a good humour, in endeavouring to acquire some knowledge of house-keeping from her aunt, who from choice, not from necessity, was one of the most notable managers in the county. She could not have applied to a more willing teacher, or to one who was more delighted to have a pupil, as she had in vain endeavoured to persuade any of her own

daughters to bestow the smallest portion of their attention, either on the control of a household in general, or on the culinary department in particular.

Isabella quite won the good lady's heart by the good-humoured manner in which she set about rectifying her mistakes; and perhaps those very mistakes themselves only served to endear her the more to Mrs. Lorraine. People of weak minds, even though they may have kind hearts, are usually flattered by nothing so much as any little circumstance which seems to imply their own superiority.

Isabella, at her leisure hours, also went frequently to visit Miss Heriot, and became daily more fond of her society. She found her possessed of a highly cultivated understanding, and a heart deeply imbued with the love of the good and the beautiful. There was something to Isabella, at least, peculiarly interesting in her character. Without appearing desirous to speak of herself and her early life, she was easily led to do so. Her life had been one of great monotony, yet not unmarked by grief.

One afternoon, she gave Isabella the l
tory of one of her early friendships.

"I loved Agnes more," she said, "t
I have ever loved any human being sii
She was so gay, so beautiful, so full
life and spirits, so warm-hearted, and
she did not love me as I loved her.
wish you could have seen her, Isabe
You are very like her yourself; it
your resemblance to poor Agnes that
drew my heart towards you. And yet y
characters are not very much alike;
are not so much the child of impulse
my poor friend."

"And what became of her?" inqu
Isabella.

"Her fate is that of thousands.
loved, was beloved, married, and died."

As Miss Heriot spoke, a tear stoo
her eye, but her emotions were all q
Feeling was with her a strong under-cur
which rarely agitated the still waters ab

"I well remember," she continued, a
a short pause, "her wedding-day.
whole scene is now vividly before me
had never before seen her look so beaut

Her countenance was pensive, and yet I thought the unwonted expression became her well. She took leave of me with many embraces and many tears, promising again and again to write often, very often; and vowing that death alone should tear my image from her heart. My heart was so full that I could make no reply; at the moment of parting I could not even weep. But silent though my grief was, I think it was even greater than Agnes's, and no wonder. I was losing my only friend—she was only quitting one friend for another still dearer. I heard from her at first almost as frequently as I had expected, then more seldom —much more seldom. I could perceive that she had formed other friendships—other ties more binding than those which connected her with me. At last our correspondence ceased entirely. Several of my letters remained unanswered, and I was forced to conclude that she no longer continued to wish to have any intercourse with me. Years rolled on, and I heard nothing of her. Her husband was a soldier, and I knew that she had accompanied him abroad,

but of what besides had been her fate, I was completely ignorant.

"One morning, some years ago, a black-looking parcel which seemed to have come from some distance, was delivered to me. I shall never forget the shock I received upon opening it. It contained an intimation of my poor friend's death, a Bible that I had formerly given her, and a few lines in pencil from herself, written on her death-bed. Poor—poor Agnes! They ran thus:

"'My dearest Mary.—I know you will forgive me now if you have not done so before. But believe me, though I have been to blame I have never forgotten you; and now in my dying thoughts, you are associated with my husband and my children. I restore to you the most precious gift I ever possessed. Farewell, my beloved friend, though changed—oh! how much changed, I am still your own Agnes. May God bless you.'

"I shall not attempt to describe to you, my dear young friend, the effect produced upon me by those last words of poor

Agnes. For a while the world seemed a wilderness—life a cheerless pilgrimage through its weary waste. But this did not last long; better thoughts were awakened.

"My daily occupations again resumed their interest, and I was enabled to perceive that even a lonely old maid has a place assigned to her in the great drama of life—an honourable work which she is called upon to perform. Agnes now became to me the sweetest page in the book of memory—one among the many bright hopes of that future which can never be very far distant from any of us."

"Oh, my dearest Miss Heriot!" exclaimed Isabella, who like all young people of active imaginations and ardent feelings, was seized for the moment with the desire of being herself any character which roused her admiration, "make me like yourself. What a selfish being do I seem in comparison with you!"

Miss Heriot smiled at her young friend's enthusiasm and replied:

"You do yourself great injustice, my

dear Isabella. You are not a selfish b
though you are a very different one
me. Happily for us, however, it has
ordained that in one thing an en
diversity of characters may agree.
have no cause to wish yourself other
you are—least of all, me. All human a
are involved in mystery ; but as far a
poor finite creatures can divine wh
likely to be, your future destiny s
to promise happiness which has never
my lot. I do not complain, remem
I am well aware that my blessings far,
how far ! exceed my deserts. But you
see, my dear, that though I have had
great trials in life, I have had many
ones, which, it seems to me, are somet
as difficult to bear."

As Miss Heriot spoke, a faint s
passed over her countenance, and as
bella gazed upon it, she thought
had learned a lesson never to be forgc
from that chapter of the great book of
which had been this morning opened to
view. Mr. Heriot often joined his s
and her young friend in their conversat

He was certainly a great acquisition, in general, to a conversation party. Isabella could not avoid wishing sometimes that he had left them to themselves. Nevertheless, he was always so agreeable, that ere the end of her visit, she always forgave him for what at first she might have deemed an intrusion.

He had become of late much more attentive to his sister—a change which had made a very favourable impression upon Isabella. He had never been really unkind to her, unless to treat her as if her opinion were valueless, and to be in general careless of her feelings were being really unkind. To do him justice, he had always furnished her liberally with every comfort, and denied her no luxury his means could afford. And this conduct was the more praiseworthy, as Mr. Heriot was certainly a careful man. Now, however, his manner towards her underwent a marked improvement; he treated her with greater consideration, occasionally asked her advice, and once or twice even took it. Delighted by the increased cordiality of Isabella's bearing towards him, Mr. Heriot did not doubt

that everything was tending towards t consummation he so devoutly wished. I ceased even to regard Melville with t slightest dread. He thought he saw th he was himself preferred.

But lovers are proverbially blind—n perhaps, exactly in the same sense as M Heriot. It was, however, in his case on another phasis of the same disease. M ville, in the mean time, came to the sam conclusion, and now shunned Isabell society as much as he possibly coul whilst she, more than ever puzzled by h conduct, redoubled her efforts to drive hi from her thoughts.

One morning, she had been sitting f some time sewing diligently in compa with her aunt and Helen, who havi fully discussed Lady Benedder's dress church on the foregoing Sunday, h neither of them uttered a word for abo an hour, when suddenly laying down h work, she exclaimed:

"I really must go to the moor, t morning. I must take those night-caps Jessie Tulloch."

"There is not the smallest occasion, n

dear," said her aunt, "Ann can take them any time you like."

"Oh," replied Isabella, "it is a long walk for Ann, who has so much work to do, whilst I, who have nothing, could not employ my time better."

"Very true, my dear, just as you please; but send Ann if you are at all afraid of the walk."

"Thank you, my dear aunt," replied the young lady; "but it is no walk to be at all afraid of. Will you come with me, Helen?"

"No, I think not to-day, that is to say, if you do not mind going alone. I expect—that is, I think, perhaps—but if you are very anxious, Isabella."

"Not at all," said her cousin, "I should be very glad of your company, but you know I do not mind a solitary walk."

Delighted at being able to indulge her feelings without transgressing the rules she had imposed upon herself—for Isabella chose to consider her expedition to the moor a work of necessity—she rambled gaily on, forgetful of every thing but the

pleasure of being freed from an irksc
restraint. That it was a wholesome c
however, the event proved, as her thoug
were no sooner unchained than they h
tened to touch forbidden ground. Alarn
at this proof of weakness, for she had
termined that this walk should be a test
her own strength of mind, Isabella haste
towards the moor, that she might abric
as much as possible the dear-bought pl
sure.

"Life," she said to herself, "is no
season to be wasted in idle dreams a
foolish fancies. It was given to us for nob
purposes. I may never be loved by h
whom I fear—I fear I like but too we
But still there is open to me a boundl
sphere of sympathy: I may love the wh
human race, and endeavour to find my o
happiness in making those around
happy. There are plenty of kind hea
in the world, and those who deserve affe
tion rarely fail to meet with it. And h
much is there to beautify our earthly p
grimage! It may sometimes lie throu
the barren land of unrequited love, or alo

the thorny path of affliction; but still there are beautiful tracts where flowers spring, and where the rough blasts of grief give place to the gentle breezes and fostering dews of tranquil pleasures and mutual kindness. And how numerous are the sources of happiness open to me compared with those possessed by many others! This beautiful world—many might behold the bold and rugged forms of those lofty mountains, or the massy foliage and rich tints of those luxuriant woods, or that beautifully undulating country, so rich and so green, changing its aspect every instant, as those clouds sweep over the bright blue sky, now casting a deep shadow, which, ere you look again, has given place to a gleam of sunshine;—many might view all this, and to them it would convey not one drop of that pleasure, which, as I gaze, fills my heart to overflowing. As far as regards their enjoyment, all might be a cheerless blank. The perception of beauty is in itself an inexhaustible source of pleasure, for, where it exists, it can never fail of objects upon

while ago, I got a great deal of work fron Miss Hunter, and she was kind enough t recommend me to a great many ladies I was very much obliged to her, I am sure and would have done anything in my powe to serve her; but I got the offer of so mucl work, that I had really to refuse taking i all in, for I am not strong, and cannot si up at night as some people do. If I did I know I should be laid up. When Mis Hunter heard this, she was very ill-pleased and seemed to think it was all idleness About a week ago, Miss Heriot sent m some work which she wanted done in hurry. I happened to be getting to the en of some of my jobs, and was glad that could undertake it. The day after, a lad in Kirkholm sent me some shirts, whic I could not promise to have done at th time she wanted them, nor for long afte When Miss Hunter heard this, she cam up, it was only yesterday morning, and oh ma'am! I never saw such a business i my life. She called me idle and ungrate ful, and asked what hindered me from takin her friend's work. I told her that I coul

not finish it at the time she named, as I was busy with some for Miss Heriot. She was far angrier than ever at this, and asked me what I could mean by sewing for Miss Heriot, and refusing to take in work for her friend. I told her that Miss Heriot's had come first, and that besides I was under great obligations to Miss Heriot. At this, she was beyond all bounds, and said that I was everything that was impertinent and ungrateful, and that since I preferred Miss Heriot to her, she would not trouble me any farther with her patronage. She wouldn't listen to a word I had to say, but walked out of the house, saying, I should repent my behaviour, and that she would take care and let people know what an ungrateful hussy they had to do with."

Isabella was much shocked by this recital, and endeavoured to comfort the poor girl as far as lay in her power.

Jessie continued:

"I am not very strong at any time, and I was really quite upset yesterday. I could do nothing for an hour or two but cry, and

there was nobody I could speak to. O
Miss Lorraine! it is very good of you
listen to all this, but you cannot think t
comfort it is to me. My grandmother
she continued, looking towards her, a
seeing that she was still in a slumber, "
out of the question, and poor Ailsie, that
my good sister, has plenty of troubles of h
own, so I had to keep my grief to myse
and I really felt miserable. I thought th
if Miss Hunter did as she said, and set
people against me, and prevented the
employing me, my poor grandmother mig
starve, and not end her old days in co
fort as I always hoped she would. It is
I live for I am sure."

"But," said Isabella, "you ought n
to give way to such gloomy ideas. Y
have friends upon whom Miss Hunte
report will make no difference—Miss Her
and myself, for instance."

"You are very good, ma'am, and so
Miss Heriot."

"And besides, you know, Jessie,
ought always to hope for the best."

"It is very true, ma'am, for those w

can; but I have been so long accustomed to see all my hopes fall to the ground, that whiles I think, I'll never hope mair."

Isabella fixed her eyes with surprise and compassion on the countenance of the young woman, which, though a tear was in her eye, was perfectly composed.

"You are young," said Isabella, "to have known much misfortune. If it would not distress you too much, I should like to have some account of your life. You speak so well that you must have had a superior education."

"You are very kind, ma'am," said Jessie, "and it will not distress me at all. It will be a great comfort to me. How often would I have given all I have in the world to think that somebody pitied me. Oh, ma'am, may you never be obliged to bear alone your burden of sorrow! I told you, I think, once before, that we lived in Ayrshire before we came here. My father was steward to a farmer there. But my mother and he both died when I was very young, and my brother and I were left to the care of my grandmother. Poor

body ! I have often heard her say she ha
a sair struggle with us, for we were both
idle hempies. I was only eight when th
Miss Thomsons, the minister's daughters
used to take a great deal of notice of m
at the Sabbath-school, and I used to ru
errands for them on the everydays. On
day, Miss Thomson asked me if I shoul
like to get lessons from her every day.
did not care much myself at that time
but my grandmother wouldn't let m
refuse. They were very kind to me, an
in time I began to like the learning m
self. When I got a little older, they to
me into their service. There was a gre
family of them, and I used to sew and loo
after the young ones. At last the minist
died, the misses had to go out as gover
esses, and Mrs. Thomson and the childre
went among her relations. It was the fir
great grief I ever saw, and oh, they were
distressed family ! I didn't take anoth
place, but went to live with my broth
who was married, and had got a dece
employment under a gentleman there,
—till I had a house of my own," said

poor girl with a faltering voice. "But it was God's will that it shouldna' be, and I trust my poor Willie is gone to a better place. He was drowned, but oh, ma'am, I cannot speak about it even now," she said, making a violent effort to gulp down her sorrow, whilst a few tears forced themselves from her eyes.

"Do not go on, then," said her sympathising auditor, "I do not wish to distress you."

"I am better now, and I wish to tell you. I was long, long ill, but everybody was kind to me, and I got about at last. Poor Ailsie, I shall never forget how good she was! Before her marriage, I used to think her a wild, idle lassie, that thought of nothing but the lads and fine clothes, and used to wonder at Jamie marrying her. But how grief changes us all! Nobody would know her now, heart-broken woman that she is! My brother at last heard of this bit of a farm here, and the public-house, and thought it would suit him. Woe be to the day we came, for we have never known peace sin syne! I needn't tell you, ma'am," she continued, whilst a deep

blush suffused her usually pale counte nance, "what I mean, you know but to well."

Isabella felt, as the poor girl conclude her melancholy tale, that she was indeed a object worthy of compassion, and fearful o hurting her feelings, she said, half hesi tatingly.

"And how long has your brother—ha he not this dreadful habit before he cam here?"

"Oh no, ma'am! there was not soberer, decenter lad than Jamie was once nor a better-tempered. It's all this public house. First taking a drop with one person and then with another, till he came b degrees to like it, and take it at all times He is quite changed with it, he is not lik the same: he that used to be so good t Ailsie, and so fond of her, he is while that rough, that it just breaks my hear to see it. And he is aye sorry for i himself too when he is better, and beg her pardon. But then what good doe that do, it's just the same thing ove again?"

"Since he is sometimes sorry for his

conduct, do you think nothing could be done to induce him to alter it?"

"Sometimes I would fain hope there might; and then again I think it's impossible. He aye promises it shall be the last time, but he cannot stand temptation."

"Has he not courage, do you think, to withdraw himself from temptation? To give up the public-house?"

"Oh! no, no! if he would but do that, I would have some hope. But he aye thinks he will have more resolution the next time: there is aye some reason why it happened the last time that will not take place again. And," continued Jessie, with some hesitation, "if you would believe it, I really think there are some people that take pains to lead him wrong, that lead him to drink far more than he would do if he was left to himself."

"And who are they, Jessie?" said Isabella. "Who can be so very wicked? Could they not be prevented?"

"Oh no, ma'am, I fear not!—They are no such as us—they are gentlemen."

"Gentlemen! Is it possible? Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, quite sure."'

"And what can be their object? I you know who they are?"

"I do not know them all; at any rat one of them is that gentleman that sav little Jamie's life; and as for their objec I think its mere recklessness. They drir and play, and appear to forget that the is an eternity, either for themselves o others."

"How very horrible!" said Isabell "Do you know who that gentleman who you mentioned is, or where he com from?"

"No, ma'am, I do not; he sometim stays here for a day or two, but he nev goes out in the day time, and I do n even know his name."

"All that you tell me, Jessie, seen very strange. Do you know nothing at a then of this person's associates?"

"Almost nothing," replied Jessie, wi some hesitation. "There is one gentl man, I believe—that is I think—but I a not quite sure, for I never go out of tl room, if I can help, that—that Mr. Macka

is here sometimes at nights. I once asked Jamie something about it, and he bade me hold my tongue and not scald my fingers in other folks' kail."

"Can this really be possible?" said Isabella. "I wonder if my uncle could do anything. He is a kind-hearted man."

"Oh, ma'am, he can do no good! Do not speak to him; and yet if there was the least chance," said the poor girl, her eyes for an instant brightened by a hope which quickly vanished, as with a desponding tone she added: "but there is none."

"Do not say so—do not think so," said her friendly auditor. "I will not speak to my uncle if you really wish me not to do so; yet I think it could at least do no harm. My uncle, I am sure, would make no wrong use of his knowledge."

"I know that, ma'am, I know that; but it will do no good, and it would be just troubling your uncle for nothing. No, no, we maun bear our burden as we best can. He will give us strength; but yet, do as you think best, ma'am. But why do I vex

you with my troubles? We have al enough of our own."

"But if we were all to bear them alone Jessie, would not they be harder t endure? And besides I have very few— none at all, indeed. I am ashamed to ca my little vexations—troubles, when I com pare them with yours. If you could onl show me how I could be of service to yo if I could offer you any consolation—"

"You have—you have consoled m You have listened to me and felt for m and I thank you with all my heart. O ma'am! there are mair ways than one being charitable to the poor, if the ric only knew them. I am more grateful you, ma'am, for your kind words and kin looks than if you had given me a purse gold."

Isabella was much gratified; she felt pleasure, perhaps, in its nature the pures of earthly pleasures, that of having lightene the affliction of a fellow-creature. Sh took a kind leave of her humble friend promising to return soon and alone. With a full heart she left the cottage, and began

to retrace her steps on her way to Linnwood, scarcely conscious of the path she was treading. She was now almost totally unobservant of the beautiful world around her. Her thoughts and feelings were now concentrated in the little world within the soul. Jessie, Ailsie, their forlorn condition, the difficulties with which they had to struggle, what she had heard concerning Mr. Mackain and the mysterious stranger, compassion, curiosity, all by turns claimed her attention, and occupied her mind. So much was she absorbed that she had not the smallest idea of her proximity to any being of earthly mould, till she was aroused and somewhat startled by the sound of a friendly voice.

"Isabella Lorraine alone! and with a visage so rueful that she might fairly hope to emulate Don Quixote!" said Mrs. Melville, who with her son stood directly before her.

Isabella, laughing and colouring at being caught in such a fit of abstraction, replied hastily:

"I can assure you I have no wish to

emulate Don Quixote. I do not aspire to the honour of being the lady of the rueful countenance. As you may perceive, I have only been taking a walk."

"I hope you have no objection then to extend your walk as far as Burn Cottage, and to spend the remainder of the day with me. Rollo is to dine with me. You are not engaged, are you?"

"No, I am not engaged—that is to say, I am not going from home. I do not think there is anything—I—I shall be very happy."

"Shall you? You do not look as if you would. If you would rather not come, say so at once. I always wish my friends to be where they are most happy, and I am never jealous even when that is not with me. And above all things, it pleases me to be told the exact truth."

Isabella, conscious, in the inmost recesses of her heart, how much her inclination led her to accept Mrs. Melville's invitation, and suspecting that she had hitherto been making rather a ridiculous figure, blushed more deeply than before, as she replied

with some confusion: "Oh! but indeed I *do* tell you the exact truth. I shall really *be* happy to come."

"I believe you then, Isabella. And now that that point is settled, arrange your ideas, my dear, as fast as you can, as, to say the truth, they are somewhat confused, and seem to have been lost on the road. Do recall them for my sake, as I must say the mental companionship of my friends is more valuable than their mere corporeal presence; and there is Rollo too, who, if you can believe it, was really tolerably entertaining a few minutes ago, seems suddenly to have taken himself off in the spirit, and has become as silent now as he was talkative before."

"You are very severe to-day, Mrs. Melville," said Isabella, endeavouring to speak jestingly, but in reality much mortified by the conclusion of her friend's speech; "but my ideas have all returned now, I can assure you; and I have to thank you for the trouble of collecting them. If they were dispersed, you must bear the blame of having put them to flight."

"You little monkey! And you really dare not only to defend yourself, but, oh, unheard of audacity! to cast the reproach upon the innocent sufferer?"

Here this mimic war of words was brought to an unexpected termination. Melville, who had hitherto noticed Isabella only by a bow, and who had not uttered a word since their meeting, now, in the midst of the merriment which had arisen between his mother and her young friend, broke in with an air and manner which might have befitted one of the ministers of the solemn league and covenant, lifting up in the face of torture and death his testimony against the sins and corruptions of his inhuman oppressors.

"You are very fond of a solitary walk, I believe, Miss Isabella."

There was something so absurd in the contrast between the solemnity of the speaker's voice and aspect, and the trifling import of his words, that Isabella, naturally gifted with a quick perception of the ludicrous, could not resist a laugh, especially as she had hitherto found that Melville

did not mind being laughed at. She also hoped that her mirth might have some effect in breaking the formidable barrier of constraint which seemed to have sprung up between them—from accident she tried to think; and that it might place their intercourse upon a less formal footing. Vain, however, were her anticipations; Melville's countenance remained unmoved, or rather assumed a shade of something like displeasure. Isabella felt that her mirth was mistimed, but could not therefore blame herself. Mrs. Melville, however, did not seem to think so, as catching a glimpse of her son's face, she revived the laughter which her companion had hastily checked.

"Why, Rollo, what is the matter with you now? Do not look as if you were going to be led to execution. There must be something peculiar in the air to-day; for no sooner does one of my companions begin to look like a rational being, than the other becomes bewitched in the same unaccountable manner."

"I am sorry for my looks, since they

offend you," was her son's reply; "b
I cannot help them. I cannot laugh wh
I see nothing to laugh at. I am sorry
mar your mirth; pray do not think
me—laugh on I beg, Miss Isabella. I
cannot be a merry companion, do not
me be a kill-joy."

As he spoke, he coloured violently,
the same time nearly beating to pieces
unlucky furze bush with a stick which
held in his hand, and spurning with
foot the unoffending stones which happe
to lie in his path. Isabella was so m
astonished by this exhibition of what
could call by no other name than
humour, that all inclination for jest
vanished, and she remained in a state
wonder at its cause. He must, indeed,
dreadfully ill-tempered if he could
seriously angry at so trivial an offence
little good-natured ridicule, and yet
could see no other reason for his evid
displeasure.

His mother, however, did not seem
notice his want of temper. Isabella
remarked before, that though a woma

a strong mind and of sterling sense, she was not endowed with a quick perception of the feelings of others. She was, in a word, deficient in womanly tact, that valuable quality which enables its possessor to discern the workings of the human mind, and almost instinctively to adopt the line of conduct best suited to the emergency. She continued to banter Isabella upon the return of the dark shadow as she called it. Melville became calmer and said in a voice of forced indifference:

"I must go to Linnwood before dinner; I have business with Mr. Lorraine. I can say when I am there, that Miss Isabella is to do us the honour of dining at Burn Cottage, so that there will be no occasion to send a messenger. Have you any other commands, Miss Isabella?"

"None, thank you."

"I shall leave you then at the stile where the path divides," he continued, addressing his mother; "I need not apologise for quitting you when I leave Miss Isabella Lorraine as a substitute."

"Not at all, we make Mr. Lorraine

quite welcome to your bodily presenc
Your mind seems to be with him already·
at least, for his sake, I hope it is, otherwi
I fear he will not find you more ent
taining than we have done."

"Indeed!" said her son in a bitter to
whilst his eyes flashed, "it appeared
me that I had furnished you with some
tertainment—"

Here he broke off suddenly, the col
mounting to his very temples, ap
rently a little ashamed. His mother,
evident astonishment, looked at him v
inquiring eyes. He only averted his fi
colouring still more deeply. She t
turned to Isabella, but could read noth
in her countenance but a vain attemp
conceal her surprise and concern.
awkward pause ensued, which every
felt anxious to break, but none k
exactly how. At last Mrs. Melville
in as careless a tone as she could c
mand:

"By the by, Isabella, if it is a
question, where had you been before
met you? I said to Rollo when I saw

coming up, that I thought you had been spending the forenoon at Birchmount. *Did I* guess right?"

"No—you did not. I was only at Jessie Tulloch's. In this hot weather I cannot walk to Birchmount; the road is so much exposed to the sun. I have not been there for a long time, and I do not know when I shall be able to go. I am afraid Miss Heriot will think me very remiss."

"You are quite right," said Melville, whose good humour appeared suddenly to have returned, "this is not weather for so long a walk. It would be very wrong to run any risk of injuring yourself. Miss Heriot, I am sure, cannot be so unreasonable as to expect that you should."

"I might perhaps ride; but I am no horsewoman."

"What a pity that you do not learn to ride! I think you would like it."

"Perhaps I might, but I do not know that it is worth while. I have few opportunities for riding in Yorkshire, and my stay in Scotland is limited."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Melville, "I had

hoped it was to have been your home. I
you really prefer England to your nati
country ?"

"Oh, no—no ! but I have very de
friends in England."

"And have you none in Scotla
Isabella ?"

"Oh many—many ; but—"

"Your English friends are dearer.
may be natural, perhaps ; but yet comm
me to the old Scotch adage, 'blude
thicker than water.'"

"An orphan," said Isabella, "must
glad to make her home with those who
her daughter and sister."

Mrs. Melville said no more ; but Isab
caught her eyes fixed upon her with
expression of interest and affection. Th
had now come to the road which led
Linnwood.

"You are going to Linnwood ?" s
Mrs. Melville to her son.

"No, I have changed my mind.
second thoughts I believe Mr. Lorraine
not be at home. I shall send over Hewi
to say that Miss Isabella is to remain w

us. I shall not go myself till to-morrow, when I may have some hope of finding Mr. Lorraine."

Why he was to have more hope of finding him to-morrow, and what could be the cause of his apparent inconsistency, was a mystery to both his auditors. Neither of them, however, made any remark. Perhaps they did not know how far it might be safe to do so. The transformation of Melville's whole demeanour was almost miraculous. He now seemed to omit no endeavour to make himself agreeable, and to make amends for his former ill-humour. In all he did, there seemed a consciousness of some reparation being necessary. There is nothing more difficult to do gracefully than to appear sensible of having acted unreasonably or hastily.

Unamiable people almost invariably sulk, whilst those of more amiable dispositions are very apt to be overcome by a feeling of shame, almost equally uncomfortable to those who may happen to be their companions. Melville skilfully avoided both dangers. He seemed conscious of

having betrayed a want of temper sufficient to make him anxious to show that he was sensible of it, and to endeavour to obliterate by his subsequent conduct the impression which it could not fail to have made. He succeeded to admiration.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Isabella entered the parlour at Burn Cottage before dinner, she found Mrs. Melville alone.

"Isabella!" said Mrs. Melville. Isabella looked up from the rose which she was pulling to pieces, from a want of something else to do. "I hope, Isabella, that you do not think that Rollo is in the habit of allowing himself to be so much discomposed by trifles as he was to-day; perhaps, I should have said by nothing. You do not speak," she continued; for in truth Isabella knew not very well what to say. "People, you must know from experience, have often causes of annoyance which do not appear. But I trust to your candour to take all this into consideration. One ought never to judge harshly."

"Certainly not," Isabella assented, wish-

ing in her heart that Mrs. Melville wou
remember in all cases to act upon h
own opinion. The latter again began:

"I have often remarked, Isabella, th
you were very candid, and studious n
to draw hasty conclusions, almost
cautious sometimes. I have a sinc
friendship for you, and wish you to
things as they are. If I had not a n
esteem and affection for you, I should
take the trouble to convince you. Y
opinion would be nothing to me. You
as you are, you are neither vain nor gid
You do not consider it 'a bore' to
treated like a rational being."

"Dearest Mrs. Melville," replied
young friend, "I am very grateful for
your kindness. Your friendship, beli
me, I regard both as an honour an
happiness. Do not, I beg of you, th
that what must have been the result
a moment of impatience, I could e
regard in any other light."

"When I praised you before your fa
Isabella, I did not mean to bribe you

flattery to think better of Rollo than perhaps he deserves. We both, I hope, equally despise flattery. Therefore do not view the matter with eyes determined to see it in the light most soothing to the maternal partiality of your friend; but see with your own eyes and think and say what you please."

"I shall say nothing," said Isabella laughing, "as I am afraid you would say that your flattery had bribed me."

Here Melville entered the room, and dinner was announced immediately afterwards. Mrs. Melville dined at three o'clock. Five was the common hour in that neighbourhood, and six sometimes upon visiting occasions. Mrs. Melville, however, scorned to do anything merely because other people did it; all her actions were regulated according to what appeared to herself most expedient, without any reference whatever to custom. Three o'clock appeared to her the most natural hour to be hungry, and therefore the most proper and rational time at which to dine. Accordingly at three o'clock

she dined, although in her intercourse with her neighbours, it was sometimes rather an inconvenient hour. Dinner passed off very heavily. No one appeared to have anything to say. Melville spoke very little—his mother less; and Isabella herself could scarcely get beyond a monosyllable. She wished again and again that she had not come. Her visit was an unwelcome one to Melville, she felt certain. His politeness was only assumed—his discontent real. She would take care how she ever again accepted an invitation to Mrs. Melville's without having previously ascertained that her son was not to be of the party.

After dinner matters appeared to get still worse. Isabella had never before felt time so tedious at Burn Cottage. At last, Mrs. Melville proposed a walk—a proposal which was hailed with pleasure by all present. "Where shall we go?" was the next thing to be decided.

"Have you ever been at Glencola House, Isabella?" said Mrs. Melville.

Isabella replied in the negative.

"Then I think we should go there. This is a very favourable night for the view, which I can assure you is very fine."

Melville's spirits seemed quite to revive at the mention of this plan.

"It is a long way to walk," he said, "without some refreshment; suppose we drink tea there, that is to say if Miss Isabella and you will do me so much honour."

"No, no," rejoined his mother, "that will never do. Bachelors know nothing about tea. If you give Isabella bad tea, you will make her afraid to return to Glencola."

"That," said Rollo seriously, "would certainly be the last thing I should wish. But," he added in a lively manner, "I am not much afraid. My house-keeper, Mrs. Adams, makes most excellent tea. Moreover, she has quite a mania for making cakes and biscuits of all kinds which, she is continually complaining, are not being eaten. It will be quite a treat to her to have her talents properly appreciated. She sent me up a currant loaf this morning, the very kind you used to be so fond of,

mother. I thought of you when I s
it."

"Your offers are so tempting, Roll
replied his mother, "that I think we m
accept them. See, however, that y
keep your promises; for if, after all
trouble and fatigue, this tea, so splendid
its distant appearance, should turn ou
mere *mirage* to entice us into the des
we shall never forgive you."

Her son only laughed archly. She c
tinued:

"You have no objection to go, h
you, Isabella?"

"None, except—I should be very ha
to go, were I not a little afraid that we m
not be back by eight o'clock."

"And is that of any consequence?"

"Yes; I sent a message to my aunt
send for me then, and it would be a p
to keep the servant waiting."

"Why, how could you think of do
anything so foolish? If you had any p
ticular reason for wishing to go home
so unusually early an hour, you mi
have remembered that it was broad d

light, and that there could be nothing to prevent a child going alone. Moreover, you know very well that Rollo always goes with you, and that you could command his services at any hour you pleased."

"I—I did not wish to give Mr. Melville the trouble."

"Oh, Miss Isabella!" cried Melville, "how could you think it would be a trouble? You must have known it—" he stopped short and coloured, apparently struck by some consciousness.

"You make much ado about nothing, I think, both of you," said his mother. "Let us waste no more time upon such nonsense. Now answer me at once, Isabella. Do you wish to go home at eight o'clock? Or do you wish to go to Glencola, and take your chance of being home at any hour which may hereafter prove most convenient?"

"I wish to go to Glencola, then, if it could be arranged properly."

Melville had looked anxiously at Isabella as she replied, and he now said joyfully:

"Nothing can be easier. We can l
a message for your aunt's servant to ret
and I shall walk home with you, if you
allow me."

"Exactly," said his mother. "
now let us get ready as fast as possible

The little party were soon on their
and all in excellent spirits. Perhap
open air, and the uncommon fineness o
afternoon, which displayed to perfe
the beauty of the surrounding sce
might have contributed to effect this h
change. It was indeed as lovely a s
as ever was lighted by the sinking s
the latter end of June. Our little
walked happily on their way, watc
the lengthening shadows on the g
sward, or the varied effect of light
shade on wood and mountain, rock
stream, ever and anon interrupting
course of their easy and familiar ch
remark some new beauty which disc
itself. At last, they arrived at Gle
House. Isabella was very much intere
she could not very well tell why.
was Glencola House to her? Hov

that may be, it quite realised any expectation she might have formed. The porch was handsome—the entrance-hall, beautiful. It was intended to imitate a chapel. The roof, which was very high, was vaulted, and formed of carved oak. In the middle of one side was the staircase, which, at the first landing-place, divided, and led on both sides to a gallery running all round the hall and communicating with the doors of the different apartments. It was lighted by windows of stained glass, one in particular over the landing-place of the staircase being very large, and ornamented by very beautiful devices, casting over the whole apartment a "dim religious light." Isabella expressed her admiration. Mrs. Melville said:

"I am glad you like it—it was built by my late husband."

There was somewhat of sadness in her tone as she said the last few words, but it soon passed away as she added a minute afterwards:

"But come, Rollo, let us have our tea to

refresh us after our long walk, and
strengthen us before we go over the Castl
which I wish Isabella to see before t
sun sets. I wish her to see it set t
hind the hills from the library windows."

Melville, in compliance with his mothe
request, ushered them into a small drawir
room, where tea very soon made its a
pearance. The entertainment gave sat
faction; tea, currant loaf, and cakes w
all pronounced equally excellent. M
Melville was even heard to declare t
they would return some fine eveni
Mrs. Adams and Melville were delight
and everybody was in the best of h
mours.

Melville then proposed to show Isab
the view from the library windows. M
Melville said that though much refreshed
her tea, she still felt so much fatigued t
she was more inclined to remain where
was, comfortably seated in an easy ch
than to move to a distant apartment to
any view, however fine. Isabella, howev
she thought ought not to miss so favoura
an opportunity, Rollo would be

escort, and she would wait their return where she was. Melville and Isabella passed through a handsome suite of apartments on their way to the library. They were all furnished with much taste, though evidently more for comfort than show.

"My father," said Rollo, "built this house many years before his marriage; but my mother furnished it according to her own taste, as you now see it."

"I think," said Isabella, "that I could have guessed who furnished it."

"Could you," he said smiling, "you think it characteristic? The room which we are approaching, however, the library, was not furnished by her, but by my father, and on that account is now my mother's pet room."

"Do you remember your father at all?" inquired Isabella.

"I sometimes fancy that I do, but I was so very young when he died that I think it scarcely possible. It must I think be merely imagination from having heard my mother speak of him so frequently, and from having his portrait so constantly

before my eyes. It hangs in the library where we are now going."

Isabella wished Melville to continue speaking of his father, but he did not. He walked on in silence, except when he stood still for an instant to notice a fine painting or to direct her attention to a new effect of the landscape which varied in its aspect at almost every window. She was very desirous to learn what sort of person the husband of Mrs. Melville had been. She had once inquired of the Linnwoods. Her cousin said they had no recollection of him; her aunt said that he was a very nice person and not at all odd—that he was worthy, excellent man, and a good neighbour. Now this information was all very well so far as it went, but to Isabella was far from satisfactory. She wished to know a great deal more, his opinions, habits, taste, manners, and appearance, all that constitute the individual. She was now, however, in a fair way of having her curiosity satisfied in the last particular, as she was to see his portrait in the room to which she was going.

The instant she entered the library, she

cast her eyes around hastily in quest of it. They were not long in being fixed on the object of their search. It was the only painting in the room, and was suspended over the mantel-piece.

"That is your father's portrait I suppose," said Isabella.

"Yes," replied Melville, "it was taken shortly after his marriage, and was I believe reckoned a very correct, as well as a very pleasant, likeness. This is the best light to see it in, here—where I stand."

The portrait of Mr. Melville did not at all resemble the portrait Isabella had formed of him in her own imagination. The likeness now before her, which was a full length, represented him as a man under the middle height, with nothing remarkable either in his face or figure; though not ungentlemanlike, his appearance might have almost been called shabby. His features were plain, but not striking either in their form or expression. There was, however, on closer inspection, something in the turn of the mouth, and the expression of his small grey eye, and broad,

though not handsome, forehead, seemed to denote firmness of charact penetration, allied to a certain pl of temper; though, upon the who appeared a sensible looking man. I could not but feel some surprise t should have been Mrs. Melville's chc

She next directed her attention apartment which was wainscotted ar nished with very handsome book formed of oak. The furniture was all same material, plain, neat, and comfo with no pretensions to splendour totally without the little singularities sionally to be observed in the apartments. A small room adjoini library contained a cabinet of curiosi number of fine engravings from th masters, and a portrait of Mrs. Melv the bloom of youth and beauty. Bea indeed, she must have been, even beautiful than Isabella had imagined. was quite prepared, it is true, for the and commanding form, the fine fe and sparkling brown eyes, but not f profusion of rich auburn hair, the

bloom, the joy and vivacity, as well as independence of mind expressed by the whole countenance. She inquired if it had been painted at the same time as Mr. Melville's portrait.

"No, many years before. My mother was only eighteen when that was done, I believe."

"How beautiful!" said Isabella.

"Yes," he said, "my mother must have been a very beautiful woman; she has still the remains of great beauty, the best part of beauty, expression. I do not care for that beauty of which one sees the whole at the first glance; such beauty does not gain upon one, it is only the eye, not the mind, which is pleased by it. One may admire it, but one cannot love it. No! give me that loveliness which, though it may not be so obvious to the careless beholder, discloses each day new charms; that loveliness which is the loveliness of the mind reflected in the countenance, which wins upon the heart more than upon the mere outward senses."

Melville spoke with some excitement,

and as it seemed to Isabella, pointedly. S
was pondering upon his meaning, uncert
what to say, when he continued in a calı
tone of voice. "But I forget how ti
passes; the sun must now be setting.
us make haste that we may not miss w
we came on purpose to see. There
steps from this window down to the terr
where the view is finest. You are
afraid of the evening air?"

The young lady having replied in
negative, he handed her down the gra
steps. Magnificent indeed was the natu
panorama which now presented itself
their eyes. The lower edge of the su
disc was just hid by the dark blue hills
the north-west, whilst forward from th
base, when permitted by the undulati
of the Glencola grounds and woo
varied by wild moor, corn-fields, a
strips of plantation, the Cole appeared
the foot of the lawn which sloped dov
wards from the terrace, and like a thr
of silver intersected the whole landsc
except where it was lost among its o
wild rocks, or concealed by the pend

branches of the weeping birches which fringed its banks.

On the opposite side of the stream, embosomed among its own woods and almost hidden from view, lay Linnwood, the smoke from one of its strange old chimneys rising peacefully upwards towards the calm evening sky. This beautiful landscape, though yet distinct in all its features, lay in the soft and pure twilight of a summer's evening, except where the tops of the highest trees, and the summits of the woody hills were gilded by the last rays of the passing sunlight, which seemed to bestow upon them a yet brighter crown of glory, ere it left them to the sombre shades which had begun to steal over more lowly objects.

As Isabella stood looking around, the calm joy of the lovely hour and scene entered into her own soul. Her eyes were suffused with tears. She felt that deep delight in existence, which all alive to such influences have experienced in similar circumstances. She gazed many minutes. At last she turned to Melville to express her admiration, and to claim his sympathy.

As she did so, she caught his eyes r
intently upon herself with an expr
which made her start, and caused the
blood to rush to her cheeks. M
coloured.

"How lovely," cried Isabella with
confusion.

"Most lovely," he responded wi
thusiasm.

Again their glances met, and agai
blushed more deeply than before. A
instant they were relieved from their
embarrassment by the entrance of
Melville into the library.

"I am afraid you are too late to
sun set," said Isabella hurriedly, an
anxious to speak.

"I did not expect to be in time;
came to remind you that it is gettin
and that we have a long walk before

Isabella's preparations were quickly
Her mind was full of the events of th
they were strange and puzzling, and
felt happier than she had done for
days. Yet it was a sort of feveri
which she experienced, not that
serenity of mind in which alone i

happiness. As they left the house, Mrs. Melville took her son's arm.

"This is not George Street, Miss Isabella," he said with a smile, offering her the other.

The evening was exceedingly warm; much warmer than it had been on their way thither, and as the breeze had now sunk to rest, not a leaf stirred; it felt almost sultry. Isabella untied the strings of her bonnet, and put it back upon her head; and finally taking it off, walked without it. Mrs. Melville looked at her and said:

"I remember well, Isabella, when I feared the evening dews as little as you do; but those days have long since passed away." This was said without that lowering of the voice, that gentle sigh of regret which usually accompany an allusion to the time which can never return. Struck by this idea, Isabella remarked:

"You do not seem to regret those days?"

"No, why should I? Their joys and their sorrows, alike, are beyond recall—are as if they had never been. Such regret

is, indeed, unavailable. The present an
the future are all that concern us now.
was ever prone to anticipation. In m
youth, I looked forward to the bustle an
turmoil of the noon-day of life. The shad
of evening now draw on apace, and I see
the repose so congenial to the hour, awai
ing the advance of the night in the hope
awaking to a happier morning. No, if
regret the past in anything, it is only in i
follies, for their effects, in many instance
extend to the present—their traces are di
cernible even now."

"Does retrospection, then," said Isabell
"bring neither pain nor pleasure? Or
the memories of the past never arise
your mind?"

"Yes, frequently; but my thoughts
not cling to them with that fond tenaci
—that melancholy fascination so observal
in many persons. I view their pains a
pleasures afar off as a mere spectator
as things too distant now to concern r
personally."

Isabella was silent. She did not dou
that Mrs. Melville spoke what she believ

to be the truth; but she doubted if what she said were altogether possible. There were some instances in which she felt certain that even with her friend those sentiments could not exist. That they did so, however, in a certain extent, was very evident.

"Pray, what are you thinking of, Isabella," at last demanded Mrs. Melville, who to make amends for being in the habit of asking questions so inquisitorial, never took umbrage at their not being answered.

"I was thinking," replied her young friend, "in what various manners, different persons view the same things. How differently you and Miss Heriot regard the past. With what different feelings you think of it."

"Of course we do, because we are very different people. We can have very few feelings in common."

"And yet I cannot help wishing that you knew more of Miss Heriot. I think she is a very interesting person."

"May be so, my love. She may be all you suppose to those who possess the faculty of perceiving her true character.

But to me, she is only a decent, harmle
rather tiresome woman, whose compan
has something the effect of a monotono
sermon. No, we have not a feeling
common—we dwell in different atmospher
which can never mingle."

Isabella was upon the point of speakin
when she was prevented by Rollo, who h
hitherto appeared wrapt in his own medi
tions. He spoke with a slight discomp
sure of manner.

"But, perhaps, Miss Isabella may ha
some reason for being much interested
Miss Heriot. When we wish to like
person, when we determine to disco
good qualities in them, we generally su
ceed."

"I do not understand you, Mr. M
ville. Miss Heriot and her brother ha
both shown me much kindness. I li
both of them. Mr. Heriot is very agr
able, but—"

She intended to have said "I do not li
him as well as his sister," but Mr. M
ville interrupted her with increased d
composure.

"I do not think so—he is well informe

and can talk, to be sure—but he is one of those cold, calculating persons who say or do nothing from impulse. One never can believe that he is speaking from the heart; one always suspects he has some latent meaning—some hidden object—one—"

Here Isabella could hold out no longer; she entered upon a warm defence of Mr. Heriot. Melville replied. Both got heated in the argument, and said more than they intended to say. Isabella praised Mr. Heriot much more than she might have been inclined to do at another time; she spoke more in his favour than in her calmer moments she really felt, and discovered many good qualities to be very apparent which were usually scarcely perceptible; whilst Melville pointed out blemishes, and brought to light many more faults in his character than was altogether consistent with a charitable spirit, or with the usual candour of his judgment, when free from the bewildering dominion of passion. Isabella, weary and provoked, exclaimed at last:

"This is a subject, Mr. Melville, upon

which we can never agree ; therefore let say no more about it at present. Let never mention it again."

"You are right, at last, Isabella," s Mrs. Melville, "and you have both b wrong all along. You have spoken so f that I have never had it in my power to in a single word. I very nearly agree w Rollo in his opinion of Mr. Heriot, nev theless I do not see that on account of t opinion he has any reason to be an either with you or with him. Mr. Heriot nothing either to him or to me, and y have an undoubted right to like whom y please."

"Certainly," said her son, "I have title to dispute Miss Isabella's right to so, still less have I any wish to give offence."

"You know the adage," said Isabe with a smile, "least said, soonest mende

They had now arrived at the door of cottage. It was past nine o'clock, a bidding Mrs. Melville good night, Isabe accompanied by Rollo, set out on her home.

CHAPTER XIV.

MELVILLE and Isabella walked on almost in silence. In the wood, through which the shortest path to Linnwood lay, the twilight deepened nearly into darkness. To the mind of Isabella, there was something very solemn in this settled gloom, heightened in its effect by the perfect repose of the atmosphere, the almost oppressive stillness, unbroken save by the low, monotonous sound of the falling waters in the distance. She expressed her thoughts to her companion.

"Yes," he said, "but it is a solemnity which pleases me. It is a gloom which accords with my own feelings."

"You used not to be gloomy."

"No; but one changes—one is not always in the same spirits. I wish," he continued, forcing a gayer tone, "to be lively now, however, as I am conscious a

gloomy companion, and a darksome wood in the grey twilight are enough to give any lady the vapours."

"Indeed, you are mistaken; I never have the vapours."

"No," he replied, "I dare say not—I only spoke in jest. But see—do not you see some one approaching?"

"I see something, but it is so dark that, at this distance, I cannot tell what it is."

The distant object, as well as themselves, continued to advance. Gradually it became more distinct; first it was discovered to be two persons—then a lady and gentleman, and finally upon meeting, it proved to be Mr. Lorraine and Rose.

"Here comes the runaway at last," cried the former. "It is but fair I should have your company now, madam," he continued, drawing his niece's arm within his own, "since you have thought proper to deprive me of it all day."

Isabella was not sorry for this arrangement, as the same unaccountable ill-humour, which had affected Melville in the morning, seemed again to have seized him,

although in a lesser degree; or rather, he appeared to control it better. He, however, was not much pleased. Rose's company, which had now become almost distasteful to him, was particularly so to-night. He was in no humour for being talked to, and Rose not only always talked a great deal, but of late had been in the habit of saying things which it displeased him to hear. She began as she took his arm which he was under the necessity of offering:

"How late it is! We had really begun to think that Isabella was never coming back. We were quite surprised when Walter returned without her. But Isabella is very thoughtless in such matters; she does not think of the trouble she may be giving, provided the whim of the moment can be gratified."

"I cannot agree with you," said Melville, who, though displeased with Isabella himself, would allow no one else to be so. "If blame attaches to any one on the present occasion, it must be to me, as it was to do me a favour, and at my urgent

desire that the servant was sent back. shall make my apology to Mrs. Lorra for any inconvenience she may h sustained when we reach Linnwood."

"Oh!" said Rose, affecting to assum jesting tone, "I do not think you need t the trouble. Mamma is very placable, thinks nothing of being a little inc moded."

"I see no reason why I should take unfair advantage of your mamma's g good-nature, and, moreover, I am in d bound to exonerate your cousin."

Rose was silent for a few minutes, then again began:

"Isabella has very pleasing manners.

"Certainly," Melville assented some surprise, and determined that nei by his voice nor manner would he be any particular interest in the subject.

Rose continued:

"She is one of those persons who themselves out to please everybody. can catch the tone of those with whom associates—she can assimilate her man to theirs. She wishes to be every o favourite."

"She does not always succeed, however, it would seem."

"No, not always. For my part, I like people who are the same to every one, regarding whose character one can form some decision, and who do not vary according to the company they may happen to be in. I hate all mean arts."

"All mean arts, certainly; but the art of pleasing I have always been accustomed to regard as a most amiable and enviable accomplishment."

"Yes, when we sacrifice to it nothing of higher importance."

"At all events," said Melville, "we had better make sacrifices to please, than hurt the feelings of those with whom we converse."

Rose bit her lip at this reply, and wished she could have seen Melville's countenance to have read there, if there was more in his words than met the ear. She determined, however, to alter her plan of attack, and to direct her efforts towards some more vulnerable point; resolved at all hazards to excite some emotion.

"Your cousin, Miss Hunter, called up us to-day."

"Indeed," was Melville's rather p voking reply to this observation.

"She was telling us a great deal news."

"She is a great gossip," said Melville

"She says," continued Rose, "tha is currently reported that Isabella is be married to Mr. Heriot. I was re much amused at the notion of anyth so absurd."

"Absurd, indeed!" cried Melville, w an attempt at a laugh, but his compan felt him start at her words.

She went on:

"Nay—I did not mean that the rep was absurd, I only meant that the marri would be so."

"But if the one is absurd, does no necessarily follow that the other is same? Mr. Heriot is old enough to Isabella's father."

"Very true; but that is nothing nov days. That is the amusing part o however. They will be a delightfully

congruous looking couple. Isabella is so very young-looking; indeed, with being rather short, and slightly made, she looks much younger than she is, and then she is so lively, and fond of amusement. Oh! it will be charmingly preposterous to see her for ever united to such a grim old bachelor as Mr. Heriot; a man too, who is always laying down the law upon every subject. He always seems to think he has but to speak, 'This is *my* opinion,' and immediately all men are bound to be of the same. Her very bonnet will have to be adjusted according to his infallible taste. I can fancy I hear him saying in a magisterial tone: 'Nobody, but a fool, would wear blue ribbons with your complexion: pink are much more becoming.' Poor girl!" continued Rose, laughing, "I really pity her."

"Do you?" said Melville. "I have always been accustomed to hear of weeping pity. Laughing pity is an entirely new phenomenon. But you talk as if you really believed this report. You seem to think there is a just foundation for it."

"Oh! I know no more about it th other people; but I cannot avoid seei what must be evident to everybody w has the opportunity, or the desire to s However, do not quote me upon a account; do not give my authority, fo am not Isabella's confidante."

"No," cried Melville, "that is, inde impossible. Your manner of speaki could never have led me to that co clusion."

Rose now became aware that Melv was angry, and angry with her; yet s perceived that her words had the desi effect of giving him pain, and perhaps lowering her rival in his opinion— effect which, though perhaps still m productive of pain to herself, she was bent on augmenting to gratify the hate passions of wounded pride and envy. S continued:

"From your manner of speaking, y lead me to imagine that you would con der this marriage a censurable proceedi Now, I do not view it at all in that ligl I think it is only ridiculous. There

much to be said in excuse for Isabella; Mr. Heriot's flattery is very insidious, and manifests itself in a thousand different ways, and his sister seems also to worship her. It is no wonder that she goes constantly to Birchmount."

"Does she go very often? She said today, that she had not been there for some time."

"Oh! the weather has been hot for some days; but she has been always talking of going. Indeed, she never seems to be thinking of anything else. Mr. Heriot and his sister persuade her that she is perfect—that in their eyes, at least, she can do nothing wrong. She expects when she is mistress of Birchmount, that instead of being the slave, which I am sure she will be, to speak will not only be to be obeyed, but to be admired. Isabella's weak side is certainly vanity. She is, as I think you were saying, very amiable; but on that point she is vulnerable. I am sorry for her, as I am certain she will be miserably disappointed, and in spite of her little faults, I am very fond of her. The whole

affair appears only ridiculous at first; bu when one thinks of it seriously, it is dread ful. If there is a man I dislike, it is Mr Heriot."

"But," said Melville, "if he loves her his treatment of her may be very differen from what you imagine; and to say th truth, I do not think your cousin is person to submit tamely to such usage a that to which you allude."

"No, perhaps not; she has a littl temper of her own."

"She has a proper sense of what is du to herself; but as I said before, and as sincerely hope, her conduct on so trying a occasion may never be tested. You think I suppose, that Mr. Heriot loves her?"

"Loves her! no indeed. He only wan to marry her, which is a different thin entirely."

"Is it?" said Melville.

"Of course," replied Rose; "you can not have lived so long in the world witho knowing that."

"I know," he answered, "that there ar such things in the world as mercena

marriages; and I know, also, that there are people who, to compass their own designs, will not hesitate to sacrifice either truth or good feeling."

This was speaking home; but Rose was determined for this evening, at least, to see nothing disagreeable to herself in what Melville might say. She therefore continued:

"And Mr. Heriot is exactly such a person as you describe."

"Mr. Heriot has many faults," said Melville, "and he is no favourite of mine; nevertheless, I do not see that we have any right to charge him with mercenary views in the present instance. He may very probably love your cousin—she is a person any one might love."

This was the unkindest cut of all; but Rose was not to be daunted.

"Isabella, you know, has ten thousand pounds, and though that is not a great fortune, yet, depend upon it, to a man like Mr. Heriot, it will possess ten thousand charms. Some people, also, consider Isabella pretty, though I cannot say that I think

any of her features are very good; and a ma
at Mr. Heriot's time of life is always prov
of a pretty young wife. She is a gratifyi
sort of plaything to exhibit to the en
of his compeers till some new toy dive
his attention, or till the exhibition becon
stale."

"But, let us hope," said Melville, "th
all this may never apply to your cousin.'

"I hope it may not," said Rose; "bu
you wish to know the true state of t
case, I would recommend you to apply
Helen, she is much more likely to be
the secret than I am. She and Isab
are always having private conversations.

"Then I cannot see how such an ap
cation could benefit me, even were
curiosity strong enough to induce me
make it, as I cannot do Miss Helen
injustice to suppose she would betray a
one's confidence."

"Oh, you know, she may not h
absolutely promised secresy."

"I have no doubt your sister will co
sider an implied promise as binding a
positive one. Moreover, time will sc

show, without my taking any unnecessary trouble about the matter."

"I may be mistaken," said Rose, "in supposing she knows anything about the matter, but they are constantly taking such long walks together, that I cannot help thinking they have something particular to talk about."

"If that is all the reason you have," answered Melville, "I cannot say that I think it very conclusive; however, you are doubtless a better judge of the depths of a lady's friendship, from the outward symptoms, than I can possibly be."

"They go frequently to Jessie Tulloch's," said Rose, "particularly Isabella. I tell her she goes to get another glimpse of the mysterious hero, with whom you may remember she was so much smitten one day."

"And does she often see him?" inquired Melville with some interest in the reply.

"She says she has never seen him again; but, as I told you, I am not her confidante."

"But what has that to do with her seeing the hero, as you call him?"

"She might not choose to tell me, you know."

"I cannot see any object she could have in concealing it from you, much less when it was necessary to tell a downright falsehood for that purpose."

"All stratagems you know," replied Rose, "are lawful in love and war."

"Love!" cried Melville in some surprise "Why, I thought Isabella had been in love with Mr. Heriot. Do you mean to say that she is in love with two persons at once?"

"Not exactly in love perhaps; but Isabella, you know, is very romantic. Now Mr. Heriot's love is her serious affair, and this is her romantic one—a mere amusement for her idle imagination, *pour passer le temps.*"

"It is an amusement which I should think Mr. Heriot would hardly approve of. But I thought this man had been merely a passing stranger. I had no idea he lodged at the cottage. I never meet him anywhere."

"I do not know that he lodges there. But I suspect he is there frequently—he may have some object, you know.

Miss Hunter says that her servant Eppie heard—"

What Eppie heard was fated not to transpire at that time, as Mr. Lorraine, who had now reached the house at Linnwood, turned to halloo to Rose and Melville, who had lagged behind, to make haste, as he saw the supper tray upon the table. He pressed Melville to enter with them and partake of some repast, and he was warmly seconded in his invitation by Mrs. Lorraine, and supported by Helen, who with her mother was enjoying the the summer air, late though it was, at an open window. Rose, also, with her most winning smiles, endeavoured to persuade him to enter; but he was proof against all their solicitations. Rose's smiles had now become hateful to him. Still more was he disgusted when, with Judas-like affection, she took Isabella's hand and advised her not to expose herself longer to the damp air, as she had been complaining in the morning of a tendency to toothache.

As she spoke, a slight movement of

Helen's head allowed a ray of light fr
the lamp on the drawing-room table
fall upon her countenance, which was b
towards Isabella's with simulated interes
an expression shot from her eyes,
strangely at variance with her words a
general bearing, as to cause Melville
voluntarily to shrink. The lovely Christa
could scarcely have recoiled with grea
horror from the gaze of the sorcer
whose beautiful orbs, to her view, und
went so sudden a transformation; for
those of Rose did not become shrunk
and coloured like the eyes of a serpe
their glance seemed to contain all
venom and malice of the arch-deceiv
Melville now took leave with a prom
of returning the next day to consult M
Lorraine upon tile-draining.

He returned home out of humour w
all the world, particularly with Rose. S
was, in his opinion, the most arti
designing, and detestable of women. I
ineundoes, surmises, and conclusio
haunted his memory, and would not
driven from it. It was in vain that

represented to himself that they were merely the effect of jealousy and revenge. Yes, jealousy! Melville, though not without a share of the vanity inherent in every son of Adam, drew nothing to nourish it from this conclusion, for well he knew that it was not jealousy of his love as a man, but merely as a man of property and consideration by which he was actuated. He was angry with himself that it should be in the power of such a woman thus to annoy him, and that she should perceive that it was. And yet he could not drive it from his mind. There was much in her communications which tallied strangely with his own observations and apprehensions.

In the meantime, Isabella's state of mind was, this night, at least, sympathetic with that of Melville. She scarcely doubted that he loved her; but something she saw restrained the declaration of his affection, withheld him even from allowing it to appear, except perhaps in an unguarded moment. He was evidently perplexed and anxious; and as if he had infected

her, she too became perplexed and anxiou
She suspected Rose, and from the unwont
appearance of kindness in her manne
became convinced that the suspicion w
not groundless. Angry that Rose shou
imagine that she could be thus duped,
that she could thus weakly connive
duping Melville, she withdrew her ha
coldly from hers, and wishing Melvil
good night, ran up to her own apartme
At supper she hardly opened her lips, a
very shortly afterwards retired for t
purpose of going to bed. She had not be
many minutes alone, when Helen enter
the room, and carefully shutting the do
exclaimed :

"Oh, Isabella, how I have been dyi
to see you all day! I have a million
things to tell you. You can sympathi
with me in my sorrows and trials. I ha
a tale to tell which—"

"And must I listen to it to-night
cried her cousin. "It is so late, and
am so tired, and have such a head-ache."

"Have you?" said Helen in a tone
mingled vexation and sympathy, "I s

so sorry, dear Isabella. What will you take—a little hartshorn, perhaps?"

"No, I thank you. A night's rest, I think—"

"Ah! I dare say you are right. There is nothing like quietness for a head-ache. I'll not plague you any more to-night. Good night—I hope it may be gone to-morrow. But can I get you anything?" she continued, kissing Isabella affectionately as she spoke.

"No, I thank you. Good night," was the reply of the latter as she sunk upon a seat, fatigued in body and harassed in spirits. Helen quitted the apartment, reiterating her kind wishes. The sound of her cousin's receding footsteps recalled Isabella's powers of reflection, of which she had almost been deprived for the last half hour.

"How irritable I am," she thought, "because Rose is deceitful, and Melville out of temper, must I necessarily be harsh and ungrateful to poor unoffending Helen, and visit their sins upon a person who has never shown me anything but the utmost

good-will. How kindly she bore with i impatience, even now when she seems have some affairs of her own to annoy h Such sweetness of temper is really m meritorious, and more worthy of imitat than those less unpretending quali which clamour so loudly for our appro tion, and so often succeed in obtaining to the exclusion of more retiring virtu To-morrow morning I will go to Helen a listen to her long story, however tedi it may be, by way of making some ame for my ill-humour, and as a slight reti for all the kindness she has heaped u me."

With this good resolution in her he Isabella fell fast asleep, and dreamed tumbling down precipices in compa with Melville and Rose, the latter alw appearing to be hurling at her large sto and fragments of rock, which the for sometimes seemed to regard with indi rence, sometimes attempted to shield from, at the risk of his own person.

CHAPTER XV.

THERE is not a greater difference between the feelings natural to youth and age, than betwixt those common to night and morning. At night, the spirit is exhausted by the wear and tear of the world; the weariness of the body acting and reacting upon the mind, causes the immortal to feel that it is indeed the captive of the mortal, and forced to view the affairs of life through the medium afforded by the senses. Then it is that the latter asserts its temporary supremacy, burdening the former with those woes and anxieties which properly belong to the earthly part alone. But in the morning—how different! Under the balmy influence of the 'the restorer,' a portion of that youthful elasticity, which every successive night continues to diminish, has again returned. With the new-born day and the opening flowers, our languishing

spirits have again revived, though dest
like them again to droop. The phant
which stalked at midnight before
affrighted imaginations, have fled with t
congenial shades.

The kingdom of darkness with its ho
delusive shadows has passed away to
place to the kingdom of light and its
gible realities. Those giant forms of te
so menacing to minds enfeebled by w
ness and gloom, have dwindled away
mist-wreaths from the mountains at
approach of the truth-testing morning.
can smile now at what we trembled be

Isabella, as she rose from her c
refreshed by sleep, felt astonished as
reviewed the causes of her uneasiness
preceding evening. Rose's spite and
ville's ill-humour appeared now al
ludicrous. The dreadful results which
had appeared to threaten, seemed no
little formidable, that she could scar
believe that her fears could have re
on so slight a foundation. Such
porary annoyances could be produc
of no evil consequences which a wor

look, five minutes' calm reflection, might not be sufficient to obviate.

One only idea disturbed her satisfaction, the remembrance of her own fretfulness towards Helen; but this little thorn too was about to be plucked from her mind, for was she not already on her way to her cousin's apartment to repair as far as possible the fault of which her conscience accused her?

"Come in," said Helen's kind voice as she knocked at the door, for the room owned the sway of Rose, and consequently she durst not enter it unbidden. Rose was still in bed, and affected to be asleep. Helen was nearly dressed, and after many kind inquiries after Isabella's head-ache, and expressions of delight on finding that it was quite gone, she requested her cousin to fasten her gown and adjust her shawl.

"And then," she said, "we shall not need to bother ourselves with Janet."

The cousins soon found themselves walking along the path which bordered the Cole, admiring, as they went, the dewy verdure and the crystal waters sparkling in

the sunshine or reposing in the shade, while they inhaled the fresh morning breeze bearing on its wings, as it swept lightly through their branches, the delicious aroma of the mountain birches. Never did a gale of Araby waft a sweeter perfume from the gardens of the sunny south, than did the summer breeze of the Scottish mountains, as it swept over the broomy glens, and dark pine woods of the cold and stormy north.

"I am so glad, Isabella," said her cousin taking her arm, and leaning all her weight upon her, "to have you all to myself at last; I was so anxious to speak to you last night."

"I saw you were, and I owe you some apology for the unceremonious manner—"

"Oh, never mind that!" interrupted Helen, "you had a head-ache, and it is better now at any rate. You are the only person, Isabella, in whom I could ever entirely confide. No one else—of my own sex I mean —can understand me; no one but you can find a balm for my wounded heart; our souls sympathize—I read it in your eyes the

first minute I beheld you. I felt an inward conviction that fate had decreed you to be my chosen friend, and I have not been mistaken. Indeed, Andrew says we are never mistaken in those promptings of the soul, and I am convinced he is right. The heart is the best guide in such matters; what has reason—cold, worldly reason to do with friendship and love?"

"My dear Helen," began Isabella, who did not feel so much flattered, as her cousin seemed to expect, at the idea of friendship for her being so totally unsanctioned by reason.

"I know what you would say," interrupted her cousin, "I can read your sentiments; but I was going to tell you—" here Helen paused.

"What were you going to tell me?" inquired Isabella, who perceiving that Helen was in one of her most sublime moods, wisely judged that it was best to allow her flow of sentimentality to exhaust itself, trusting that underneath its sweeping current might be found remaining a few grains of reason, which it would be in vain, in

the present state of affairs, to endeavour to wrest from the overwhelming torrent of nonsense.

"Lord Byron, I think, says," replied Helen, "'that the course of true love never did run smooth,' you have read the line I dare say, my dear Isabella, I think I have seen it quoted somewhere."

"I have certainly read it," said Isabella, with a smile; "but I do not think Lord Byron—"

"Perhaps it was Moore then, it's all the same. It is only too true whoever wrote it. Ah, Isabella!"

"I am sorry you should have found it so. But how—what has happened?"

"Well, you see, Andrew—but by-the-bye I am not going to call him Andrew any longer."

"Why?"

"It is so prosaical for a lover, and for one with such a poetic soul. Of course, to my father and mother, to people who are uninterested in such matters, I shall still call him Andrew; but to himself, to my own heart, to you who have a congenial

soul, I shall always call him by some more poetic and suitable name. I told him so yesterday: I told him that before we met again, I should have made choice of one for him as well as for myself, from Moore or Byron, by which we might always call each other. I think I have decided upon one for him, I think I shall always call him my Giaour."

"Your Giaour!" exclaimed Isabella, now no longer able to restrain her mirth.

"Why do you laugh so?" inquired Helen apparently a little nettled.

"You do not know, I suppose," replied her cousin, "that Giaour means an infidel, a most unfortunate appellation for a lover."

"Does it?" said Helen, laughing herself, "I am not surprised at your laughing, but you see I know nothing of languages except a little French; they are too dry a study for me. I may call him Selim then, there is no objection to my calling him Selim, and I can be Zuleika myself?"

"None, that I know of, if it is your own pleasure and his."

"And I may call you Gulnare."

"Thank you for your kind intention, bu
I am quite contented with my own name,
replied Isabella nearly choked with laughte
Helen laughed too, but appeared a litt
hurt. "But," said the former, recoverin
herself at last, "you have not told me th
cause of your distress."

"No," said Helen instantly appease
"you must know then, Andrew was he
yesterday, and we had a long conversatio
together. His father has all along wishe
him to go abroad, as he says there
almost no opening for young men in h
profession in this country. He has got
promise from one of the Directors of th
East India Company of an appointment f
him by next autumn; but of course he
not at all pleased. How could he? It
dreadful!"

"Who is not at all pleased? And what
dreadful? I should have thought it a ver
fortunate circumstance."

"It is Andrew that is not pleased, h
father is quite delighted. I dare say Andre
might have been pleased too, if it had no
been for the thoughts of leaving me, an

tearing asunder hearts so firmly united. We may never see each other again."

"But when he can afford to marry, he may return for you, if your affections remain unchanged, and if you can make up your mind to go to such a far distant land."

"I do not mind that in the least. I should like of all things in the world to be carried about in a palanquin like Lalla Rookh. But Andrew, you see, could not return for ten years at the very soonest."

"Could you not accompany him next year then, or would your father object?"

"That is what Andrew wishes, and indeed what I wish myself, though it would be dreadful to leave my father and mother, and you, dear Isabella, and all my friends here; but it seems it cannot be. Andrew and I declared to papa and Mr. Bell the state of our attachment. At first they treated the matter jestingly, especially Mr. Bell. At last, however, they spoke seriously. Papa said, that he and Mr. Bell had both met with a great loss lately by the failure

of a banking company in Edinburgh, a
that at present he could give me nothin
Papa has very strict notions in mon
matters, about not borrowing, and confor
ing to one's means and all that, you mu
know, and Mr. Bell really appears to
in difficulties at present. Indeed I fou
that papa was to advance the money f
Andrew's outfit and passage, and that
was positively all he could afford to l
out for some time to come; for with t
loss, and the prospect of James going
Oxford the year after next, he is very mu
straitened at present. One comfort, ho
ever, is that one can always depend up
papa telling the exact truth, one fe
certain that he is not inventing difficulti
So I fear we must just make up our min
for ten endless years."

As this frightful alternative present
itself, poor Helen burst into tears. Isabe
felt real pity for her. She now believ
that her cousin's attachment must be re
and not imaginary as she had been hithe
led to believe from the fantastic mode
which it was usually expressed. It wo

have cost her nothing to promise Helen the sum of money necessary to convey her to India, and to prepare her for the voyage. She was only withheld from bestowing immediate comfort, by the consideration that she might be acting imprudently, and that instead of promoting her cousin's real interest, her promises might be militating against it.

Helen's heart was good, but her judgment was weak. Isabella felt as much dependence upon her uncle's perfect veracity as any of his own daughters could possibly do; yet she thought it possible, in the present instance, that he might not have been sorry for having a legitimate excuse to break off a match which he might have good reasons to consider rash and imprudent. Therefore, she only said:

"I will speak to your papa on your account, Helen, if you will give me leave. Perhaps we might be able to come to some satisfactory arrangement."

"Thank you, my dearest cousin," cried Helen, drying her tears, "I really feel as if I had a dagger in my heart. If you

can remove it, I shall be eternally oblig to you; but we had better go home now.

After breakfast, Isabella followed l uncle out of the parlour, and requested short interview with him. He led l into what was emphatically styled " room." It was rather a nondescript s of an apartment. One side was fit up with book-shelves well-filled and nea arranged, while on the other, suspen upon pegs, hung a frieze great coat, immense broad-brimmed straw hat, a b bonnet, a shepherd's plaid, and a rid whip. The chimney-piece was ornamen by a number of mineralogical specime pebbles and jaspers, with a fox's bru and the antlers of a red deer. Ove hung an engraved likeness of two of Cadyon wild cattle, and a miniature Mrs. Lorraine. On the table lay an o writing-desk of large dimensions, sc newspapers, and several magazines pamphlets, chiefly on agricultural subje A gun and some fishing rods stood in corner. Mr. Lorraine placed a chair his niece, and seated himself opposite to l

"Now," said he playfully, "what is to be the subject of this weighty consultation?"

Isabella related to him briefly the conversation that had passed betwixt Helen and herself before breakfast, expressing her desire of rendering her cousin any assistance in her power, stating at the same time her reason for not having promised it immediately. Her uncle listened to her attentively, and then made answer:

"So Helen has made you her confidante, has she? Let me assure you, however, Isabella, that in doing this, she has not been actuated by selfish motives. Helen is not a clever girl—indeed in some respects she is a very silly one; but her heart is good, and her intentions are upright. She is incapable of endeavouring to entrap any one's promises by a studied display; it was your sympathy only she aimed at securing. It is fortunate you did not give utterance to the ideas and wishes suggested by her words, as it would only have been raising fruitless expectation and preparing, for poor Helen, a still more doleful disappointment."

"Do you then, as I suspected, dis
prove entirely of this connexion?"

"No, not entirely. Andrew Bell l
naturally a weak understanding, but
has been respectably educated. He l
no vicious habits, but on the contrary,
well-principled and steady. The wo
would certainly not consider him a g
match for Helen; but where there
no moral obstacles, no absolute dispa
of ranks, it is, I think, a thankless t
to thwart the inclinations of two yo
people, where they have enough to l
upon suitably in their own sphere of l
and where they do not require to begin
borrowing."

"But, my dear uncle," cried Isabe
"I should be a very lenient creditor; i
besides, I have really more money tha
require. To part with a few hund
pounds, or a thousand, or even m
would not cause me the slightest inc
venience."

"And do you really imagine tha
would thus take advantage of a mom
of youthful generosity, to which r

years may, perhaps, give the harsher name of folly?"

"Take advantage! I do not understand you, my dear uncle. Is it not my own offer? Do I not act with my eyes open? I am of age and quite competent you know to judge in an affair of this kind myself."

"Are you aware that it may be out of my power to repay you for a great number of years?"

"Should you never repay me, I shall only be so much the happier. Oh, my dear uncle! do not deny me the pleasure of being able to show my sense of the great kindness I have experienced from yourself and your family."

"My dear niece," said her uncle, taking her hand affectionately, "I thank God that it has been in our power to make you comfortable. I require no additional proof of your affection. The general tenor of your conduct is sufficient, I believe in it. I regard you as my own daughter."

"Then act as if you did. Treat me like a daughter and not like an alien. Ah, my dear uncle! you who are so good, why

do you refuse to make three human beings happy ?"

" Good !" said Mr. Lorraine ; " yes, would be very good, very disinterested rob my niece in order to get my daught married. You talk foolishly, Isabella ; b you will live to be better aware of tl value of money before many years ha passed over your head. You will gain mo wisdom, and you shall never have it i your power to reproach me with havin abused your inexperience."

" Indeed, you do me injustice. I do n pretend to despise riches, I do not lo them for their own sake, but for the sa of what they can procure, and surely wh they can be made the means of bestowin happiness, we ought only too gladly to sei the opportunity presented to us with gra tude and thankfulness, for what is to l put in comparison with happiness—th scope and aim of every wish—witho which, all our possessions are valu less ?"

" Very true ; but you speak as if Helen happiness and yours were identical.

cannot see how her marriage is to conduce to your felicity."

"It will conduce to hers, and thereby to mine. There is no such thing as solitary happiness. I appeal to your own heart, my dear uncle, and feel secure of a confirming answer. True happiness, even on earth, must be a shadow, a type of that which is to come; the same in nature, different only in degree. Heavenly happiness, we are told, is to consist in love; and love implies a number. How it multiplies the sources of our enjoyment when we can rejoice in the happiness of others, how infinitely it heightens our own joy when we can believe that it awakens an echo in the bosom of those we love."

"You are a young enthusiast," said Mr. Lorraine in a tone of kindness, mingled with a shade of melancholy. "Do you then reckon for nothing the consequence which wealth bestows; the respectful observances which it commands; the personal indulgences which it procures; the admiration, I might almost say the adulation which everywhere attends it? Depend

upon it, you will not always think as yo
do now."

"Indeed, my dear uncle, I feel almost-
I feel quite certain that I shall. I do n
pretend to contemn altogether the adva
tages you have enumerated; but surely-
surely they are far inferior to those resul
ing from having won the true affection
our fellow-creatures. Wealth hoarded,
spent upon self-gratification may flatter o
vanity, or command the obsequious respe
of the vulgar-minded; but wealth wel
spent only can procure the real respec
the heart-felt love of the good and t
noble, of those alone whose approbation
worth having; and who—who would pref
the shadow to the substance, the appearan
to the reality? Do not tell me that my ide
will change. Do not say that the feelin
become cold and hardened by intercour
with the world. The person may becom
faded and worn out; the eye may be dim
and the voice may have ceased to charm
beauty may have fled, and wit may be n
more; the bright hopes of youth may b
dead, or rather may have withered on eart

to blossom in Heaven; but the heart—the heart does not grow old; no, it becomes more tender, more vigorous, more beautiful from the culture of its affections, and from the exercise of its sympathies. It is that flower of an immortal clime, which will grow beautiful even here, nursed in the hot-bed of love, and will then bloom anew in tenfold loveliness, amid the more congenial influences of those blessed regions where it is indigenous and everlasting. I should, indeed, be miserable, were this not my firm belief. I feel certain, my dear uncle, that it is yours—show me then that you do me the justice to believe that it is mine, and do not deny my earnest request."

"Good girl," said Mr. Lorraine, "who could deny you any request, even to your own prejudice."

"You grant it then. Thank you—thank you."

"But what will the world say, Isabella? Do not you think they will say that I have taken advantage of your inexperience?"

"But is it of any consequence what the world says?"

"By the world, I mean those among whom it has pleased the Almighty that we should dwell, and surely it is the part of wisdom to endeavour to stand well in the opinion of those with whom we must pass our lives."

"I beg your pardon, my dear uncle, but is not this worldly wisdom?"

"No, my dear niece, this is not worldly wisdom. Worldly wisdom, that is to say the wisdom of worldly men, of those who seek to promote worldly and selfish ends, consists merely in the observance of the outward demonstrations of rectitude, being well aware of the value of character; but when a higher good, that is to say a more immediate or more alluring gratification appears in view, in order to obtain it they hesitate not, when it can be done with impunity, to sacrifice what was never more than the semblance of virtue, assumed for the furtherance of designs remote, indeed, from those of equity or benevolence.

True wisdom, on the contrary, so acts that she may walk without fear, that her very motives may be unsuspected, that she may bid defiance to the scrutiny of the most malicious, and command the esteem of the world. She does not seek the praise of men, but in the language of Scripture 'she lets her light so shine before men, that they may see her works, and glorify her Father who is in Heaven.'"

"I understand you," said Isabella, "but all this does not apply in the present instance. I think I have heard you say yourself, that, with one exception, there is no sentiment in its nature, however excellent, which by being pushed to an extremity and trespassing on the dominions of its sister virtues, may not be rendered pernicious."

"Yes, the just limitation of every rule of right, is where it is found to encroach upon a higher moral obligation. To preserve a just balance of the virtues, is the attribute of God alone, but the more nearly we can attain to the great model, the

nearer we shall be to perfection; and it precisely this opinion which induces n to comply with your wishes in the prese instance. I am convinced of the puri of my own motives, and the stabili of your intentions. I see that you not act from a momentary impulse, b from a fixed principle. We are mutual satisfied."

"I can answer for myself," said Isabell smiling, "and as for you, I have you fa now, for remember you have given yo promise."

Her uncle shook his head at her as l replied with an air of comic gravity.

"Oh woman, woman, it was ever yo fair words, and your fairer smiles whi tempted man to swerve from the dictat of virtue."

"You know how to make the most of favour, I see," said Isabella.

"In that, I am better skilled th you, Isabella, as you seem to transmute favour granted into a favour received. B now I have my request to make; a requ

however, which I trust is unnecessary, which I have hitherto considered it unnecessary to make in words. I trust our conduct has already made our wishes evident. You are aware, my dear Isabella, that the clause in your mother's will, which very naturally and properly consigned the superintendence of your education to the care of her earliest and most intimate friend, Mrs. Manners. Perhaps, you are also aware that she disclaimed all desire to bias your decision in the choice of a residence, when you should have reached years of maturity. Mrs. Manners, doubtless, has many claims upon your gratitude and affection, but she has not the same claims upon your society which I have. I am your nearest living relation; your father is my only brother, and I love his daughter as if she were my own. If I have not hitherto showed for you the solicitude of a father, it is because circumstances over which I had no control, have placed it out of my power to do so. Your aunt, as well as myself, is anxious that you should

in vain to dispute with you; experience has shown me that you are not to be convinced."

"Experience will show you the reverse some day I hope, not on that subject however; on that subject I will dispute, even with you."

"I know—I know. Like many other people, you think arguments which strengthen your own previously conceived opinions, which coincide with your own views, very luminous and unanswerable."

Isabella spoke jestingly. Melville replied in the same tone, though in his words there seemed to lurk a serious meaning. "You shall not draw me into an argument at present. Experience shall show you that I do not, as some one has said Dr. Thornton did, argue for victory rather than for truth. Hot-tempered I know I am, but may the world never teach you, as it has almost taught me, to consider its virtues and its gratitude, as but the illusions of romance; and oh! above all things, may it never teach you to distrust the happiness

derived from disinterested affection. This morning you have refreshed my heart by proving by your conduct the real existence of motives, which I feared lived only in the visions of those who find it much more easy to imagine what they would do in other circumstances, than to act the best in those in which they have been placed."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Lorraine, wearing a large white apron, her cuffs turned up, and carrying a basket full of keys in one hand, and a large bunch in the other.

"The key of the high store-closet is not to be seen anywhere, and I cannot tell what we are to do for want of apples for the *soufflé*. Isabella, my dear, I thought you had been with your uncle. I am so glad I have got you at any rate. That key is really provoking. Mr. Melville, I am sure, I beg pardon. Where can it be—I hope you are well. Mr. Lorraine will be here immediately. Run down, my dear, and look after my little biscuits; cook will let them burn, I am sure. And the key, I think I saw you with it yesterday."

"What is this?" said Isabella, taking a key from the basket.

"The very key, I declare. How stupid I am! and here is Mr. Lorraine. Excuse us, Mr. Melville; good morning. Run down and look after the cakes, my dear, while I go to the high store-room."

CHAPTER XVI.

Several days elapsed, and Isabella saw no more of Melville. He had, it is true, been once or twice at Linnwood, but had always missed her. In the mean time, she went almost daily to Staines Moor. About this time, she began to remark a considerable change in Jessie Tulloch. Formerly, her spirits, though never high, had always been equal, and invariably cheerful. Now, she frequently appeared to labour under severe depression, while at other times she manifested a degree of nervous excitement, apparently very foreign to her naturally placid temperament. Occasionally also her pale cheeks were flushed with a hectic glow, and her eyes shone with an ominous brilliancy. She was also much distressed by a violent cough, which sometimes seemed as if it would exhaust her feeble

frame. To all inquiries, her const answer was:

"I am quite well, thank you. I h sometimes a pain in my side; but tha nothing, you know."

Isabella requested Dr. Morton, the m cal adviser and intimate friend of uncle's family, to visit her, and if it necessary, prescribe for her. He did and Jessie was grateful, as well for benevolence which prompted the requ as for that which complied with it.

Dr. Morton's opinion confirmed Isabel fears, and gave a defined form to the va apprehensions which, like shadows of evil to come, had previously haunted mind. He thought Jessie's a case of de seated pulmonary consumption. "It taken," he said, "so deep a root in her c stitution, as effectually to preclude all h of its ever being eradicated. All t could be done for her, was to attemp ameliorate the symptoms, and alleviate, far as possible, the sufferings which w probably in store." He promised the aid his medical skill, while Isabella engage

procure those numerous comforts and alleviations which money can purchase.

She grieved sincerely for her humble friend, especially as poor Jessie herself appeared so anxious to live. She seemed desirous to conceal from herself every appearance of danger, and to reason herself out of the belief of their being any in existence. Yet her very endeavours to this effect, manifested the inward conviction she had of the precarious state of her health—a conviction which she shunned to have confirmed, and which she laboured to falsify.

One day she said to Isabella:—

"What would become of my grandmother if I were to die? The Lord knows that it is not because I love this world that I wish to live; for I have never found happiness here. But who will support her when I am gone? Who will close her old eyes! Woes me, if it would but please the Lord to spare me till then, I would willingly go, for my work here would be finished! But I am no sae ill as I whiles think. I am well, and I'll get

more strength. You think me ill, I
but I am better than you think.
don't know how strong I feel whiles.
doctor does not think me sae very
does he? He does not think me dyin

Unprepared as she was for the ques
Isabella knew not what to answer; bu
countenance was sufficiently expressi
her feelings and opinions.

"I see—I see," cried Jessie, "he
think so!—Oh, my poor grandmother!

"Your grandmother," said Isa
"shall never want a comfort which
in my power to bestow."

"Oh God bless you for that! more
than for all your goodness to myself."

"But the doctor says, Jessie, that y
that you may live for some time."

"Does he? Then perhaps I may
till—but His will be done! And so
dying!" she said, an air of solem
diffusing itself over her whole appear
"It seems awful to see death so
but I cannot believe it yet. I cannot
yet that it must be true. I must bring
mind to it—I must."

"Should you like to be alone now, Jessie?"

"If you please, ma'am, I could not bid you go; but I would like to be alone just now. I want time. I—but, oh! come again soon, ma'am. Come often, as long—"

She could not finish her sentence, and Isabella was only able to bid her a mute farewell. The dreaded disclosure was now, however, made, and as gently as possible had poor Jessie been taught to behold at hand that dark and gloomy passage, the pilgrim's last and dreariest stage on his way to the home of the blessed.

Strange are the transitions of life! Strange must also be the transitions in a record of life! On reaching Linnwood after this melancholy interview with poor Jessie, Isabella found Mr. Heriot there. He had come to make the final arrangements respecting their long talked of excursion to Loch Bower Priory. Mrs. Mackain and Miss Hunter had both agreed to be of the party. Mrs. Mackain, indeed, was quite charmed at the thoughts of it. At her particular request, Mr. Heriot

had invited Mr. Melville and his moth accompany them, which they had ag to do.

As Mr. Heriot said this, he gla significantly at Rose, and then at Isal Rose cast her eyes upon the ground, endeavoured to look embarrassed, w at the same time she stole a furtive gl at Mr. Heriot, as if to intimate that understood him.

Astonished and shocked by her cou artful duplicity, Isabella coloured de but looked up fearlessly, first at Heriot, with an expression of surprise, then fixed her eyes on Rose with a keen gaze. Rose did not appear to particularly comfortable under this se ing scrutiny; if she had not really blu before, she certainly did so now.

Fortunately for her she was relieved the somewhat awkward situation in w she had placed herself, by her mot anxiety to promote the creature comfo her companions during the ensuing nic. She plied Mr. Heriot with a m plicity of questions and opinions concer

pies and cold fowls, sherry and champagne, table-cloths, and knives and forks, &c., &c. Mr. Heriot, to whom, at any other time, such an inundation of words, and on such a subject, would have been altogether intolerable, such was now the comfortable complacency of his spirits, bore it with exemplary fortitude, and replied, when a momentary pause afforded him an opportunity.

He and Mr. Melville, he said, had arranged to provide the fluids; the more solid part of the entertainment was to be left to the superintendence of Mrs. Lorraine, and Mrs. Mackain. The latter was to call at Linnwood the following day, that the preliminaries might be finally adjusted. In the meantime, it had been resolved, should it meet the approbation of Mrs. Lorraine, and the young ladies, that the party should assemble at Birchmount the following Tuesday, at two o'clock precisely. Birchmount was on the direct road to Loch Bower, and two was sufficiently early, as the days were still not much beyond their longest,

and as summer afternoons are generally more agreeable than summer mornings.

"I am sure, Miss Isabella," said Mr. Heriot, "you will be charmed with the sunset view from the platform in front of the ruin. It is decidedly the most beautiful and romantic spot in our neighbourhood."

"I love beauty," said Isabella, "at all times, but when its charms are heightened by, and in association with, the long passed away ages of romance, then it is altogether irresistible."

"You would like to travel in Greece," said Mr. Heriot; "there, amid scenery comprising every form of natural beauty, and in a country blessed with a climate in harmony with the other gifts of nature, you would behold the wonderful relics of the most polished nation of ancient times —perhaps of any time; buildings even in their ruins so majestic as to show that the genius of the people to whom they owed their birth, must, indeed, have been sublime."

"Perhaps," said Isabella, "you would think my taste altogether despicable, if I were to confess that I have always felt greater admiration for the massive grandeur of a Gothic edifice, with the shadowy dimness of its long aisles and fretted arches, than for all the classic elegance of a Grecian temple. I know almost nothing of architecture, but it seems to me as if the styles we have alluded to were eminently characteristic of the separate nations to which they owed their existence. The one, noble, graceful, severe, courting and satisfying in every point the narrowest inspection: the other, wild, romantic, awe-inspiring, and subduing the mind by the very charm of a dreamy uncertainty, which envelopes, as with a veil, the stately structures, as well as the legendary history of our warlike, though unlettered ancestors. I see you think my taste shocking."

"No, not shocking, only mistaken. Good taste is rarely inherent; like most of he other mental qualities, taste requires o be educated. It is frequently mis-

directed by the unenlightened guidance
those to whom its management has be
committed, and even more frequently st
being left to its own pilotage, it w
receive an improper bent from untow
circumstances. This, I suspect, has b
the case with yours. It is far from be
unnatural, yet I think I might venture
assert that, as you grow older, as your ta
becomes more cultivated, your opinions
change."

"I would advise you," said Isabe
smiling, "to beware of asserting
confidently, lest even you, Mr. Her
should be proved to be mistaken."

Mr. Heriot could not avoid be
aware of the satirical meaning embodied
Isabella's caution; but so great was
his admiration for her, that in her he co
not only overlook a solecism in good ta
but a jest at his own expense. M
Lorraine, who had understood nothing
what had passed during the last
minutes, but who had heard the w
'taste' recur frequently, now began:

"Isabella has very good taste, very g

taste, indeed, I can assure you, Mr. Heriot. She made me a very neat cap, yesterday, really a very pretty cap—quite as nice as if I had paid three guineas for it at Mrs. Williams', or Cameron and Violard's. And I know really very few people who have so much taste as she has in setting out a table to advantage—she always helps me, for one cannot trust these things to servants. Rose, too, has an excellent taste in dress. I always consult her when I am going to buy anything."

"You really praise us too much to our faces, mamma," said Rose.

"Oh, my dear, never be ashamed! So Mrs. Mackain is to be here to-morrow, Mr. Heriot?"

Mr. Heriot replied in the affirmative, at the same time rising to take leave. Isabella was much delighted at the near prospect of this pic-nic to Loch Bower. She had begun to fear, that, like many things long spoken of, it might never be put in execution. She had a real taste for scenery, and a decided *penchant* for

ruins, dispositions which it had rarely been in her power to gratify, and which she now gladly availed herself of the opportunity to indulge, in anticipation, at least. If anything could enhance the pleasure she promised herself, it was the certainty that Melville was to be of the party. He was exactly the person who could sympathise with her upon such an occasion. The party, in general, knew nothing of the beauties of nature. They could exclaim, to be sure, at proper intervals, "beautiful" and "charming," but then they did so because it was fashionable to do so, and because they were, or wished to be, fashionable people. Mr. Heriot, it was true, really could appreciate fine scenery, but his admiration proceeded from the mind rather than from the heart. He seemed to understand the beautiful rather than to feel it. He was a critic—Melville an admirer.

The morrow came, and with the morrow Mrs. Mackain, accompanied by Miss Hunter. Mrs. Lorraine was in her glory,

d long and eloquently she discoursed cold fowls, tongue, and gooseberry rts, and whether it would be possible not to have strawberries and cream. liss Hunter declared that strawberries nd cream, together with champagne, were enough to make everybody ill," nd that she thought "there was quite nough to eat without troubling their heads bout strawberries and cream." But, ough very pliable on most occasions, in r own peculiar province, within the limits which was included the question at sue, Mrs. Lorraine would submit her inions to no one, not even to Miss Susy unter, that self-elected supreme judge in l affairs, corporeal or spiritual, pertaining the human race.

"Everybody is fond of strawberries and ream," she said, "and as for the trouble, Miss Hunter, leave the trouble to me. We have plenty of strawberries in the garden, nd plenty of cream in the dairy."

"Some people are well off," said Miss usy; "but for us who live in the town it

is very different, when we have to p
hand into our pocket for every littl
we want. One has to study ecc
though to be sure some people do no
to mind. There's Mrs. Johnstone,
the minister's wife, with her seven l
how she gets ends to meet with as
mouths to feed, I sometimes w
Would you believe it, Mrs. Lorraine,
her the other day at Wells buyin
pints of strawberries, because thei
had failed, forsooth, and afterwar
Jenny Dunn's getting a bottle of c
Many a one as good as her woul
such a family as hers on barley skon
pease-meal bannocks, but they mus
their fine bread sent them up.
minister is not a bad preacher, but
a poor doited body, or he would put
to such waste."

To this long harangue Mrs. Lo
only replied:

"Poor things! I dare say the s
berries would be a great treat to the
have always intended to send them

nyself; but somehow or other I have lways forgotten. Helen—Isabella, do not rget to remind me to-morrow to send me strawberries down to the Manse, and o bottles of cream. But now, Mrs. ackain, about the rest of the things we e to take?"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lorraine, I am the rst person in the world to consult. I lly know nothing about things of that id—*rien du tout.* I am a sad house-per. Dear Miss Hunter, I see, though is too sweet-tempered to scold me, much shocked; but you know there are y few people, indeed, I do not know ve one or so, who have talents and rgy for everything. So that I will e everything to you, Mrs. Lorraine, know so well how to manage, and if will just have the goodness to tell me t to take, I shall try to remember to rm cook, and no more about it."

Irs. Lorraine now entered upon what to her an important and solemn, as as highly interesting discussion. At

last it was satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Mackain promised to do her best not to forget what she was to provide; besides to be at Mr. Heriot's punctually at two o'clock.

"We shall have a most charming party, I do not doubt," she exclaimed, "quite *ravissant*. I have invited our cousins, the Melvilles. Rose—ah, Rose!—she is angry with me, I see. She thinks me a sly creature, but you will forgive me, I know, *mon ange!*"

"Forgive you, my dear Mrs. Mackain!" cried simple-minded Mrs. Lorraine, "Rose, I dare say, as well as myself, is delighted that you thought of inviting them. Rollo Melville is a charming young man—so pleasant and frank. Indeed, we have got quite to consider him one of ourselves; he is here almost every day—drops in at all hours—often when we are least expecting him; just as such a near neighbour ought to do."

"He must have plenty of idle time," said Miss Hunter.

"Ah, I dare say he is not idle!" said

Mrs. Mackain, with a side glance at Rose.

"As I have often told you, my dear Lucy," rejoined Miss Hunter, "you allow your good nature to blind your judgment."

"Ah, my dear Miss Hunter, you know I never pretend to be gifted with your penetration. Indeed, I really do not wish to have your insight into people's motives. It would be too much trouble for poor lazy me. I prefer trusting myself to your guidance, and then I know I am safe."

"Nobody can have the heart to be angry with you, my dear; but you did not tell me you had asked the Melvilles."

"I could not leave out our cousins, you know—*le cher cousin*," she replied, with a glance at Rose.

"Our cousins!" said Miss Hunter, "very true; one ought not to forget one's relations. You did quite right, my dear. I am so glad you asked them on every account; and particularly now when I remember having heard Melville tell Isabella one night that he wished so much they

could be at Loch Bower together, that he might show her something—I really forget what. In my own mind then I determined to ask him whenever our party had fixed upon the time; but it had completely escaped my memory again. Melville is always very anxious to show Isabella anything he thinks pretty—he is very obliging and attentive; indeed, I am sure Isabella must be pleased that he is to be with us, as he will scramble about the rocks with her. He is the only person besides herself that is fond of that kind of exercise, and it will be much pleasanter for her to have him than to go alone. He likes, I think, to be a lady's escort."

"He is very glad, I dare say, said Mrs. Mackain, "of any excuse to come to Linnwood."

"Both he and Mr. Heriot," continued Mrs. Lorraine, "have been very polite and attentive to Isabella ever since she came. If they had been her own cousins they could not have seemed more anxious that she should see everything that is to be

seen. We are all much indebted to them on her account."

"We are forgetting how time flies, I think," said Miss Hunter; "and I have a great deal of business. I have to look in upon the parish school, and to call upon Mrs. Black, the grocer's wife, really a sensible and genteel woman, who wants to consult me about the education of her little girls, two as fine children as you ever saw, Mrs. Lorraine."

"I am very glad to hear it," responded the latter; "they did not seem very pretty children."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Lorraine, they may not be beauties, but they are quite as pretty as some other people's children that have been much cried up. The little Johnstones at the Manse are not to be compared to them."

"The little Johnstones are not pretty certainly," said Mrs. Lorraine; "but they are nice, healthy children, and I am very fond of them."

"And then," continued Miss Susy, "I

have to go to Katie Gray, the plain wor
I really consider that a duty—suc
decent, hard-working, grateful crea
ought to be encouraged. She's not
of your senseless people, full of fine l
airs, and always talking about their deli
health forsooth; but she has a pr
sense of her own dependent situat
'Miss Hunter,' said she to me the o
day, 'you are the best friend I ever h
There's nothing I would not do for y
It's a treat to see a rich lady so goo
the poor as you are. I'm sure I'll n
forget your charity.' It's so pleasant
do anything for a woman like that.
must, therefore, really bid you good-l
Mrs. Lorraine. Lucy too, I dare say
anxious to get back to her baby."

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Mackain, "
sweet little angel! You young ladies
not understand a mother's feelings,
your time is coming. My sweet l
Augustus is such a darling. I am n
comfortable away from him, and particul
to-day, as I have not seen him yet
morning."

"Indeed, how extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, with unfeigned surprise.

"The fact of the matter you see is—ah, Miss Hunter, how I wish I had your activity!—that when I came down this morning, nurse informed me that baby had fallen asleep after his walk, and I thought it a pity to disturb him, little cherub! Nurse is such a trustworthy creature, that she requires no superintendence. I have perfect confidence in her. It is such a comfort, for when I know that he is with her, I have not the slightest uneasiness on his account. I could not be more free from anxiety if I were with him. Indeed, nurse understands how to manage him much better than I do. I am a sad bungler in matters of that kind;" and Mrs. Mackain hung her elegantly attired little head with a self-satisfied air of languid uselessness.

"She's a capital servant," said Miss Hunter, "Elopeth Brown, and well accustomed to children. She was with Mrs. Dr. Anderson in Edinburgh for four years.

'Your friend is getting a treasure, Miss Hunter,' Mrs. Anderson said when I hired her; 'and I am very glad to be able to recommend a good servant to any friend of yours. Elopeth is sure to be comfortable in a place of your choosing.' Mrs. Dr. Anderson is a very superior, sensible woman—a very sensible woman. But come away, Lucy, my dear. Good morning, Mrs. Lorraine. Good morning, young ladies. I would advise you to take umbrellas, and be sure to go in cotton gowns to the picnic."

The two friends departed, leaving Isabella rather at a loss how to reconcile Mrs. Mackain's perfect freedom from anxiety on her baby's account, with her previous assertion of never being comfortable away from him. She imagined, however, and most probably she was right, that Mrs. Mackain belonged to a class of persons sufficiently numerous, who are not rigidly particular in maintaining the connexion between ideas and expressions, or rather who never seemed to have learned

that words are the symbols of ideas. Perhaps, on consideration, this ought not to surprise us, as people of this stamp have usually no ideas to express, but having been gifted with language, they hope to supply the deficiency of sense by a double allowance of sound.

END OF VOL. I.

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HONOUR AND SHAME.

A NOVEL.

"Come then, fair Truth! and let me clearly see
The minds I paint as they are seen in thee;
To me their merits and their faults impart;
Give me to say, 'frail being, such thou art,'
And closely let me view the naked human heart."

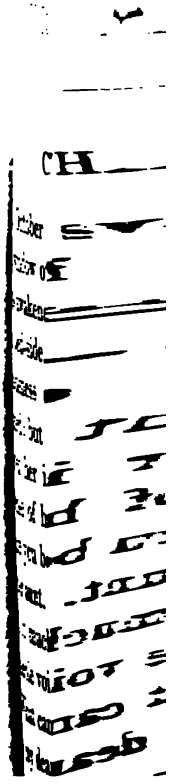
CRABBE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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HONOUR AND SHAME.

CHAPTER I.

The October sun was shining brightly in at the window of Isabella's little room, when she was awakened by the sound of a kind voice by her bed-side. She awoke with the painful consciousness of something dreadful having happened; but it was some seconds before she collected her ideas, and became alive to the full sense of her anguish.

"Are you better this morning, my love?" said her aunt.

"Not much, thank you," replied Isabella in a feeble voice.

"What can have given you such a headache, my dear?" enquired Mrs. Lorraine.

Isabella could not reply. She had turned her face from her aunt, and was again weeping.

"You had better not rise to breakfast, I think."

"Oh no! I cannot."

"Let me see your face, my dear. I will bathe your head with a little vinegar and water."

Isabella would have declined her aunt's remedy, but she feared to speak, lest she should burst into tears. She was, therefore, under the necessity of turning towards her.

"Why Isabella, my love," she exclaimed, "you have not been crying?" And then struck by a new idea, the worthy lady continued. "You have not been quarrelling with Rollo, have you, my dear? If you have, you need not take it so much to heart, for depend upon it you will make it all up the next time you meet. I have no doubt he will be here this morning. Lovers' quarrels only make them like each other the better after it is all over; and Rollo, though perhaps he is not quite so good-tempered as you are, is one of the nicest, best dispositioned young men in the world. Your uncle always says so, and we are both very happy at the prospect of having you so well settled so near us. Mea,

ny dear, have all their odd ways, and queer whims. They are not like us. So, my dear, you see you need not be so very much put about. Rollo, I am sure, is an excellent creature."

"Oh, my dear aunt, there is nobody like him in this world—no, not one!"

"Did he walk home with you last night, my love?"

"No, he is in Edinburgh."

"In Edinburgh. Then you have not quarrelled?"

"No," returned her niece, writhing under the agony of her own emotions, "oh no, my dear aunt!"

"Then, my love, what is the matter with you? Are you really ill?"

"I have a head-ache—such a head-ache," said Isabella, pressing her hand upon her throbbing temples.

"My dear, so bad a head-ache as all that! I have heard of fevers beginning with head-aches. I will send for the doctor this minute. Agnes Carruthers, I remember, that lived down at the last turning at the road end cottage—it is away now, but it was there when I first came to Linnwood, and long

after—Agnes Carruthers had a brain fever which—"

"But, my dear aunt, I am not taking a fever, I can assure you; and you must not—indeed, you must not send for the doctor. He can do me no good, I am sure."

"Well, well, my love, we can wait till the afternoon at all events. Here comes a doctor who, if I do not mistake, will do you more good than any other. There is Rollo Melville galloping across the lawn—I wish your uncle saw him coming that way—I dare say he has come straight from Edinburgh, for his horse looks very warm and dusty. Do you think now that you will not rise to breakfast?"

"I cannot, indeed I cannot," said poor Isabella, who, as she thought of Rollo so near her, full of love, and joy, and confidence, unconscious of the terrible change in their prospects, felt her heart ready to burst at the thought of the affliction which awaited him.

"Very well, my love, I dare say you are right. You had better take care of yourself all to-day, as I suppose Rose and Mr. Heriot will dine with us to-morrow, and it would be a great pity if you were not well to see them.

They are to be home to-morrow. I shall ask Rollo Melville to meet them, and no one else, so that if you are at all well, there will not be too many for you. Dear Helen and Andrew, how we shall miss them! And now, my dear, I must go down to Mr. Melville, and tell him that you are not able to see him. I suppose I need not send you any thing for breakfast but a cup of tea, and a bit of dry toast."

So saying, Mrs. Lorraine quitted the apartment, leaving her poor niece in a state of unimaginable distress. The first time, however, that she should see Rollo was to be in company; and then he could not ask—then she could not tell all which, sooner or later, must be told. At the first view, this appeared a reprieve; but on a second consideration, she perceived that she was only prolonging the misery of the present. That she must break her engagement with Rollo Melville, she could scarcely doubt, was inevitable. A few days, however, she would wait: she would wait till she had some further communication with that mysterious individual who had been the cause of all her grief, and whom she must call her father. She would see him—speak with him

again—see how far his claims were compatible with those of Melville. If in the end she were compelled to break off her marriage she felt that it would be some mitigation of such a calamity to have it in her power to convince Rollo that she had not been faithless; that though they must part, she had loved him truly. The thought of casting him off without a reason, of appearing in his eyes false and heartless, was not to be borne. She now longed, almost as much as she had formerly dreaded, to have another interview with Captain Lorraine. If she did not hear from him soon, she determined to write to him.

In the afternoon, Rollo Melville again called to inquire for her, and Sarah said he had gone away much disappointed at her not being able to see him, and with a promise of returning the following morning to breakfast. This intelligence would of itself have been sufficient to decide Isabella upon breakfasting in bed, even had her continued indisposition not rendered such a measure advisable. Rollo came, and again he was disappointed. Isabella had just finished, with great difficulty, a cup of tea and a small morsel of bread, when Sarah entered

the room, and having kindly inquired for her, gave her a note, and left her again alone. Isabella looked at the note, and her heart beat quickly when she perceived that the address was in Melville's hand-writing.

The lovers had been in the habit of meeting daily ever since the time of their engagement, and consequently there had not, hitherto, been any occasion for written communication between them. This was, therefore, the first note which Isabella had received from Melville. As she gazed at the beloved characters, she pressed them to her lips, to her heart, while her tears flowed so fast, that for some minutes she could not read. At last, however, she was enabled to gather the import of the note. It was as follows:

"My dearest Isabella.—Your continued indisposition grieves me exceedingly, particularly as from something your aunt let fall, I have been led to conjecture that some anxiety weighs upon your spirits. I trust, however, that your aunt's fears may have misled her as well as myself. I cannot think of anything likely to have caused you serious uneasiness.

At all events, my love, you must not forg
that I have a right; yes, Isabella, a right t
participate in all your griefs. I am inexpressibl
annoyed at not being able to see you th
morning, as I have much to say to you, an
much upon which to consult with you. Deare
Isabella! how delightful is the certainty th
there is one being in the world in whom o
may place perfect confidence, secure that
will never be abused; one being whose int
rests are identical with our own; and that on
the being in whose society life is to be spen
Mrs. Lorraine tells me, that she and you thin
you will be able to dine down stairs to-day t
meet the Heriots.

"Now, my proposal, which your aunt an
cousin think a very reasonable one, is, th
you should be dressed an hour before dinne
when I shall be at Linnwood to meet you, eith
in the little parlour, or in the garden, as ma
be most agreeable to yourself. Should it b
too great an exertion for you to make you
appearance to-day, my mother bids me say
that she will come to Linnwood in the evenin
to visit you in your own apartment. I trust
however, that this may not be necessary; tha

you will not, dearest Isabella, refuse your own Rollo Melville."

Isabella's first impulse was to decline the interview which Rollo so earnestly entreated; but the impossibility of avoiding, at the same time, Mrs. Melville's threatened visit, determined her to adopt the contrary course. She knew that it would be more difficult to meet the straightforward questions of the mother, even than the affectionate solicitude of the son; though she felt, at the same time, that the latter would cost her infinitely more pain than the former could possibly do. There was something in the uncompromising sincerity of Mrs. Melville's character; in her lofty contempt, unmitigated by any circumstances, for equivocation of every description; and in the faculty she seemed now to have acquired of discerning it wherever it existed, which rendered her at present terrible to Isabella's imagination. Isabella was an inexperienced dissembler, and she felt that the first hesitating word must betray her. Isabella's love for Mrs. Melville, had never been entirely of that kind which casteth out fear. She, therefore, adopted what appeared to her

the less alarming alternative. With a pencil she wrote on the back of Melville's note:

"Dearest Rollo,

"At the time you mention, I shall be with you,

"Your affectionate,

"ISABELLA."

Every word of Rollo's note, the sentiments of affection and confidence which it breathed throughout, smote upon Isabella's heart with a sensation of blank hopelessness, when she reflected how they were to be disappointed and betrayed. The feelings of her heart were depicted on her countenance, as with feeble steps, at the appointed hour, she entered the room where her lover was awaiting her. He advanced eagerly to meet her; but almost started upon obtaining a full view of her countenance. She endeavoured to smile; but the attempt died upon her lips.

"Good Heavens!" cried Melville; "you have, indeed—you are very ill. My beloved, I had no idea of this. You ought not to have come down. How selfish I must have appeared to you!"

"Selfish, Rollo!—oh, no! I cannot—no one could think you selfish. You had something to tell me, I think you said in your note."

"Did I say so? I had forgotten. It was only about some trifles—about the business which took me to Edinburgh, but I cannot think of it at present. My dearest Isabella, has anything happened to distress you?"

"I am not well, dear Rollo. I too wished to see you, because I wished to tell you as soon as possible that—that our—in short, that our marriage must be put off for the present."

Isabella gasped for breath as she spoke. Rollo started from his seat, and seizing her hand, gazed earnestly in her countenance, as he exclaimed:

"Put off our marriage, Isabella! What do you—what can you mean?"

"I am ill," she replied, averting her face.

"Yes," he returned, "you are ill, and it grieves me to the heart to see it. But, dearest, it is still a fortnight to the time fixed for our marriage, and long before then I hope you may be quite recovered. It cannot surely be necessary to defer it for more than

a few days. Even should your strength not be completely restored, our projected little trip to the banks of the beautiful Tweed—provided we do not delay it till too late in the season—would, I should think, be more likely to do you good than anything else, Isabella?" he said, after a pause, and somewhat impatiently, as she did not appear to intend to reply.

"It cannot be, dear Rollo," she replied.

"Cannot be!—why cannot it be?"

Tears started into Isabella's eyes.

"Oh, Isabella!" he cried, "forgive me. I have used you barbarously, and you are an angel of goodness. It shall be as you please. Whatever your determination may be, I promise to submit to it without repining. I cannot bear to think that I should have made you weep."

Isabella's tears now could not be repressed.

"Dearest Rollo," she said, "you have not made me weep. I reproach myself for yielding to such weakness. Do not, I beseech you, think that I could be so ungrateful—so foolish, as to weep at anything you have said. Be assured you have never given me a moment's uneasiness."

"Nor have you, Isabella, ever given me
me. Let us not, therefore, be unhappy. My
ve, you will soon be quite well. Every-
dy is ill now and then; but everybody
s not the same reason to be happy that
have. I shall not, however, preach to
any longer, as, believe me, it is a practice
hich I am not all addicted; and, more-
, I am well aware that it is much easier
prescribe a remedy, than to submit to a
. We can all be patient for other people.
h regard to our wedding-day—let it be
n you please. Be it when it may, it will
he happiest day of my life."

There is the Heriot's carriage," said
ella, who eagerly caught at an excuse
rminate this, to her, exquisitely painful
view; and hastening from the apartment,
ille was left alone.

What," he thought, "can be the matter?
uld not have believed that a trifling illness
d have such an effect upon Isabella. Some-
g else has caused it;—and yet she would
I am sure, have concealed it from me.
no, she is truth itself; it is I who am
asonable and unkind. She will soon be
, and perceive of her own accord the

needlessness of deferring our marriage. am satisfied that she loves me; and may G preserve me from the selfishness of thinki more of my own feelings and comfort th of hers! In a few days, all will be right, a we shall be quite happy."

So argued Rollo Melville; but he did n succeed in entirely effacing a painful impre sion which had been made upon his usual happy mind. There was a weight on h spirits which he could not instantly shake o It was one of those moments of existence- rare ones certainly with him—when, witho any assignable reason, every object withi the spheres of our corporeal and spiritu vision, seems to have lost its brightnes when flowers look lifeless—when hope seem strange, and the pulses of life are cold an languid. Melville, however, struggled again such feelings, and not entirely without su cess.

CHAPTER II.

When Melville entered the drawing-room, he found all the company already assembled. He and Isabella had once or twice speculated upon how Mr. Heriot and Rose would comport themselves as married people. So completely, however, was Isabella absorbed by her own griefs, that she had scarcely once thought of them. Not so Melville. The repeated conversations he had had with Rose concerning Mr. Heriot, his peculiarities of temper, and his imperious disposition, were yet fresh in his memory. He was curious to see how Rose bore herself, in the situation in which she had voluntarily placed herself; but which, viewed as the lot of another, he had affected to regard with so much compassion.

Rose was handsomely dressed, and had never appeared to greater advantage. She greeted Melville with much apparent cordiality, and immediately entered into conversation with him with all the ease of an

old and intimate friend; alluded to his future prospects, and congratulated herself upon their approaching relationship.

"It was," she said, "what she had always wished. We shall very soon be cousins," she continued. "You know we were always friends."

Melville was obliged, as politeness required, to bow assent to this proposition; "But," he said to himself, "can she really believe that she is deceiving me?"

She then praised Isabella, and that so judiciously, that Melville was betrayed into listening with an appearance of greater interest than he had wished to discover. Mrs. Heriot next regretted to see her look so poorly; but just then dinner was announced.

After dinner, when the gentlemen had returned to the drawing-room, she again contrived to engross Melville's attention. Perhaps, had she been aware of what a service she was rendering her cousin, she might not have been so anxious to effect her purpose. She recurred to the topic she had started before dinner.

"I think I was saying, when we were interrupted by that tiresome dinner, how sorry

s to see dear Isabella looking so pale, and
nt of spirits. The change she is about
ke in her situation is, I dare say, weigh-
pon her mind—for she has naturally a
sensitive disposition. You look incre-
, Mr. Melville; but it is impossible
ny of your sex can altogether compre-
the feelings of ours upon such an oc-
. We sacrifice so much more; it is
ne action upon which all our hap-
rests. It is the key to our future
,

hat I do not deny," said Melville; "but
k it true of my sex as well as of yours.
mployments of man may lie abroad in
orld, but if his happiness is not to be
at home, it exists not at all. His
ations in such a situation are only ex-
nts to drive away misery, not the means
omote happiness. People cannot be
r where they seek to avoid the thoughts
at spot which must ever be the centre
ppiness upon earth, and without the
sion of whose real pleasure, all ap-
nce of enjoyment must be hollow and
ess."

erhaps you are right. I have no doubt

—I dare say you are. But we make a grea sacrifice."

"Perhaps in some cases you do; but I should judge by my own feelings, we son times feel it a privilege to make sacrifi People who make such sacrifices must doubly dear to those for whom they made."

"Without doubt; but still, when the t for so momentous a change draws very n one cannot but have many anxious thoug and feel many times very miserable."

"Miserable!"

"Yes, miserable. Look at Isabella, deny the truth of what I say."

"She is not well; and people do not usu look particularly happy under such circ stances."

"But what makes her ill?"

"Nay, that I cannot tell!—but not y you suppose."

"You think so?"

"I do."

"Well, if you think so, no one else then smiling, she continued, in a jesting t "Tuesday week, I believe, is the happy upon which we are again to don the b attire."

"Not quite so soon, I believe. Isabella wishes it to be put off till she is a little stronger."

"Put off! Isabella wishes it to be put off!"

"Yes," replied Melville, "for a short time; but she will tell you all about it herself."

"Strange!" muttered Mrs. Heriot, as if speaking to herself.

"I beg your pardon," said Melville, somewhat surprised.

"Did I speak?" said Mrs. Heriot.

"I thought you said it was strange."

"I—did I? I did not mean—I forgot you were by—I must have been thinking aloud. I am sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Melville, I did not mean to hurt your feelings."

"Hurt my feelings, Mrs. Heriot! Make yourself quite easy on that score. You have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"It is very good of you to say so, nothing could be farther from my intention, I assure you. But one does allow oneself occasionally to be surprised into imprudence. And as you do not think it strange, it is no matter."

"As I do not think what strange? Really, Mrs. Heriot, I do not comprehend—"

"Oh, nothing at all!—It is of no consequence. I would not for the world—'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"You speak in riddles, madam," said Melville, much incensed by these repeated inuendos, which he could not avoid suspecting were in some way or other levelled at Isabella, "I confess I am tempted to inquire somewhat more particularly what you do mean."

Rollo spoke hotly. Mrs. Heriot answered with a smile of bewitching forbearance.

"I—I mean nothing; my meanings were quite innocent, I assure you. I regret truly that you should put unpleasant constructions upon my nonsense."

So saying, Rose smiled again. It was a hateful smile. Melville was now, however, sufficiently cool to be aware that to pursue the theme further was only to give Rose the malicious pleasure she sought for, without reaping anything but sensations of discomfort to himself. He was upon the point of quitting his present seat, and moving to that part of the room where Isabella was sitting, for the

pose of freeing her from the assiduities of . Mackain, who, along with his wife, as nds of Mrs. Heriot, had been invited to the family party, and who for some time appeared to devote himself exclusively to ella; Rollo was, however, arrested in his ntion. Mrs. Heriot had seemed for some nds absorbed in thought; now she asked lenly:

Mr. Melville, do you ever hear or see thing now of the person we meant to call e mysterious hero of the Moor?'"

'No, never."

'Nor does Isabella?"

'No."

'Are you quite sure of it?"

'Yes. Why do you ask?"

'Not for any reason in particular—only something I was thinking—but never you nd. How Isabella used to be delighted h that man! You remember I used to use her of being in love with him. You, I eve, used to be of a contrary opinion, and events have proved you were right, and as wrong. Yet I must say in my own nce that Isabella's encomiums upon him, icularly when she was speaking confiden-

tially, might have justified such an opinion. However, I dare say—indeed, I should think there cannot be the smallest doubt that I was mistaken."

"Perhaps," said Melville indignantly, "it may not be polite to remind a lady that she has made mistakes; but Mrs. Heriot cannot have forgotten, that at the period to which she alludes, she made many; at least, I trust so for her own sake." The words had scarcely escaped Melville's lips, ere he repented having given utterance to them. It seemed to him that he had sacrificed his own dignity by thus giving way to the spirit of anger, by being thus little able to command himself. He sank in his own esteem. Mrs. Heriot absolutely blushed with anger.

"Yes," she said "I was indeed mistaken; but fortunately I discovered my mistakes in time to rectify them. Happy indeed would it be for every one if they could be equally fortunate. But I have had no conversation with dear Isabella yet. I must go and inquire for her." So saying Mrs. Heriot rose and crossed the room to where her cousin was sitting—still in conversation with Mr. Mackain. This gentleman, who for some time

had treated Isabella with marked indifference, had suddenly resumed his very disagreeable attentions. He addressed her in the same style of familiar gallantry he had formerly employed, but in a manner which appeared to her even more offensive than before. She wondered why Rollo had been so long apart from her, yet she thought.

"It is better thus. Should his affection for me begin to decrease, is it not so much the better?" The torment of having to listen to, and sometimes to answer Mr. Mackain, was in the present harassed state of her spirits so excessive, that she was truly thankful for the relief even of Rose's presence. Mrs. Heriot inquired with an appearance of much kindness after her cousin's health; and then began to talk in a lively, unconcerned strain upon indifferent topics, laughing and jesting with Mr. Mackain. Melville also joined this group. After Mrs. Heriot had quitted him, he had remained for a few minutes absorbed in his own thoughts.

"I am a fool," he said to himself, "to allow myself to be made uncomfortable by this unprincipled and malicious woman. Her object must have been to make me angry, and

I have only gratified her in allowing her succeed. She could, I think, have no other no deeper motive; if she had, in that at le she shall be defeated." But there w a thorn rankling in Melville's mind, which l could not immediately extract. Isabella ha unobserved for some minutes, been anxious watching Melville's serious countenance, wo dering what could engage his thoughts earnestly. At last he looked up, caught h eye, and crossed to where she was sitti together with her present companions.

"So," said Mrs. Heriot, "you have join us at last. We were just wondering—Isabel and I, I mean—how long you were going sit like patience on a monument."

"Smiling at grief, as Shakspeare says said Mr. Mackain, "ha, ha, ha! very go indeed. Hey, Miss Isabella, there's a lov for you now, I beg your pardon. But it w capital, faith. Ha, ha, ha! Mrs. Heriot is amusing."

"Ah yes," said his lady, who now a proached, "Rose, *ma chère*, you were alwa *si amusant—amusante* I mean, you are of t feminine gender; such an absurd blunder- *toujours amusante*." Melville in the meantim

d annoyed and gloomy, Rose continued
or the purpose of teasing him.
abella was saying she feared you were
to prove a recreant knight." Isabella
faintly, and was beginning in a tone of
gaiety to disclaim this speech, when
le prevented her, answering gravely.
abella knows—or ought to know, that
s no cause to fear that even in jest I
ver prove other than I seem."
ey day," said Mrs. Heriot, " I spoke in

or my part," said Mr. Mackain, " what-
ie ladies may think, though of course I
bow to their authority in such a case,
o far from having any apprehension of
ng a recreant knight, I think he is quite
x chevalier—that's what you call it, I
, Lucy—a perfect Don Quixote, ready
it against any poor innocent windmill
he may happen to mistake for a giant,
redress wrongs which never existed.
a, ha! quite a Don Quixote—a young
ough."
lville was much incensed by the insolence
s speech, but sensible that he might per-
have exhibited himself in a ludicrous

light, he put a strong restraint upon hims
and was silent. Mr. Mackain continued.

"But never mind, that will not last ve
long, for your comfort. I was quite a knig
errant myself once, that is to say, barring t
wandering, as the Irish folks say, was not
Lucy, when you first knew me? Ha, ha, h
But now that I am fairly noosed, the case
quite different, ha, ha, ha! Ladies sh
their true colours to an old married man, a
though of course I would do anything in r
son for the fair creatures even yet, ha, ha, h
I am not quite so much inclined you know
break a lance—do you call it—for all th
pretty humours. Your time is coming, n
good cousin; when the knot is tied, if you
bound in one sense, ha, ha! you'll find yo
self free in another. It's only when th
want to catch us, that ladies seem so ve
angelic; hey, Lucy, ha, ha!" There w
something in the sneering tone of this speec
in the coarse mirth which accompanied it, a
even in the sense of the words themselv
particularly offensive to Melville. His feelin
now overcame his prudence.

"Catch!" he said, "Mr. Mackain, I a
really at a loss to understand you. I beg, Sir—

But at this instant he caught Isabella's eyes fixed imploringly upon him. Her influence over him was almost unbounded. He stopped short, looked gratefully at her, and was silent. Mr. Mackain replied more civilly.

"You do not understand—faith neither do I. I meant no harm, I am sure. I ought to have remembered that one is not always in the humour to take a jest—but the ladies you see are not offended."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Heriot, but let us talk of something else, we are quite tired of this subject, I am sure. You must all know I do not pretend to be exempt from the foibles of my sex—curiosity amongst the rest. Now you must understand I have a great fit of this kind upon me to-night, and as Mr. Melville can give it no relief, I am going to apply to you, Isabella. Have you seen or heard anything lately of the hero of Staines Moor?" Isabella was so much taken by surprise by this question that she absolutely started. Melville's eyes were upon her when she did so. He felt a strange sensation of discomfort, which was increased when Isabella replied with much confusion, and as if she did not know what she was saying:

"I—how should I, Rose; why do you think that I have seen that person?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Heriot, also much surprised, but gratified beyond her expectation "I thought nothing about it—I did say that I thought you had seen him—so I beg you not to look so shocked. We met him once you know, and it did not appear to me impossible that without any harm you might have seen him again. I only asked a simple question to which you had only to reply, yes, or no. It seems my fate to-night to stumble on something indiscreet." Melville looked anxiously at Isabella, expecting that she would reply, but she did not. To tell the truth was impossible; and she could not bring her lips to utter a falsehood. Rose turned away her head, as if to hide the expression of her countenance. Mr. Mackain, as if to turn the conversation, said:

"We have had no music to-night, Mrs Heriot. I hope you do not intend to give us music. I wish you would give us a song—or you, Miss Isabella; you are still a young lady and cannot be excused; you sing, do you not 'Meet me by moonlight alone?'" he inquired with a smile of particular meaning. Isabella

uck dumb with dismay. Could he be cognizant of the circumstances in ihe was placed, or had he merely at random. If the former should be , how dreadful was now her situation ! not long left in doubt, and her worst re confirmed. She looked fearfully Rollo to see if he had noted her confu- it his back was now towards her. He : to open the piano. This slight gesture pass unnoticed by Mr. Mackain. He ward, saying in a half whisper, " he ooking, so you need not be afraid. e, I am very discreet, I would not do of that kind for the world. Moonlight e not always very agreeable, are they : startling sometimes, hey—Miss Isa-

la shuddered ; every hope died within he conviction forced itself upon her, was in the power of this bold, bad, at he held in his keeping the secret ite. She made a desperate effort to er feelings, whilst she said :

I am at a loss to comprehend your . Your words are strange."

: so strange as your shyness, fair

one." Then winking in a style of coar familiarity which made his companion shrin he continued: "A word to the wise—eh?- you are one of us. I know all about you- mum. It is for your interest that we shou be friends."

Isabella was disgusted, horror-struck b this vulgar insolence, which, neverthele she felt that she durst not resent.

"Oh, father!" she said mentally, "thi is the worst of all, for this I did not bargai to this I did not think even you would hav subjected your child. And my father, ca he be the intimate associate of the low-live vulgarian; and yet what do I think? Th man is welcomed in the society of gentlemen- whilst he—is an outcast."

She also recalled to mind what Jess Tulloch had formerly said concerning M Mackain and other gentlemen who met i her brother's. Melville now quitted the pia and approached. He had observed from distance with some surprise, the whisper communications of Mr. Mackain. The latte as he advanced, walked carelessly away.

"What was Mr. Mackain saying to yo Isabella?" inquired Melville.

"Nothing," she replied; but she blushed
ilst she said so.
'Nothing!"
Nothing—nothing at least—" and rising
ily from her seat, she joined the group
he piano. She was followed almost
diately by her lover. Mrs. Heriot had
playing for some time; but she now
n to talk, striking a few notes now and
Her conversation was chiefly addressed
rs. Mackain, who sat beside her. It
d upon the difference between married
ingle life. Rose was the chief speaker.
Mackain did little more than assent to
er propositions, adding now and then
nch phrase to illustrate, or give force
r meaning. Rose spoke of the cares
responsibilities of married life. Her
ments were candid and sensible, and her
s well chosen. Melville and Isabella
d themselves: "Can this be Rose?" She
spoke of the happiness of married life;
upon this subject she was not so suc-
ul; it requires a heart as well as an
rstanding to be eloquent upon the sub-
of happiness. True, Mrs. Heriot spoke
ily, and her words were highly and justly

expressive of the various sources of enjoy ment which constitute domestic bliss. Ma ville, however, was inclined to think tha a person in Rose's situation, who had fel deeply, could not thus openly have spoke True feeling is only eloquent where its mus awakens the echoes of a responsive hear The gaze of the vulgar and the indifferen it ever shuns, too sacred for the profani it displays.

There was also in what Mrs. Heriot sa a certain appearance of arguing to pro what nobody had ever seemed to doub which above all things tends to defeat i own purpose. In Rose's words there ev appeared to lurk a latent consciousness th her auditors did not believe her,—a feelin which generally gives rise to a style of e pression that can scarcely fail to produce the i credulity which it aims to defeat. Miss Heri who was seated opposite, looked anxious at her whilst she spoke. A shade of uneas ness seemed to rest upon her usually plac brow. During a pause in the conversatio Mr. Heriot approached the piano to reque his wife, on her mother's part, to sing. Ro complied with alacrity, asking him what h

would like, and singing that which he fixed upon.

"Oh, by the by, Mr. Heriot!" cried his beautiful wife, when she had ended her song, "Lady Jane Murray called this forenoon, and she had the most beautiful pair of grey ponies I ever saw in my life in her phaeton."

"Very likely, my dear. What of that?"

"She intends to sell them, and I think the best thing in the world you could do, would be to take them off her hands."

"Nonsense, my dear. We have a pair of ponies already."

"Those brown ones! Ugly, clumsy, frightful things!"

"Really! do you think so? You must excuse me if I tell you that you are very hard to please. Lady Jane's, I have no doubt, are very expensive, as she and Sir John together have ruined themselves by every kind of extravagance. I do not mean to follow their example, I can assure you, though they are fashionable people. I have not the slightest intention of throwing my money away in any such manner."

"I am quite tired of hearing about expense and throwing away money. Many people

have handsome horses, that are not ruined,"" said Rose, whose violent temper now overcame her prudence.

"Very likely," returned her husband with provoking coolness; "but I do not intend to buy them."

Rose flushed with anger, but she durst say no more. To conceal her mortification, she began to hum a tune.

"Surely it is getting late," said Mr. Heriot, who, though not now in a particularly good humour, was nevertheless a little ashamed both of himself and his wife, and desirous to pass off the recollection of their little matrimonial dialogue.

"Late!" said Rose, who was far from having recovered her temper, "I do not think it can be eleven o'clock."

"Perhaps not; but still it is late."

"I do not call eleven o'clock late."

"I do. I call it time to have the carriage ordered."

Mrs. Heriot's eyes flashed, and her lip trembled; but she had already learnt that she must not disobey. Recovering herself almost instantly, she said, "you had better order the carriage, I think, my dear," and

she began to take an affectionate farewell of her dear relatives at Linnwood. There was something in all this which might at another time have amused Rollo Melville; but to-night he was in no mood for comedy.

"Such," he thought, "are the effects of temper. How nauseous are the heart-burnings, the bitternesses to which it gives rise! In what a contemptible, what a ridiculous light does it place those who give way to it! How humiliating; but this is a lesson for me—let me not forget it!"

In the bustle of a general departure, Melville found an opportunity, which Isabella in vain endeavoured to prevent, of speaking with her privately for a few seconds.

"Isabella," he said, "I dare say you have thought several times to-day, and perhaps not without reason, that my conduct was intemperate and absurd; but did you but know, could you but guess what pains have been taken to poison my mind, how every word and circumstance have conspired to drive me to distraction, you would, I think, rather pity than blame me. To-morrow, however, all shall be explained. My own love, you will be well to-morrow, I trust, and then all will be *well.*"

Melville, though he did not avow it t himself, had made this speech principall with the hope of being repaid for the manifol disagreeables of the day by one of those read assents to his hopes, one of those affectiona smiles which she could not but know l prized so highly. Weary, uncomfortable, l did not doubt that she was; but still sl would never refuse what it cost her so litt trouble to bestow, and what she knew afford him so much pleasure to receive.

He was, however, disappointed. She d not reply. She could not. She gave hi one look; but that one look was so full deep sadness—of melancholy meaning, th Melville's heart felt as if an icy chill had fr bidden the blood to flow. A painful forebodi seized his mind. He was upon the poi of speaking again, when Mrs. Lorraine su denly called to her niece to come out of t draught, and to go to bed immediately. Is bella obeyed in haste, without even sayi good night. Rollo remained in astonishme At first he felt inclined to be angry; b he checked himself. He remembered th it was a good opportunity to test the wisdo of his late reflections, and to reduce his go resolutions to practice.

"I must not be angry," he said, "not at least with her. She is ill and suffering, and ought to be soothed and cherished, and loved all the more. No, no, I will not give way to such detestable selfishness, or to such jealous folly. Beloved, excellent Isabella, though absent from you, yet I say forgive my mad, unkind suspicions.

But then came across his mind, like a dark shadow, the parting glance of his betrothed. There was no want of love in that mournful glance; but the remembrance of it disturbed the lover's peace. Those soft dark eyes, that look of deep and settled sadness, haunted him. That one glance in vain he endeavoured to forget. In his waking hours, amid the lonely watches of the night, it was there. When he slept, in his dreams, it rested upon him.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, in pursuance of her intention, Isabella went to Staines Moor. Ailsie stared with surprise when the young lady asked to see her husband alone. As it was early in the forenoon, James Tulloch was tolerably sober. Isabella still retained the address which her father had given her, and she inquired if a letter, addressed in this manner would now reach the individual for whom it was intended. The man looked at her significantly, and produced from his pocket a dirty billet.

"It's weel you cam," he said, "or I might 'a been jist til't to seek you."

Isabella, in haste and trembling, opened the note. It ran as follows:—

"Isabella.—I find your cheque quite insufficient for the purpose required. Please to transmit, in the same manner, three thousand

s, only as a loan. I trust soon to pos-
nore than wherewithal to repay you
old. My gratitude shall not be ex-
d merely in words. Should I succeed,
I cannot doubt, to you will be owing
uccess and my happiness. Already I
appier. The dark pit in which you
l me, thanks to your kindness, has
l. I see now that it was folly and
ess. W. L."

is letter, far from bringing the relief
- the writer evidently intended, only
l to increase his daughter's distress of
She could not doubt that it had been
n under the intoxication of success at
aming table. This intoxication, she
, must be followed by a reaction; even
use which produced it, must fail. And
ould not wish it otherwise. Loss, in
a cause, she felt, was a thousand times
rable to gain. The wealth of the Indies,
dishonourably acquired, would only
ase the crime, and consequently the
ry.

d she believed that it was not contri-
g to deepen the gulf of sin into which
unhappy father had thrown himself, it

would have cost her little to grant even the large additional sum required. As it was, she wrote the cheque with the most excessive reluctance. Her conscience told her that to be an abettor of sin, was, in the eye of the pure and holy God, a sin itself of no small magnitude. But then came the thought of that terrible night, of those fearful threats, and dark looks of despair, and she durst not avoid compliance. What might he not do in the madness of disappointed passion! "Better," she said to herself, "that sin which may be repented of than—" and begging a pen from James Tulloch, she hastily wrote the cheque, and enclosing it with a letter she had brought with her, gave them to the tavern-keeper, determining that it should be the last time she would grant such a request for such a purpose, and resolving on her next meeting with her father to tell him so, and to use all her powers of persuasion to make him desist from the course of destruction upon which he was hastening. She should not, she thought, be so much under the influence of terror as she had been on the former occasion. Her thoughts would be collected, her resolutions taken. She should only have to declare them. Alas!

d not know how easy it is to be
the trial; nor was she fully aware
indulgence weakened her own
successful resistance, and added
hat absorbing passion which she
allay—an Herculean task—one, in
ch mere human agency would in
npt to effect. We may never,
ny case, do evil that good may
er even when the evil seems but
n comparison with the magnitude
od to be obtained by its com-

and sorrowfully Isabella retraced
to Linnwood. She had reached
hich opened from the wood upon
when she was overtaken by

la! I am delighted to see you are
e out. Why did you go to walk
me to accompany you, and whither
been?"
surprised and confused, answered
d without knowing very well what
ying:
—nowhere."
here was no good reason why

Isabella should not have told Melville where she had been. She was in the habit of going occasionally to Staines Moor; and though in the present state of her health, Melville might have thought her foolish to take so long a walk, the mere fact of her having been there would have awakened no suspicion in his mind. But Isabella was now haunted by the nervous dread of the guilty, for "conscience makes cowards of us all."

"Nowhere!" said Melville, "what do you mean by nowhere?"

"I—I do not know—I mean I have been at Staines Moor."

"Staines Moor!—you—to-day! My love, how could you be so foolish? What in all the world took you to Staines Moor to-day?"

"Nothing," she replied, in a low voice, "that is to say—not much—nothing."

"And why did not you wait for me when you knew I was coming, and when you must have known the pleasure it would have afforded me to have a walk with you again, my dear Isabella? Why did you go alone?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know!" repeated her lover with some indignation, "that is to say you will not tell. Nothing—nowhere—you do not know, are all I have heard you say this morning. Exceedingly satisfactory, perhaps, such answers may appear to some people, but for my part, Isabella—" then checking himself, and remembering his resolution of the preceding night, he added in a calmer tone, "Let that pass, however, and now I hope to my next question you will not answer that you do not know. Since you have been for so long a walk, I trust you are better. I should like to hear you say, my love, that nothing is the matter." And Rollo smiled kindly and cheerfully.

"I am better, thank you, dearest Rollo; my head-ache is gone," but not my heart-ache, thought poor Isabella.

"What do you think now then, my Isabella, about our wedding-day?"

"If I answer as I wish, you will be angry."

"Indeed, I shall not."

"Then, I am not yet quite well, and—I do not know."

Melville did not speak immediately; there

was a pause of a few seconds, and then he said, in a voice of deep seriousness, slowly and earnestly:

"Isabella—do you love me?"

As he spoke he felt that his companion started. He stood still, and gazed into her countenance, as if he would read her very soul.

Isabella could not speak, but her bosom heaved, her varying colour came and went, and her eyes became suffused with tears. Melville met the glances of those eyes and was satisfied. They expressed more strongly than language could have done, what she might in vain have attempted to conceal—the deep, settled, passionate affection of her heart.

"Isabella, dearest," said her lover, "why I have asked such a question, and yet doubt even for an instant, was misery not to be endured. I feel—I see that I am dear to you. The certainty of this is more to me than any other blessing life can give. I can never doubt again. Forgive me; it was but for a single moment of acute pain. And now, dear Isabella, let us forget all those doubts and dreads. Though I am a lover,

region of jealousy it delights me not
ll. I hope you do not, therefore,
ıy affection the less. Let us banish
r the remembrance of these two last
days. Let us be happy as we were
It is surely quite foreign to our
characters thus to torment ourselves.
ıst, I think, have been bewitched, or
ılucky stars must have been on the
ınt; but join with me, Isabella; I,
r part, am determined to be disen-
l, and to set my stars at defiance."
ella could not sympathise in this gaiety
natural effect of a happy disposition
e from anxiety; but she could not
her heart then to check it. She did
eak, but a slight involuntary pressure
he hand, which leant upon Melville's
ent the warm blood quickly back to his
in a current of joyful emotion. His
had now recovered their ordinary tone.
d said truly that his was a mind to
doubt and unhappiness were not con-
He seemed now to have divested
f, even of their very remembrance,
capacity truly surprising to a temper
fferent complexion. Happy those who

possess the enviable faculty of forgetting disagreeable!

"I have a most amusing anecdote to you, Isabella. Macdonald, the other when I was in town, made me almost with laughing at it. I thought of you at time, and was quite angry at the idea you should be so comfortable and ha whilst I was so near my last sigh—of m I determined, however, to have my reve as I have no idea of your not particip in, and relieving me of a part of my tort Congenial souls, as Helen—I beg par Mrs. Andrew Bell I mean—used to say—

"Dear Helen, I wonder what she is a now."

"Sailing on the great ocean, and liste to the beloved counterpart of her heart mind, reciting one of his own poems up moonlight night at sea; or perhaps read 'My native land good night,' stretc their active imaginations so far as to ima themselves a couple of Childe Harolds in same ship."

"Oh, Rollo, what nonsense you talk! I do like to laugh at poor Helen and her husba they are good, amiable creatures."

sed, Isabella, I am quite aware of it.
not upon any account laugh at them
ny one who did not think so. You
detest nothing more than to hold up
s to ridicule. It is only their follies I
; and only to you. But if you like, I
if I possibly can, if you think I can
th, on the very first public occasion, to
ort, by upholding Mr. and Mrs. Bell as
of sound sense. Come, Isabella, do not
lish; let me have your dear, merry
nce more."

ı have never told me your anecdote,
I hope you have come to the end of
gression."

, I know you are used to digressions.
ıean now to reserve my story till we
y in the house; for I am sure, dearest,
very weary. Indeed, you look much
l; and look, there is your aunt at the
see what has become of you."

ille had now the satisfaction to hear
orraine deliver a long lecture to her
pon the folly and impropriety of taking
walk when she was so unfit for it; and
see her forced to lie down upon the
d to drink a bumper of wine that she

might be recruited. Mrs. Lorraine's indignation was much strengthened by perceiving that Melville was of the same opinion as herself. Mrs. Lorraine had also remarked, before the reappearance of the wanderer, that Isabella was a "foolish lassie." So that supported on all hands, Mrs. Lorraine was unusually severe.

Isabella was sitting at work by herself the following day, when she was informed that little Jamie Tulloch wished to see her. He brought a note, appointing her to meet the writer the following day at a certain place in the woods at Linnwood. Isabella did not fail to repair to the rendezvous; but her heart sickened with apprehension as she approached the appointed spot. He was not there; but he appeared almost in a minute. He seemed in high spirits. His daughter shuddered as he embraced her; but there was a tenderness in his manner, a fascination in his handsome person and noble bearing, a melody in his deep-toned voice, which, when it spoke words of affection, it was almost impossible to withstand.

Isabella felt that, notwithstanding all the misery he had caused her, a powerful voice in her heart spoke for him, and would be heard.

he must love him. Woe to those who ervert the fairest gifts of their beneficent r. Isabella then told him of her love ollo Melville; of the passionate return ection had met with; of their mutually ed word, and of the anguish she had d at the prospect of breaking her ement, and destroying the happiness of o excellent and true—one so dear to f; of appearing treacherous to one so ing. She then earnestly begged to be ed from her oath as far as regarded

.

erhaps even then," she said, "we could arry; but I should at least have the lation of knowing that he did not des- ne; that he did not think me altogether rthy. We should not be so very unhappy. ther! father!"

ptain Lorraine seemed deeply moved. laughter watched with anxious suspense orkings of his dark, but fine and expres- countenance. At last he spoke.

sabella, from the bottom of my soul I assionate you, and I hate myself. You love you say, and he loves you. Happy gs! you believe in love. And Rollo

Melville too! Would to God it had been other; but that he should be my victim; I should again—oh! would there were possibility by which I could avoid this crime. Isabella, you drive me to dis tion."

"Oh, my dear father! do what is right, you can never repent. If, as you somet hint, a marriage with me would bring dis upon him, it shall never take place. But secret is safe in his keeping. Forsake guilty associates—your pleasures which c you nothing but pain and remorse, and daughter will live for you alone."

"Child, you know not what you say. H such as mine are not to be broken; they necessary parts of my existence. It is my fi

"Oh father! there is no such thin fate."

"So say the good who can look back t their deeds with complacency. It is plea for them to think there is no fate; but fo who have wasted our lives and our tal what consolation have we but that we c not help it?"

"But you can help it, my dear father; can help it even yet."

"Peace, I tell you it cannot be. What do you now of such things? Wait—only wait a little. eet me here this day week, at sunset. hen, then I shall be able to tell you; then I pe through your means to be placed beyond e reach of these fearful necessities; then, per-ps, I may be able. Oh, would to Heaven that night not have your misery and his upon my voted head! Silence! I know what you would y, I dare not longer remain now. Farewell." Isabella returned home, little relieved by e issue of this interview. It had been so ort that she had not had an opportunity to nonstrate with her father upon the cruelty of ving placed her in the power of Mr. Mackain; r of making him acquainted with her resolu-n not again to furnish the means of leading n to the gaming-table. This latter deter-nation, she thought he had divined; but e resolved to make him fully aware of it at eir next meeting. In the meantime, she ed to hope that there might yet be some ance of extricating herself from the misery which she had been placed. Poor Isabella! e life of youth was strong in her spirit, or e could not have thus hoped against hope. aptain Lorraine had parted from his

daughter some minutes, and was issuing fro
the wood at the point nearest the public roa
when he found himself unexpectedly co
fronted by Rollo Melville. Both starte
Captain Lorraine was a man of the world, a
well versed in the art of dissimulation. Lo
accustomed to dread discovery, he was ev
on the watch, and ready to meet every eme
gency with that presence of mind whi
natural ability and long habit had conferr
upon him. He bowed politely, and remark
in a careless tone, "A fine autumn day."

"Very," said Rollo, reddening, and with t
air of a man who did not know very well wh
he said. He felt a spasm at his heart;
tried to convince himself that it was n
jealousy—that he was not unhappy.

"I fear," said the stranger, "I may
trespassing upon your grounds, but the qu
beauty of the autumnal woods tempted me
deviate from the public road."

"This is not my property," said Melvi
somewhat ungraciously. "It is Mr. L
raine's."

"Indeed!—good morning, Sir," s
Captain Lorraine.

Melville slightly acknowledged the salu

tion, and walked onwards. It was with dis-
pleased surprise on his arrival at Linnwood,
hat he found Isabella with her bonnet on.

"She has not been far though, to-day,"
aid Mrs. Lorraine. "She only went out to
reathe the air for a few minutes, thinking
e would be the better of it. She is going to
ke a walk with you now, but do not go too
r."

They went together. Melville was reserved
d silent. Isabella was in better spirits. Her
anner, though not gay, was affectionate, and
en caressing. Under its genial influence,
r lover's gloominess was gradually dissipated,
l before they parted, he became once more
fectly free from perplexing doubts, and
e more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

The week passed away—tranquilly. Melville did not once allude to their marriage; but a happier understanding seemed to have sprung up between him and Isabella. Her health seemed to be improving; and if her manner was not quite so sprightly, Melville fancied that he discerned in it a deeper shade of tenderness, and he was content. She was, he said to himself, too generous to trifle unnecessarily with his feelings. She would, he knew, soon fix once more their wedding-day. Something she had dropped one evening, about everything being settled soon, could point only to this event. He would wait patiently. She should see that he was not selfish.

The time appointed by Captain Lorraine for his next meeting with his daughter had now arrived. It was not Isabella's usual time of day for walking, so that she endeavoured unperceived to leave the house. She had not hitherto been in the habit of doing anything

in a clandestine manner, and now, as she cautiously unfastened a glass door which opened into the garden, she blushed from a feeling of shame, though she was alone. She felt the repugnance natural to an upright mind engaged in an action, the very nature of which demands concealment. For some days she had been buoyed up by the hope that she might, at least, be able to justify herself in the eyes of Melville. Some hint which her father had thrown out during their last interview had formed the slender foundation upon which she built her present hope. At first, this hope had been but the shadow of a shade. Gradually, however, by being dwelt upon constantly, as a means to drive away the darker prospects which threatened her, it became magnified, till it had attained to something like a sanguine expectation.

People are often successful in believing what they wish to be true. Isabella did not naturally belong to this class; for her disposition, though a happy one, was certainly prone to anxiety. But in the present instance, the reverse of what she so earnestly desired, was so terrible to her feelings, that she strove by

every means in her power to banish it from her imagination. She would not allow herself for an instant to dwell upon it. She felt a superstitious dread that by so doing she rendered it more probable. She seemed to imagine that her feelings would prove prophetical. Her present anticipations, she thought, augured well, and she endeavoured to the utmost to banish every misgiving.

It was now the latter end of autumn. The flowers of the summer lay low in the dust. The gorgeous dahlias hung their once brilliant heads, blighted and blackened by the sharp night-frosts, and the tall hollyhocks nodded to the earth. The pomp of woods had passed for the season, and the yellow leaves lay strewed in heaps. The little birds already tamer, hopped about in search of a scanty sustenance, and their tuneful voices, as in the bygone days of abundance and joy, were heard no more. Over the desolate world spread the cold grey sky, and embraced as with a shroud the dying objects of nature; whilst through the leafless woods, the low, fitful breeze of an autumn evening seemed to chaunt in tones wild and solemn the dirge of

the beautiful earth. All around seemed to breathe of sadness, and withering hope. A deep sense of melancholy took possession of Isabella's feelings; an anxious foreboding filled her mind; her heart felt oppressed with grief. Where now was the hope which had so lately supported her? Not a vestige of it remained. It seemed a strange delusion that she should ever have felt it. But now the spell was broken, the illusion was gone; within the little world of her heart, as in the outer world around her, all was coldness and desolation. As she drew near the appointed place of meeting, her heart sickened with apprehension, and her breath came quick and laboured. As she approached, she could perceive a tall, dark figure leaning against the rugged trunk of an old, denuded elm tree. At this instant, the sun, the lower edge of whose disc now touched the horizon, broke through the sombre clouds which, as they were withdrawn like a curtain from before it, became tinged with hues of glory, as if they had borrowed for a few passing seconds the heavenly radiance of the better world; whilst the rest of the sky remained dull and leaden as before. Broad rays of

crimson light streamed through the nal boughs on the leaf-strewn ground. The t straight stems of the pine trees looked l pillars of burnished gold. A character of w and gloomy grandeur was now the pervadi character of the scene, and was calculated convey to the mind of the beholder a sensati of mingled awe and melancholy. The d figure started forward as the young l advanced. A ray of the sunlight fell u his face, and his daughter saw that it w gloomy and disturbed. Her presentiment evil was about to be fulfilled.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

"You have come at last," he said in voice of passionate agitation.

"I did not think I should have kept y waiting. The sun has not yet set."

"Not quite. But to those who seek a bo the moments seem to move on leaden win and they would willingly hasten their flig to those who grant one, time flies so swiftly t they would retard the sacrifice till the la moment. The criminal longs to hear l doom. There are no tortures like the tortu of suspense."

"I know it—I feel it—and I have now come to hear my doom from you."

"From me, Isabella! what—what does this mean?"

"It means, have I your permission to be true to him who has ever been true to me?" An additional shade came over the dark features of Captain Lorraine. His daughter continued in a voice tremulous from excessive emotion. "You said—you hinted—you gave me a hope that this might be. I have lived upon it since. Do not wrest it from me. Father—father—I ask no more!" and she raised her imploring eyes to his gloomy countenance. Her father was evidently excessively agitated, but the sternness of his features did not relax.

"Silence," he said, "it cannot be. If I said so, I was raving. Rollo Melville and—the very thought drives me to distraction."

"Then, let me die," said Isabella, with the calmness of despair, and leaned against a tree for support, for she felt ready to sink to the earth. Captain Lorraine walked backwards and forwards for a few paces, evidently in terrible perturbation. At last he spoke.

"This," he said, "wrings my heart. This is the worst of all—and yet—Rollo Melville—

it cannot—it can *not* be. Lost, ruined, dishonoured I am, but I can never consent t that degradation. I will not live to be th scorn of—no, no; the very thought is mac ness."

"Oh, my dear father!" said Isabella with the energy of despairing hope, "it is dishonour, degradation to do wrong; not to endeavour to repair it."

"Girl! you know not what you say, nor the disease of that mind for which you would prescribe. Isabella! I was not always the abandoned outcast that you now behold me. Once, I at least admired, if I did not practise what was good and lovely. Once I loved music, and poetry, and beauty; and to revel in the finer emotions which these excite. Once, I could not have beheld, unmoved, the passing glories of the sunset, nor have listened to the melody of sweet sounds without feeling, at least, for a passing moment, that love and beauty were the all-pervading spirit of the creation, that I was born for something better and higher than I had ever striven to be—and that I should even yet shake off the chain which bound me to the world's galling pleasures. Those, however, were but vain longings,

for already I was the slave of pleasure, though I loathed the bonds which held me, like the opium-eater, and was wretched when the poison was withheld. I was young then, and the plague-spot in my heart had not yet extended its corruption so far as to be visible to the superficial observers who compose society. Like the apples of Sodom, though rotten at the core, my exterior was fair and engaging. I possessed many of those gifts which generally ensure a favourable reception in society. I was flattered, admired, and loved—yes, Isabella, loved! And shall those who beheld me thus, shall they see me now, abject, and despised? never, never. Low though I am, my pride revolts at such an indignity; though fallen, I cannot thus far humble myself. Ask it not again, it only heaps yet greater misery upon both of us."

Isabella did not reply. She looked round with an expression of vacant despair. After a short pause, her father again spoke abruptly and with vehemence.

"Isabella! I must have more money. This is my object in our present interview." Isabella assembled all her energy.

"No," she replied, "I cannot give it to

you. It only serves to lead you to guilt and anguish."

"Woman, I tell you I must have it. I cannot live without it. It is my soul, my strength, my life, as necessary to me as the air I breathe. Isabella—speak—I will not be denied!"

"More money will but plunge you deeper in the gulf. No, I was wrong before, what I gave has only made you more wretched. No, father, I cannot!"

"Then take your own way, undutiful, unfeeling child. Go, marry Rollo Melville, and forget that such a wretch as I am exists. Be under no fear that I shall trouble you then. Banish from your memory all that has passed between us, and fear not that I shall strive to recal it. You are good, you have no evil passions—no remorse to torment you. You may be happy. You will have a husband to love you and to cherish you. You will have a beautiful and a beloved home; every comfort, every luxury, every pleasure which love can bestow, or wealth can command will be yours. When you see yourself the centre of all the blessings of life, be not disturbed by the remembrance that your father lives in

verty and guilt. When you are seated in ur elegant room, on your softly-cushioned air by the side of your blazing hearth, hen the eyes of your beloved rest fondly pon you, then let not the thought intrude, at perhaps, at that very moment, he who ve you life, the once-beloved of her you wed, may be in want, and sickness, and neliness, drawing his last guilty breath, rsaken by God and man. Think not of him, r whatever his sufferings, he has deserved hem—forget him, and be happy."

"Father, this is dreadful!" exclaimed the retched girl.

"Leave me," he continued "why do you emain?"

"Father, I will not leave you; but do not gain urge such a request. Think if I were to grant it, what must become of us. Were my money all gone, we must both starve."

"But it would not be gone, it would be multiplied a hundred-fold. Fortune cannot for ever be against me. This is the crisis. I feel a presentiment that it is about to turn."

"But money gained by such a means—"

"Silence," he exclaimed, "a truce to such cant if you would not drive me mad. Isabella,

grant my request, or I shall more deeply dishonour myself and you. I will do some deed which will make the very blood freeze in your veins. Isabella, you have yet six thousand pounds, give me but the half of it, and I swear to you by all you hold sacred, by heaven and hell, by the memory of your sainted mother, by every oath that ever was devised by man, that I never again will apply to you—that I never will accept but what you spontaneously offer. Isabella, but this one time must I tempt fortune; if you will not supply me with the means, I tell you I will find them elsewhere, and losing or gaining, no power on earth shall stop my career. But—give me what I ask, and I solemnly promise—I take all the powers of the universe to witness,—that when I have gained ten thousand pounds, or, when I have lost all, I will play no more. For your sake, Isabella, I will abjure gaming for ever. Deny me this, and you will bitterly repent!" he exclaimed, raising his voice, and speaking with rapidity and vehemence.

"Do you indeed, give me your promise?" she said faintly and with some hesitation.

"I do—I do, most solemnly. Isabella, my

you will not deny me? Never had a daughter like you. My future life show you that I am not ungrateful. omise?"

daughter faintly murmured something was not audible. He clasped her in s, kissed her fondly and repeatedly, ng upon her every epithet of endear- with a profusion of thanks and ex- s of gratitude. Suddenly, however, ed, and loosed his daughter from his .

sh!" he cried, "we are watched. Some ear. I heard the rustling of footsteps the withered leaves, and the moving ranches. We must now part. Once enerous, beloved girl, adieu!"

ying, he again pressed her hurriedly eart, kissed her, and was gone. Isa- o, thought she had heard the sound steps. Agitated by the scene which t passed, and terrified to an unusual she durst not look behind. With- still farther from the path which the wood, she hastily retraced her omewards.

hanced that this day Rollo Melville

had been dining with his mother at Burn Cottage, at her usual hour of three o'clock. A little before tea-time he strolled out in the direction of Linnwood in the hope of meeting Mr. Lorraine, as, when he had been at his house in the morning, he had forgotten to consult him upon some subject, regarding which, his advice appeared necessary. He was within considerably less than a quarter of a mile of the house, when he heard voices in the wood. He thought it must be Mr. Lorraine and his steward, and accordingly bent his steps in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. Great was his surprise to perceive through the leafless trees that the speakers were a lady and gentleman;—greater still when he became assured that the gentleman was the mysterious stranger, and the lady—his own Isabella! Yes, the figure, the attitude, the colour of the dress, were all Isabella's. Anger and jealousy took possession of his soul; but it was not till he heard the last words of Captain Lorraine—till he witnessed the concluding embrace that his horror and indignation reached a climax.

For some seconds he stood rooted to the

t. When he looked again she was gone. caught a glimpse of her gown as she ed swiftly through the trees. He thought pursuing her—of overtaking her; but the t instant a better idea occurred to him. m the path she was taking, he guessed t she would enter the house by the garden r. He would hold on by the road which ducted directly to the principal entrance, meet her unexpectedly in the breakfast our. He would confront her unprepared, mark the confirmation of her guilty t in the confusion of surprise.

CHAPTER V.

ISABELLA walked hastily homewards. Recovered a little from her first fright, she began to think the sounds she had heard must have been caused by the wind among the withered leaves. The silence was now unbroken save by the cawing of a few melancholy rooks, which moved slowly in the air above her head. It was clear, at least, that no one was pursuing her. Even had it been any person, that he should have been perceived was very improbable. The family she knew were all in the house; it could, therefore, be nobody but a servant. The idea of Melville did not even enter her imagination. She knew that he was dining with his mother, and he had said in the morning that he should not be at Linnwood again that day.

Divested of the apprehension of immediate discovery, the state of Isabella's mind was,

owever, exquisitely painful. The die was ow cast, and her fate was decided. Hence-rth, Rollo Melville must be to her—nothing; nd she to him—she shuddered to think hat. As she went along, she resolved in her mind the agonizing certainty, and pondered on the time and the terms in which the terrible fact must be told. Such were the subjects which still occupied her thoughts, as she cautiously opened the glass door of the breakfast parlour. Almost at the same instant, the door on the opposite side of the room was violently unclosed; and Melville stood before her, his eyes sparkling, and his whole appearance indicative of the most extraordinary excitement, and the most uncontrollable indignation and anger.

Without speaking, he resolutely shut both the doors; and taking Isabella by the wrist, forced her to be seated upon a sofa. She was amazed and confounded beyond imagination at this terrible display of resentment and violence. The appalling truth flashed upon her in an instant. She grew pale with terror, and would have sunk to the earth, had not Melville placed her upon the sofa. She trembled so excessively that she could

not speak. Her senses and her life seemed about to forsake her. Melville also seemed speechless from the violence of the angry passions, the warring of the contending emotions of love, jealousy, disappointed affection, confidence misplaced, faith deceived, and the remembrance of the happy days which had fled for ever. He walked up and down the room with hasty strides. Even by the fading twilight, Isabella could see that his lips were white and trembling, and his face deadly pale, save where one small spot of the brightest scarlet burned on each cheek. His dark eyes gleamed with a fiery wrath, terrible to behold, and every instant he darted at her glances of the sternest indignation. At last she found words to say in broken accents:

"Melville—Rollo—good Heavens! what does this mean?—What have I—"

And then he too spoke—the pent-up torrent of his wrath burst forth in words.

"And do you speak to me?" he said in a tone of terrible earnest, and stopping suddenly, and fixing his dark gaze sternly on her countenance, "do you ask—Isabella, will you drive me mad? Ask your own

ience, false woman; and if there be one
of truth yet remaining, it will answer.
in you would feign ignorance—deluded,
red, duped, I have been; but I can be
longer. Your power is gone for ever.
re seen—good Heavens!—I am beside
lf with the remembrance of what I have
To think that you—you whom I have so
, so trusted—you whom I believed pure
angels of Heaven—that you—do not
—I will not hear you—another word
lsehood, and I could not answer for my
is. Your conduct admits but of one
retation. Oh, Isabella!" he continued,
idignation for a minute softening into
v; "and is this the end of all our love—
ir happiness—all our plans for the
—of all our schemes for good—all our
of a life spent together in the service of
-is this to be the end of it all? For
time I have seen that your manners to
ve been changed; but if for an instant
le of distrust stole into my mind, how
ed myself for the unworthy suspicion.
oon would I have doubted my own
ir as yours. My love for you—my
in you was perfect. You know that I

have loved you as fondly, as devotedly, a ever man loved woman. Never in thoughi or word, or deed, have I been otherwise tha true to you. You have been my sole hope my sole happiness in life, and you—yo have deceived me."

Isabella bowed her head in anguish o spirit, and in the agony of her heart sh said:

"Yes, Rollo; beloved—dearest Rollo, have deceived you, but not willingly—oh not willingly."

"Not willingly!—out upon such paltr equivocations, they cannot deceive me: an dearest Rollo!—this to me!—Methinks yo need not add insult to treachery."

"I cannot expect you to believe me. know—I know what you must be feeling—ho you must despise me; but oh, that it shoul have come to this!—that thus, we, who wer once all to each other, must part for ever!"

"Yes," said Rollo, more calmly than h had hitherto spoken, "yes, we must part fo ever! Bitter is the pain of parting from th person we love; but still more—oh, ho infinitely more bitter to have found tha person unworthy of our love! you, who

I thought so good—so pure—so true! Oh, how are you fallen! Had it been our lot to part, I should have mourned it with the deepest affliction; but could I have preserved in my mind untouched—unbroken, that beautiful and lovely image of yourself, which once was there, the very remembrance of our love would have been of itself a consolation—a joy, and not as it now is—misery and wretchedness."

"You would not then have been very unhappy," cried Isabella. "I knew it—I knew your generous heart. Oh! would to Heaven that I dare—" and she stopped short.

"That you dare—what?" he inquired.

"I cannot tell. I do not know what I say, or what I do. I know not where to turn."

"Yes," said Rollo, "the ways of falsehood have many windings; and you are all falsehood—all artifice. Oh, hollow-hearted and deceitful woman!"

"Rollo!" she exclaimed, for the first time raising her face, the expression of which was heart-sunk and spirit-broken, to his. "Rollo, have mercy upon me. Once you were not cruel; and though I have wronged you, I am miserable—most miserable. Your

wretchedness can be nothing to mine. pity me!"

But one short hour ago, she had been beloved of his soul—his heart of hearts; she was so still. He could not so soon for

"Yes," he said, "I do pity you, w unhappy girl. You, the unfortunate vi of a pitiful, designing wretch, who wis perhaps, to gain possession of your paltry pounds by practising upon credulity! But he—the villain—the d base villain, who has thus darkened fair mind—thus corrupted your pure h he shall answer to me, if he is not a co in every sense of the word. By Heav I have the right, and he shall be punishe

An idea of horror, the most frightful had yet entertained, was now presented t mind of the distracted Isabella.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "I Melville, oh, say!—in mercy say that I mistaken your words. You will n you—"

"I mean what I say. That skulking ad turer shall answer to me for having prac upon the affections of an innocent for having robbed me of my wife—my he joy—all that made my happiness in life.

ı vain you would entreat, you cannot
: swerve from my purpose."
ınot, perhaps; but your own princi-
ır own humanity—you would not
a crime so terrible in the eye of
)llo, because you have been wronged,
ld not shed the blood of a fellow-
'—You would once have loathed and
such an action; often have I heard
o, Rollo. Rollo, you who have now
conscience, will not thus sacrifice
ı peace of mind for ever."
peace of mind!" he said, gloomily,
one—you have destroyed it. What
w? All thoughts are alike to me."
before Isabella could speak, he conti-
ı energy:
give up this man—promise me never
see him; and, in return, I promise
ıall be safe from my vengeance."
ınot—I cannot."
cannot! Has this man any claim
ı which you cannot resist? Good
Isabella! you do not speak? I had
ned that on your part there could
ıore than a misplaced attachment.
'ou are not his wife?"

Isabella durst not reply. She feared wh such questions might lead to, and s trembled when she remembered her oat Melville leaned against the chimney-piece he muttered something between his teeth whilst his eyes flashed beneath his knitte brows. Isabella, whose distress now amounted to distraction, rose from her seat, and threw herself at his feet.

"Rollo," she said, "I have deserved your anger; but visit it upon me alone, and not upon yourself. Oh! let me not have the farther misery of having your blood, or your crime upon my head. Once you loved me— oh! for the sake of that love, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make to you. Promise me that you will forego this terrible vengeance; and that you will never betray what you have seen and heard to-night. Rollo, my request is not a wrong one. What is done, cannot be undone. Your interference will only cause misery to some who might have otherwise been spared it."

Melville's brows relapsed; the stern anger of his glance vanished; a different, but still stronger emotion, convulsed his features.

"Rise!" he cried, "this I cannot bear—

Isabella, that you should kneel to me! Rise —rise this moment, I beseech you!"

"Never—never, till you have granted my prayer! Never, till you have left me to die! Oh, would that I could die this instant, for I am weary of life!"

"Rise—rise!" he said again; but his tone was softened, and his voice almost choked with emotion.

"Do you give me your promise?"

"Yes, I do. Even now—oh, folly of my life! my heart's weakness—I can refuse you nothing. But this is the last—the very last time; henceforth I will be a man; if I cannot forget, my reason shall make me subdue my weakness. Fickle deceiver! — still dear, though despised; we now part in sorrow rather than in anger. Farewell—for ever!"

As Melville spoke, he raised the almost exhausted girl from the floor, pressed her self lifeless form once to his heart, imprinted one kiss upon her aching brow, laid her on the sofa, and rushed from the house. He knew not how he went, nor what befel him, till he reached Glencola, where, shutting himself in his own apartment, he gave way to alternate transports of grief and indignation. At one instant he started up

as if to seek revenge; and at the next he remembered his promise, and threw himself down in a passion of grief.

"Oh, woman—woman! weak, fickle! whose feeling is but vanity—whose heart nothing but a name, it is ever thus with you; and man, fond and foolish, still believes and loves. And yet all are not so; there is one, at least—mother, dear, noble-minded mother; and you too must be wounded. You too have lost a friend and a daughter. Oh, wretchedness not to be endured!"

Poor Melville! thus he passed the live-long night. Rest and sleep for him were equally out of the question. He passed the long, dreary hours of darkness, mourning in lamentations deep,

"How life and love are all a dream."

Meanwhile, the unhappy Isabella lay where she had been placed, for some time motionless. She was in a sort of stupor of affliction. Her heart was so perfectly stunned with grief, that for the time, feeling itself seemed gone. Thus she lay. The short autumn twilight fleeting fast away, and the darkness of a cloudy, moonless, autumn night, coming on apace. But what was the dark-

ness of the outer world to the darkness of her own stricken soul. There was no light in her own sad heart, and henceforth light and darkness, day and night, were the same to her. Melville's looks yet haunted her memory; his words rang in her ears. She tried to pray; but the very spirit of devotion seemed to have quitted her palsied heart. The very springs of the heart's life seemed exhausted. She could only feel that it was terrible to be thus without sensation; that acute anguish was a trifle compared with this dead, cold apathy. She did not know how long she lay in this state of partial insensibility. It was disturbed by the entrance of some one with a candle. It was Mrs. Lorraine.

"Isabella, my dear, are you here? Tea is ready; we have been seeking you everywhere. Did you not hear the tea-bell? I hope there is nothing the matter with you, my dear, that you are lying on the sofa. Isabella, you do not speak?"

So saying, her aunt approached, and threw the light on the unhappy girl's face. Mrs. Lorraine's faculty of perception was not particularly quick; but even she was alarmed at the expression of her niece's countenance.

"Bless me! my sweet child, my Isabella, what is the matter?"

Isabella looked at her aunt, but she neither ideas nor words. Mrs. Lorr seriously distressed, hastened as she al did upon any emergency to call her husb

"Oh, Mr. Lorraine! come here. Isa is ill, and she will not speak. Do com quickly as you can."

Mr. Lorraine did come as quickly as he c He was much attached to his niece, and been for some time, though he had not g utterance to his feelings, concerned to se looking pale and anxious. He was now gri and alarmed to hear of her illness, espec attended as it was with such a phenomen being speechless. His alarm was incre on reaching the breakfast parlour, to disc the really deplorable condition in which had been thrown. He seated himself be her, took her cold hands in his, and said steady voice of affection and sympathy:

"My dear Isabella, what is the matter you? Speak to your friends who love and are grieved to see you thus. We st in the place of your parents, and it is earnest desire to do by you the duty parents. Are you ill, or in distress?"

"Oh, I am miserable! but I cannot speak now. To-morrow you shall know all."

"Then, my love, we will not press you at present. Will you go to bed? Can we do anything for you?"

"No one can do anything for me."

"Shall we send for the doctor, do you think, Mr. Lorraine?" said his wife. "Perhaps she should be bled, or blistered, or leeched, perhaps. What do you think, Mr. Lorraine? Were you ever in this way before, my dear?"

Isabella did not reply, and her aunt again asked: "Shall I send for Dr. Morton?"

"No, my love, I think not; not at present at any rate."

"Have you a pain in your head, my dear, or where do you feel pain?"

"Here," said Isabella, pressing her hand upon her heart, "here!"

"Should you like to see Dr. Morton, my dear?" said her uncle.

"No, I wish to see no one."

"You will see your own Rollo to-morrow, dear," said her aunt, "and he will comfort you."

"Rollo!" said her niece with a start of

agony, clasping her hands and pressing the tightly upon her heart as if to stop its wi throbbings. "Oh, I shall never see hi again!"

Sarah, who was now in the room, look at her father with a glance which seemed inquire if he thought her cousin was ravin Mr. Lorraine shook his head doubtfully. E determined, however, to avoid the mention Melville's name, as it was evident that, present, it was connected with some painfu idea. His wife, however, less discre inquired: "You have not seen him thi afternoon, have you?" Again an expres sion of anguish convulsed Isabella's pal features.

"Hush, my dear," said Mr. Lorraine t his wife, and then to Isabella, "lean on me my dear, and I will take you to your bed room. Your aunt and cousin will help you t undress, and you shall be asked no mor questions till to-morrow, or till you wish t answer them."

He then, with the help of his daughte raised her from the sofa, and placing he between them, they supported her out of th room. Her uncle took her hand in hi

sabella pressed it and said : " I give you pain, give no one anything but pain."

" Do not think of us, my love. Think only of composing your spirits. Something, I see, has grieved you, but we have no idle curiosity, you shall not be hurried, you shall be left alone. God bless you, and comfort you! He is your best support."

Isabella was touched. Her uncle's kindness operated upon her benumbed feelings. Hitherto she had not wept, the fountain of her tears seemed dried up. None came to relieve her surcharged heart. Now, however, the well was unlocked ; the dry, hard, stunning grief of her lonely heart melted at the touch of human sympathy. She burst into tears, and wept abundantly in her uncle's arms. He kissed her tenderly, and resigning her to her aunt and cousin, again bid God bless her. Isabella was soon in bed. Now that she had begun to weep, it seemed as if her tears would flow for ever ; at last, however, she slept. Sleep, thou blessed refuge of the weary and sad, thou giver of rest to earth's toil-worn wanderers ! Blessed be thou, oh, kind and gentle sleep !

CHAPTER VI.

As early as possible the morning after his last painful interview with Isabella Lorraine, Rollo Melville set out to Burn Cottage for the purpose of communicating to his mother the grievous and most unexpected intelligence, that the engagement between him and her favourite friend was now dissolved; that henceforth they could be nothing to each other. The violence of his passion had now subsided; but its bitterness, its anguish had but the more entirely taken possession of his soul. Oh, it was indeed terrible, to think that he should have been thus wantonly deceived! that his feelings should have been thus cruelly sported with by one to whom his conduct had ever been true, kind and generous to the utmost of his power! There appeared to be something peculiarly heartless and base in the ingratitude with which he had been treated.

There is nothing so bitter to the generous as ingratitude; to find that where they have lavished love, they have been repaid with treachery. It is terrible also to have so suddenly shaken that faith in goodness and purity, that confidence in excellence, which unsuspicious youth is so prone to entertain, and which some of earth's favoured children have the happiness to preserve, even till the termination of their mortal career. But when Melville thought of Isabella as he had seen her the preceding night, when he remembered her pale woe-worn countenance, the mental anguish which seemed to weigh her to the dust, he forgot himself, and thought only of her. His heart bled for her as he thought of the dark fate which awaited her.

If she had been false, if her conduct had been marked with folly and unkindness, was she not already reaping its reward in her present misery? Then strange, wild thoughts entered Melville's brain. Might not Isabella be more sinned against than sinning? Was it possible that she, so young, so apparently warm-hearted, and artless, could have been such an adept in artifice, as so completely to have deceived himself, his mother, and all those by whom she was most intimately

known? He remembered also, what he disregarded the preceding night, that she told him that she had deceived him un lingly; he recalled the love which had spo through her looks, and which not even distress could conceal. He recollected tone of her voice when she called ' dearest Rollo,' and the remembrance of own harshness was now painful to him.

Why had he broken 'the bruised ree His mind was now lost amid a host of base conjectures. He thought of events circumstances which might possibly h happened in England, long before he Isabella were known to each other. Isab was not so young but that she might h been attached to another before she bec acquainted with him. It was true that she formed any previous engagement, must have believed it at an end, or at l not irrevocable. Why then had she confided the truth to him? Whence mystery? His own open and honour mind had always led him to think that wl there were mystery and concealment, tl must be something wrong, something wl feared, and deserved the censure of the j Then came vividly to his memory, but v

sensation with which we recal a recent
. hideous dream, the maddening sight
ch he had beheld yesterday—Isabella—
Isabella in the arms of another; the words
had heard: 'once more, generous, beloved
l, adieu,' yet sounded in his ears as if they
l been that instant spoken. Isabella, too,
l not seemed to shun that embrace. There
l been no blush of anger, no gesture
monstrative of an unwilling mind.

Again was Melville's love put to flight by
l anger, and thus as he walked to Burn
ttage, his mind was agitated by conflicting
otions, tossed to and fro by the contrary
nds of affection and resentment.

In the midst of his transports of passion,
e preceding night, Melville had not forgotten
despatch a messenger to his mother to let
r know that he should not be with her
ain till early in the morning. His absence,
erefore, though it had been productive of
me surprise, had not caused her any alarm.
r a mother, Mrs. Melville certainly was not
ry easily alarmed. When she heard her
n's step in the passage, she felt nothing
ore than a little curiosity to learn what he
d been about the night before.

"Good morning, Rollo," she said, "I hope

you have a good excuse for your impolite behaviour to me last night. I trust you have come to make a handsome apology."

Rollo was now in the room, and his mother paused with grief and astonishment, as she observed the alteration which had taken place in his countenance since she had parted with him. His face was bloodless, his lips firmly set together, and his whole appearance that of one who endeavoured, with all his powers, to master some violent and painful emotion.

"My dear son," said Mrs. Melville, rising, "what has happened? Let me know at once, and fear no weakness. I am not more your mother than your friend."

Rollo had determined to be calm and unmoved; had resolved that outwardly, at least, he would conquer his feelings. But how seldom—how very seldom are such resolutions maintained! A word—a look is at any time sufficient to render them unavailable. On the present occasion, Melville was touched to the heart by his mother's open tenderness, and generous fortitude. Quite overcome, he threw himself into her arms, and actually burst into tears, the first he had shed for many years.

"My friend, indeed," he said, "my mother, d my only true friend!"

"My dearest Rollo," said his mother, "my n, be composed."

Rollo threw himself into a chair, buried his e in his hands, and for some minutes did t speak. His mother waited in silent sus- nse. At last he looked up. The burst of ief had passed, though his features still bore aces of the workings of deep and powerful notion. His voice was low and hoarse, but rfectly calm and unbroken.

"I did not think," he said, "that I should ve been thus unmanned. Pardon my weak- ess—it is now past. My dear mother, I ave come to tell you what must give you ain, but it cannot be concealed, and, there- ore, the sooner you are made acquainted with it the better. Mother, I called you but now my only friend; that other," here his voice faltered a little, but immediately regained its composure, "lately so dear, is now my friend no longer. Isabella Lorraine," the name seemed almost to choke him, "and I, have parted for ever!"

Mrs. Melville started, clasped her hands, and for an instant became deadly pale; but these were the only signs of emotion she

displayed. It was some time, however, before she could reply.

"I am grieved," she said, "deeply grieved. This is, indeed, a blow which I did not expect. But are you quite sure that your quarrel is irreconcilable? My dear son, I know, and I think you know yourself, that you have naturally a hasty temper. Isabella may have unintentionally offended you; there are some things, I know, which it is more difficult to forgive in a friend than in a more indifferent person. You, perhaps, have been angry, and your anger has been greater than the offence merited. Isabella, who is not without spirit, has retorted; and hence has arisen a quarrel. Rollo, is it not so? I do not say that you have been altogether to blame."

"No, mother," he replied, "it is not so. This is no mere lover's quarrel. We have separated, mutually convinced that an insurmountable obstacle exists to our union."

"May I inquire the nature of this obstacle?"

"No, mother, you must not; for I cannot tell you."

"I will not force your confidence, as I think, that could you give it to me with honour, you would not refuse it. But Isa-

besides being your affianced bride, was
, is my personal friend. I owe it to
s well as to myself, to inquire into
fair. If from you I cannot learn who
en the aggressor, I shall apply to her.
e has wilfully deceived my son, and
y wounded his feelings;—if she has
ed the confidence and friendship which
e reposed in her, she cannot be surprised
I cast her off;—that I treat her with the
nation and contempt which she will
so well deserved. If, on the contrary,
Rollo—but this—this would be worse
—this, I think, I could not survive. Oh,
God preserve me from anything so
lful!"

llo was silent. With a strong effort he
nanded his feelings, and restrained the
s which were upon his lips.

No," he said, mentally, "she shall have
ing by which to reproach me. Neither
ord or deed will I, in the slightest degree,
y what I have promised to conceal."

Rollo," said his mother, "I am going to
wood."

Not now—not this instant!" he said, in
le of alarm.

"Why not now? The sooner the be
I think. Do you think that when the ho
of a child—or even of a friend, is concer
that I would willingly prolong the ten
suspense. Rollo, my faith in you has hit
to been perfect—and yet upon Isabella
I placed entire reliance—and now, I am a
to learn that one of you has been unwo
Oh, it is bitter to be thus deceived!—an
my time of life, when there is no passio
cast a mist before one's eyes;—when re
is the guide of our choice. The con
which then misleads must, indeed, be
result of artful duplicity. Rollo, my abs
will not be long. Five minutes will sa
me."

Rollo remained alone, sitting motion
and deeply absorbed in speculating on
result of his mother's interview with his fi
less love. Would she be so ungenerou
to refuse to answer?—Or would she con
any part of the truth? Once he would h
answered with his life for Isabella's ge
rosity. Now he could not be so certain.

Poor Rollo! it was his first grief, a
violent are the effects of a first overwhelm
grief upon a young, ardent heart. In a

or when our feelings have become tuated to sorrow, we may grieve as ly, but we grieve more patiently; and ence mitigates the acuteness of all pain, ther corporeal or spiritual. In youth, f seems strange to our feelings, and we el against the chastisement. We are ry, and will not submit. Instead of leavouring to profit by sorrow, and n using it rightly, rise superior to its liction, we war against it, and thereby ninish our power of endurance.

The life of Rollo Melville had hitherto en one long summer-day of flowers and nshine; and now, when the clouds came, d the flowers withered at the blighting eath of sorrow's chill blast, he believed at those blossoms would never open again -that the gloom was for ever. On him, ealth, earthly prosperity, health, and love, ad hitherto showered their choicest bless- ngs; and now his young, untamed spirit, ns wrath, that ought should have dared to larken that bright prospect which he had eld to be his birthright. He had so long een happy that he had forgotten, that sorrow s the inheritance of every child of Adam,

and that none must hope altogether to av
partaking of the consequences of the tr
gression.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Melville pursued her
to Linnwood; and, on her arrival, requeste
see Miss Isabella Lorraine—alone.

Isabella had awaked early, and rising
mediately, determined, with a desperate re
lution, to delay no longer the disclos
which must be made. Her uncle and au
and cousin were greatly surprised, a
evidently much distressed by her comm
nication. She herself could not speak wi
out weeping bitterly. Her aunt mingled
tears with hers.

"My dearest Isabella," said her unc
"nothing which could have happened co
have grieved me more sincerely. I conf
that I had hitherto thought Rollo Melville
every way worthy of you. But, besi
grieving for you, I am deeply disappointed
him."

"Oh do not blame him, you must n
blame him."

"I will blame him, my love, for it is i
possible that I can blame you. Have I n
seen how much you have suffered, and

you think I can see it without indignation?"

"Oh, my dearest uncle!" Isabella again began, but Mr. Lorraine interrupted her.

"My sweet girl, let us never again speak upon this subject. If it is indeed all over, the less said the better. It is too soon yet, I know, to say, be comforted; but time, my love, heals all wounds."

"Not mine—not mine," murmured Isabella, as she buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed convulsively,

Mr. Lorraine was about to speak, but was prevented by the entrance of a servant, who came to announce that Mrs. Melville was in the adjoining room.

"She desired me to say, ma'am, particularly," continued the man, "that she wished to see Miss Isabella alone."

"I cannot go—oh! I cannot go," she cried, when he was gone.

"Shall I go, my love?" inquired her uncle.

"No," Isabella replied, after a minute's consideration. "No, my dear, kind uncle. What Mrs. Melville's business may be with me, I can form no guess. I should have

thought her—her—son would have told all that was necessary. But if she is de mined to see me, I know she will not satisfied till she does."

When she was gone, Mr. Lorraine said

"Poor thing! She is, indeed, much to pitied. On her part the attachment has b —indeed, very evidently still is—deep strong. On his part, I thought it not less and yet he has used her thus cruelly."

"But she does not appear to blame hi said Sarah, "and she refuses to answer questions upon the subject of their disag ment."

"True, but whatever may have been cause, it is evident that it has been produc of much suffering to your cousin. Melv must have seen that he was beloved, and perception of this ought to have made h overlook any cause of offence which might unintentionally have given him; t she offended him purposely, I never c believe. No, Melville must either have most irritable and tyrannical temper, or must have wanted a pretext to break wi her. It is her blind, unselfish affection him, which alone makes her think otherwi

ella is quite incapable of doing anything onourable, and nothing else could deserve so severely visited. I am very, very much erned to find that I have been so much aken in Rollo Melville,"

Really," said Mrs. Lorraine, who had crying so much that she had not erto been able to speak, "I am very y. Our sweet Isabella to be so shame- used! Poor thing! she is very much ve, and Rollo Melville has behaved very nd cruelly. I could not have believed it. ink very little of Rollo Melville."

I fear for this interview with Mrs. Mel- e," said Mr. Lorraine, "on Isabella's ount, in the present agitated state of her lings. I know, from long experience, that s. Melville is an excellent and honourable- nded woman, but she has strong prejudices d a proud temper. She is also an nusually fond mother. Her partiality for ollo will prevent her from doing justice to sabella. This meeting will tend to no good. It will only serve to widen the breach. Jus- tice has but little chance when it comes in competition with the dictates of partial affection."

So said Mr. Lorraine, and truly said. "How little do the best of us know ourselves, though we are all in the habit of saying so, every day of our lives."

It was with excessive trepidation that Isabella laid her hand on the lock of the drawing-room door. Mrs. Melville rose to meet her as she entered. She endeavoured to assume her usual manner, but there was an evident constraint, which she in vain laboured to conceal.

Isabella had ceased weeping; but there were yet traces of tears and suffering on her pale, exhausted-looking countenance.

Mrs. Melville was touched by her appearance, and there was kindness in the tone of her voice when she spoke.

"Sit down, Isabella, you do not look able to stand."

The young lady obeyed without speaking. After a short pause, Mrs. Melville continued:

"I suppose you have already guessed the nature of my errand here this morning."

Isabella felt almost unable to speak, but Mrs. Melville paused, and seemed determined to wait for an answer. The unhappy girl at last replied, with some difficulty.

e can only be one subject, Mrs.
I think upon which you can wish
with me, and yet what you can have
cannot guess—unless—unless it be
ach me. You see I am suffering;
e pity upon me, and let us say
; for, indeed, I am not able to
,

not come to reproach you, Isabella.
even know that you merit reproach.
e certain that you were entirely to
if I were convinced that you had
lishonourably — however, ungrateful
nduct might have been to myself, and,
, much I might have despised you, I
not have condescended to come here
ly to reproach you. It is the law
ountry—and a most noble and equit-
—that every person has a right to
in his own defence. Far be it from
ny such a privilege to one who has
e time been numbered amongst my
friends. Rollo tells me that your
is broken off; but he refuses to tell
what account. He does not blame
le declines all explanation. From
ave come to demand satisfaction, if

no tie of honour binds you to silence. If my son has acted dishonourably, it will be to me the bitterest of all griefs — the deepest of all misfortunes; but fear not upon that account to tell me the truth. I can still love and trust you as a friend, though through my son's misconduct you may no longer be my daughter. Speak, Isabella! I owe the elucidation of this affair to myself—to you—and to my son."

Isabella was touched to the heart by this new proof of Rollo's generosity.

"Has he then," she said, "told you nothing?"

"No, nothing whatever!"

"Dear, generous Rollo! All the justice I can now do him, is to free him from every shadow of blame. Though the loss of your esteem I fear must be the consequence, I cannot refuse to do justice to one who has behaved thus nobly to me, and whom I have deeply injured."

"You, then, have broken off this marriage," said Mrs. Melville, in a tone of severity.

Isabella trembled, but she answered directly:

"I have been the cause of its being broken off. Rol—your son, could not have acted

therwise than he has done. I owe it to him, nd to you, to assure you of this. Heaven orbid that I should take advantage of his onourable conduct towards me, so as to essen, in the slightest degree, that perfect onfidence in his rectitude which you have itherto so justly entertained."

Mrs. Melville paused for a few seconds, and then said solemnly:

"Thank God for that!"

She then inquired:

"Have you any explanation to give me of the motives of your conduct. Methinks they seem to require one."

"No," said Isabella, "I have none—I can give you none."

"None!" repeated Mrs. Melville, with surprise, and continuing to speak in a tone of proud asperity.

"You cannot then expect to preserve my friendship."

Isabella became deadly pale. Her respiration was slow and laboured.

"Your friendship!" she said, "it is dear —very dear to me; but you speak truly. I cannot now expect to retain it. But, oh! do not think very ill of me! Think as charitably as you can."

"We cannot always regulate our th
and feelings by our will, Isabella. I
me deeply to be obliged to think of y
now do, but I cannot help it; it is yo
fault. You have deceived me, you
wounded my feelings where they ar
sensitive, by destroying, for the prese
happiness of my son, whom, at the sam
you accuse of nothing which could have r
such usage; but, on the contrary, a
ledge his conduct to have been tru
honourable. I neither love nor tr
halves. My confidence, once lost, is l
ever. When our friends appear to a
honourably, and refuse to render an a
of the motives of their actions, we
think, quite justified in concluding tha
motives are no better than the effect
have produced."

"There are sometimes circumsta
Isabella began timidly.

"Circumstances," interrupted Mrs
ville, "circumstances are the plea
weak. Fools only are the slaves of c
stances; the good and the upright make
bend to their will. All have it in their
to do right. There are no circums
which oblige us to deceive."

abella was silent. Mrs. Melville rose to
art.

Farewell then," she said, and for the first
e, her voice faltered. "Isabella, I did not
ik that thus our friendship was to end.
y you never feel the want of true friends;
, perhaps, you do not believe that there are
such. Farewell."

Rollo was still sitting the image of despair
his mother's parlour when she returned.
e walked directly up to him, and taking his
nd, said in a voice of calm satisfaction:

"My dear son, you have done no wrong.
not be so very miserable. You have the
nsolation of innocence. You cannot, I know,
g continue to love the unworthy. A noble
art and a strong mind, will not long allow
elf thus to be enslaved."

"Mother, I think, I trust it will be as you
y; but forgive me, do not think me weak,
I cannot yet forget what I once thought her,
I still regret the happiness of which so lately
thought myself secure."

"Forgive you! my dearest Rollo, your
elings could not have been different. Bitter
the remembrance to me, of what has been.
h, that I should have been thus de-
ived! Fool that I was to trust a Lorraine,

and yet I prided myself upon being above the prejudices of a narrow mind. So ungrateful, so deceitful, and yet so young!"

"And yet," said Rollo, "I cannot think so very ill of her. She is not without some generosity. She has sacrificed her place in your good opinion to reinstate me in it. True, she has only shown me justice; but even this she was not obliged to do."

"Rollo," said Mrs. Melville, "you know best the cause of your difference. The opinion I have formed is now unchangeable. The subject is a most painful one, and all discussion unavailable. Let us never recur to it again."

"You are right," said Rollo, "it is the only subject upon which we cannot speak unreservedly. Think of it I must, but you shall not be disappointed in me. You shall not be tormented with weak and fruitless lamentations. I will not neglect my usual employments. They may serve to banish thought. I will try even to forget that I once hoped to have a partner in all my cares."

Mrs. Melville looked tenderly at her son. At that instant, in her feelings towards Isabella, there was not much of Christian forgiveness.

CHAPTER VII.

as in the scene-shifting of nature there are
:ms and calms, so is it also in the drama
the heart's life. The dark tempest of
: soul, the agitations of passion, the rapid
ernations of fear and hope pass away;
d these are succeeded by a season of repose.
must be thus. The soul of man could not
ny more sustain the prolonged continuance
f passionate excitement, than could nature
upport the perpetual violence of its agitated
lements. Both require repose, and the prin-
iple of reaction furnishes both with what is
o absolutely necessary to their existence.
The weary mind rests. Its faculties are ex-
hausted. It has no longer strength, even for
orrow. This rest, though necessary, and in
tself, like all the dispensations of Providence
great blessing, is nevertheless at times felt
) be a burthen even by the mind on which it
:ts as a restorative. The passions, so lately

silenced, struggle again to be heard, wonder whither has fled their late irresis power. The chains in which they are b appear intolerable. The fever-fit is gone, the languor which succeeds, the neces prelude of restoration, is oppressive fro very inaction. So felt Isabella Lorraine. many weeks, after the interview with Melville, recorded in the preceding chap nothing occurred to diversify the monoton her cheerless existence. Her soul rested, it was the rest which brought neither com nor relief, and which was broken now and t by bursts of anguish. It has been truly that love without hope must die; but slightest portion of this inspiring quality sufficient to preserve its existence. It is of the very nature of love to be tenaciou life. This truth was fully experienced by b the lovers. Neither of them would h allowed that they hoped; but they both loved.

"It is impossible," said Melville to hi self, "that we can ever be united. I thin shall soon conquer the remains of love I f for her. Surely it cannot be but that I sho feel an interest in the fate of one who w

ace so dear. It is only charitable to suppose hat there may be palliative circumstances ith which perhaps some time or other I may e made acquainted."

With Isabella, it certainly was " the hope which keeps alive despair." Never did she whisper to herself, " the time may come ;" but the suggestion of her fond heart was followed by a burst of anguish, to think how improbable it was that it ever should ; and that if it ever did, how almost certain that it would come too late. The time dragged slowly on, and yet as time will ever do, whether to the weary, or the hopeful, the sad or the gay, it passed away for ever. The last autumn leaves fell from the trees, the days became shorter and shorter, the heavens more gloomy and the earth more bleak. The chill November blast, and the cold November rain swept away and destroyed every memento of the beautiful past, clearing the path as it were for the still more desolating footsteps of the death-like winter. Then came dark December, and the all-powerful frost, with an iron hand bound the streams in irresoluble chains. On the cold north wind, came slowly sailing up huge and leaden masses of heavy

grey white clouds. Large flakes of the winter snow floated on the still air, an slowly at first on the denuded earth. dually they came faster, till every obje nature was arrayed in their dazzling r Cold and white was the world, as the fa the dead, and yet beautiful even in d Cold also were the hopes of youth, in breast of Isabella Lorraine; wintry was prospect without and within. Of her fa she had heard nothing for a long time. see him, to be with him was always pain and yet she now longed to have some int gence concerning him. Many were anxious thoughts and fruitless speculati in which she engaged regarding what mi have become of him. Dreadful forebodi sometimes took possession of her mind, which she in vain endeavoured to rid her At other times, all her faculties seer benumbed by a strange apathy towards events and all things. She could sel command her thoughts, so as to be to read; but aware of the misery and dar of idleness, she had the strength of mind resolution to employ herself almost consta in working. She would sit silent for h

sewing or knitting diligently, her mind seeming for the time to have become but part of the mechanism which directed her hands, till some word, some tone, or some passing thought less indistinct than the rest, would recall the memory of her sufferings, and the tears would start into her eyes. She would then wipe them away, and begin anew to work even more briskly than before, till she was again blinded by the gathering drops. Her kind-hearted aunt would watch her, till she was ready to weep for sympathy; but, by her husband's desire, she refrained from giving vent to her compassion in words. It manifested itself, however, in the tone of her voice, whenever she addressed her niece, in a thousand little devices which she was incessantly imagining might conduce to her comfort.

Isabella did not complain; but day by day her face became paler, her form thinner, and her step more slow. Mind and body appeared alike to have lost the elasticity of youth. Her grief seemed to have settled into a subsided sorrow; to which nothing brought either relief or increase. Her uncle observed her with silent wonder and commiseration.

Judging that all allusion to the sour
her grief, even for the purpose of co
tion, was likely to augment it, he
abstained from referring to any subje
reviving any recollection that seemed i
slightest degree connected with it. H
bore even from inquiring after the st
her health and her feelings. He di
harass her with obtrusive attentions;
almost every hour of every day she fel
effects of his generous but silent symp

In the long evenings, Mr. Lorraine
lay aside his favourite books, his fa
journals and magazines, to chat upon
subjects which used most readily to
her attention, or to discuss those opi
in which she had formerly taken the
lively interest. On those occasions this
man felt himself amply repaid for the s
fice he made of his own habits and ta
if he could succeed in wiling away for
an hour, the thoughts of his unhappy
from the contemplation of her own sor
or awakening for an instant a smile
her thin, white lips. Often, indeed, he f
in those attempts, for almost every book
had ever loved, every subject in which

ıd ever been interested, was interwoven in ır mind with the remembrance of Melville, as ripe with recollections of those happy ays yet so recent, when they had poured nto each other's hearts the treasures of their ninds, the hopes and fears, the joys and orrows of their whole existence! When she ould not smile—when she could not forget—he did not fail to repay her uncle for those efforts of kindness by glances of affection—by silent indications of gratitude, which told more forcibly than words, how well his motives were appreciated, and how deeply they were felt.

Amidst all her grief, Isabella did often admit the consolation that there were yet some beings by whom she was loved. She had not seen Melville since the evening of their never-to-be forgotten interview in the breakfast-room. He had not been at Linnwood since that terrible night; and in church, the only place where they were likely to see each other, Isabella studiously avoided looking in the direction of the pew where he sat. Mrs. Lorraine had, by her niece's particular desire, called at Burn Cottage upon Mrs. Melville, and that lady had returned her visit; but no farther intercourse had passed

between the families. It was evident bella that her uncle, and, of course, he were seriously displeased with Roll ville. This pained her deeply.

Rollo Melville remained at hor Christmas, when he went to visit his Macdonald. Isabella felt relieved w was gone. She could now occasiona company her uncle in his morning without the dread of meeting him wh had so deeply injured. The news dissolution of Isabella's engagement w Melville of Glencola was received neighbourhood with unfeigned surpri was even more than a " nine days' w The marriage itself, with all its acco ments—the number and material of the dresses; the company; the dinner; the ter's address to the newly married c the colour of Melville's carriage; the r of the horses; what everybody sa did, how they looked, and how muc laughed or cried, would not have fu half so fruitful a theme for the gos Kirkholm. That numerous and resp body were thrown into a state of unus citement. Infinite were the speculatio all-absorbing the interest which it crea

Some were "morally certain" that Miss Isabella alone was to blame. Others knew "from the best authority" that Melville "had jilted the poor girl." A few pursed up their mouths, knitted their brows, nodded significantly, and hinted in a tone of awful import, that "there was a mystery." Miss Susy Hunter declared everywhere "that the fact of the matter was that they had quarrelled." She "could not pretend to say whose fault it was; but this she knew, they had both very bad tempers. She had always expected them to quarrel, and, for her part, she thought better sure than syne."

Mrs. Heriot openly espoused Isabella's side of the question; and everywhere represented her cousin as having been shamefully ill-used, and having lost her health and happiness in consequence. "Poor thing," said Rose, "I am very sorry for her. Melville has behaved abominably; indeed, his conduct has been disgraceful; but if I were she I would show more spirit. I would wear the willow for no man. Before she was engaged to him, I had discovered the kind of person he was, and I told her so; but she would not believe me then. She was

determined to have him, and now, poor
she is reaping the consequences of her
fatuation. I am really very much distre
on her account."

So said Rose; but such, it may be
imagined, were not her feelings. Not
could have afforded her malignant hear
much satisfaction as the unfortunate
which her cousin's affairs had now ta
She only longed to know the cause of
difference between the lovers; but tha
present, she could not fathom. Mr. He
too, owed Isabella a grudge, and he wa
first rather glad to hear that she was not
united to his rival. But Mr. Heriot's d
sition was by no means so spiteful as th
Rose; and when he beheld the drooping f
the faded countenance, and the dim eye, c
ever active and vivacious girl, he had n
compunctuous visitings regarding his fo
conduct towards her, and he now treated
with a degree of politeness and consider
which was not long unnoticed by its ob
Mr. Heriot's faults were rather self-sufficie
want of sensibility to the amiable affecti
and an easily-wounded haughty temper, t
a really malevolent heart. Another,

s amiable reason for his present behaviour
wards Isabella, perhaps was, that he was
are that it teased his wife. There was
one now whom Mr. Heriot disliked so
uch as his own wife. Marrying in a fit of
que, every day had served only more and
ore to discover how unsuited they were
each other. Not that for the world Mr.
eriot would have allowed it to appear to
y human being that he thought so. That
ould have been equivalent to confessing
imself in the wrong—a piece of folly, of
hich he was never guilty during the whole
ourse of his life. No, Rose was now his
ife, and as his wife must be regarded with
eference, and his outward conduct must,
possible, give no room to the most deter-
ined scandal-monger to say that Mr. Heriot
ad chosen so injudiciously that it was possible
e could repent of his choice.

Meantime, he felt in every daily occurrence
he want of his sister's accommodating temper.
Never had he known how to prize this bless-
ng till he had, blindly and without compul-
ion, relinquished it for ever. Rose durst
ot openly disobey his positive commands, or
ct counter to his opinions in the more im-
ortant description of affairs; but in the

minor concerns of life, in the trifling detail of daily circumstances, she thwarted him whenever it was possible to do so with impunity. Mr. Heriot revenged himself by treating her with contempt, neglecting her wishes, and appearing entirely to forget her tastes and inclinations. Rose, the haughty over-bearing Rose, who had been accustomed to a certain extent to rule every individual of her father's family, could ill brook this treatment and submit to be a cipher in her own house. Mr. Heriot was inclined to be parsimonious, whilst his wife was rather addicted to the opposite extreme of extravagance.

Restrained in her taste for show and expense, Rose became sullen and gloomy; threw out hints that she had not been accustomed to so narrow an income, and that when she married Mr. Heriot, she had been led to believe that it would not be necessary to sacrifice any of the comforts which she had always had, and lost no opportunity of enlarging upon the meanness of avarice. Mr. Heriot generally heard her in perfect silence, seldom deigning to look up from the book or the writing with which he was engaged. This amiable couple never absolutely quarrelled, nor gave utterance to

eelings in direct reproaches; but the course of their lives was a scene of l recrimination and mutual annoyance. Mr. Heriot was deeply engaged in the al of a favourite author, Rose almost iably chose the same time to execute the piano a piece of music by Herz or erg, or to sing a bravura. If Mr. t was doing nothing, his wife was ys either too much fatigued to be able ng, or she had practised in the morning, had no time for any more music. Mr. ot, in return for this obliging conduct, seldom able to accompany her on the when she wished to make visits, and n she required the carriage horses, they seldom to be had because they were led in the farm.

ose and her husband, however, were too to make public their domestic dis- ions. Unless when thrown off their rd, which, after a month or two of married had made them intimately acquainted n each other's characters, rarely happened, y appeared to superficial observers a very ıfortable, common-place sort of couple, called each other "my dear," in a tone perfect indifference. To a few others of

the more observant part of their acquaintanc to those who draw conclusions rather fro those spontaneous indications of characte which slight incidents in unguarded momen seldom fail to discover, than from the mo artificial deportment, which in the face o society is worn as an outer garment o ceremony to conceal the defects which ma exist beneath; to Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Me ville the true state of affairs was tolerabl evident.

Mr. Lorraine had long been sorrowfull aware that his daughter Rose's disposition must, in any situation, have precluded th possibility of happiness. He knew, however that Mr. Heriot was a man of sense, and tha Rose herself was not deficient in understanding, and he did not yet despair of seeing a beneficial effect produced upon her character. Should Rose ever become a mother, her heart, he hoped, would be touched. All reform begins at the heart. Alas! Mr. Lorraine, long as he had lived in the world, had never been practically convinced, that there are some people in existence who have no heart.

Meanwhile, Mr. Heriot did not make himself unhappy, because he had made an imprudent choice in marriage. Mr. Heriot was a philo-

her in one acceptation of the term, and
w, that what cannot be helped is not to be
retted. He consoled himself with the
joyments yet within his power, and submit-
l to his fate with the indifference of a stoic.
t so Rose. Angry with him and with her-
lf; at war with all that surrounded her; her
e was made bitter by her own evil passions,
e indulgence of which, under any circum-
nces, carries with it its own punishment.
hen more than usually provoked by her
sband's composure and cool contempt, she
casionally ventured to transgress beyond
e bounds of annoyance which she had pru-
ntly prescribed to her temper. He never
iled to make her repent, and feel that all the
al power was on his side.

Miss Heriot, after her brother's marriage,
d retired to a small cottage in the neigh-
urhood of Kirkholm, which was situated in
pretty garden. In this pleasant seclusion
r innocent, useful, and therefore happy life
lided tranquilly away. Her brother's dis-
omfort, and the apparent unhappiness of her
oung friend Isabella Lorraine, were the sole
leas which disturbed the calm tenor of her
houghts. She was much attached to Isabella,

and it grieved her deeply to see her thus dr
and languish in the flower of youth. Of
did she revolve in her mind, every possi
cause of her young friend's separation, fr
one whom she could not doubt that she s
so dearly loved. Every idea in succession v
rejected as impossible, and on this subj
Miss Heriot's mind was launched on a sea
doubt. Occasionally Isabella's conduct towa
herself gave her much pain. She came s
dom to see her, and when she did come, s
was silent and abstracted. A mutual rese
seemed to have arisen between them. M
Heriot was too gentle to be offended, and t
kind-hearted even to feel displeased with c
so unhappy. But her feelings were hu
"She has not loved me," she thought, "a
have loved her. But how unreasonable
me to expect that she should. How co
she, sweet young creature? And how selfi
of me now, to be thinking only of my o
feelings, and not of hers which appear to
so deeply wounded! My destiny in life h
always been to love; and if the affection
have received in return has not been so fo
as my own, it has generally been sincere. I
the end, I have always found that I have be

l and trusted. And my brother, too,
d he is to me now! How anxious he
be to promote my comfort! Would
uld not guess why it is that he now
tes my affection!"

sabella! her affection for her friend
: diminished. Their estrangement,
l though her feelings were by her own
misfortunes, gave her pain. It pro-
:om mystery and concealment, from
:cientiousness that there could be no
:onfidence between them. Isabella's
ul was absorbed by one subject; and
ject exactly was one which must not
unicated. She felt that Miss Heriot
e right to expect her confidence; she
she had ill-repaid her partial kindness;
that her conduct towards her could
ltered, and she perceived how much
l her, and hence arose a sense of having
kindly towards her, and in her presence
; of constraint which every interview
d. Thus it came to pass that Miss
nd Isabella seldom met. Both felt that
:etings were only productive of mutual
ssment and pain.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was now the middle of January. Melvill had been absent for several weeks. Mr Lorraine had hoped that his absence togethe with time might have exercised a beneficia influence on the health and spirits of hi niece. But his hopes were not fulfilled. N salutary effect appeared to ensue. Isabella' melancholy seemed to become daily more hopeless. Mr. Lorraine now began to think that change of air, and change of scene might operate beneficially. It was not the season when people are most inclined to move from home, particularly a person so domestic in his habits as Mr. Lorraine, and at all times so much attached to "his ain fire-side."

Still there were few things within the bounds of a reasonable possibility, which he would not have done to be of service to his niece, who had wound herself about his heart in such a manner, that whilst she was unhappy, he could feel no pleasure. He re-

volved in his mind many plans for her advantage; but none appeared to him very eligible. Had it been summer, a trip to the Highlands, or to the southern counties, would have been his choice; but the season rendered this plan, at present, impracticable. A sojourn at the sea-side, or at a watering-place, were equally out of the question. Besides, a little excitement, some variety to occupy her mind by a succession of new ideas, to divert her thoughts from herself, and to awaken a new interest in life, appeared to be what was necessary.

As the excitement of travelling, variety of ideas from a succession of natural scenes, was not at present to be procured, it seemed to him that intercourse with society, the necessity of exertion which such intercourse must produce, and the consequent introduction of new objects of regard, were much better calculated to arouse her dormant faculties, than the monotony and seclusion of a country residence, however, much in the present state of her feelings she might prefer the latter. She seemed to shun the company of all her acquaintance; but upon this very account, her uncle wished to oblige her to enter

society, as he feared to encourage the n
sensibility and dejection of spirits,
made her shrink from sustaining any
in the great drama of life—a part
Mr. Lorraine thought every one was
upon to perform, as an imperative
towards the well-being of the social stru
to which, however, imperfectly it m
constituted, we are all under many o
tions, and from which none of us h
right to withdraw our support.

A few weeks' residence in Edinburg
the only project which suggested its
the mind of Mr. Lorraine, as at all lik
combine the advantages he sought for.
Mr. Lorraine had almost insuperable
tions to a residence in Edinburgh, even
few weeks. He did not like Edin
society; he had no intimate acquaintan
town. All his thoughts and occupatio
his interests, were centered in home; a
was now, he thought, too old, and his
were too firmly fixed, to find interest or a
ment in any subjects but those whicl
for so long a time, almost exclusively occ
his attention. Moreover, at the only ti
his life that Mr. Lorraine had reside

urgh, circumstances had occurred to
him conceive a great dislike to the
In short, there was nothing Mr.
ine disliked so much, as going from
. To promote Isabella's good, however,
d determined that no selfish considera-
should interfere, and for her sake, he
up his mind to sacrifice the comfort of
weeks.

'. Lorraine had just commenced making
gements for the execution of his scheme,
a fortunate occurrence rendered them
cessary. Mrs. Richardson, the cousin
rs. Manners, with whom Isabella had
a day or two on her first arrival in
and, hearing that she still remained in
country, now wrote to invite her to
l the gay season in Edinburgh, hospita-
xtending her invitation to one of her
ns. Mr. Lorraine had a slight personal
aintance both with this lady and her
and; and knew them, from report, to
spectable and excellent people. All that
ad seen of them, served to confirm the
acter they bore; and nothing, he thought,
l have come more opportunely than the
ent invitation, could both of the young

ladies be prevailed upon to accept it. P among strangers, the chain of assoc would be more completely severed, the necessity for exertion would be g increased. Isabella would be peremp called upon to shake off her melancho the utmost of her power. The presen Sarah would also be an additional advan In the present state of his niece's healt spirits, Mr. Lorraine felt that it woul cruel to send her amongst strangers, wi one familiar friend who understood her s tion, and in whom she might confide.

On the receipt of Mrs. Richardson's l both the young ladies immediately dec that they should not go. It was the thing in the world they should drea doing. Mr. Lorraine determined to s them separately, knowing that detachm are more easily overcome, than when the coalesced into one body. He began with bella, when his daughter was out of the r His efforts were warmly seconded by Lorraine. Isabella's repugnance to the posed visit appeared at first to be insurmo able. It was, however, more easily overc than her uncle had dared to hope.

powers of resistance were greatly weakened; and there were few things in life which she did not now regard with a degree of indifference, foreign to her natural character. Her uncle stated candidly and affectionately his reasons for wishing her to accept Mrs. Richardson's invitation.

Isabella was touched, wept, and yielded to them; though she felt an inward conviction, that every effort to restore her peace of mind must be unavailable, as long as the source of her grief still remained to supply the channel with a copious stream.

"I will go," she said, "if Sarah goes; but do not ask me to go alone!"

"No, my dear child," said her uncle, "that I do not ask you."

Sarah had retired to her own apartment for the night. Her father followed her almost immediately, and knocking at her door, was instantly admitted. Sarah was surprised to see her father. Though always upon amiable terms with all her family, she was never very intimate with any of them. Sarah lived for herself. On the present occasion, however, she seemed pleased to see her father; and when he said in his usually kind voice:

"I wish to have a little conversation with you, Sarah," she placed the most comfortable seat in the room, close by the fire, for his accommodation, and taking another, prepared herself to listen, with an air of respectful and willing attention.

"My dear Sarah," her father began, "it is about your cousin, Isabella, that I now wish to speak to you. I feel certain that you must participate in the anxiety with which your mother and I are now filled on her account."

"Indeed, papa, I am sincerely grieved to see her looking so ill. I think very highly of Isabella."

"Then, my dear, I hope you have no objection to lend your aid to restore her to her former self, and to offer every consolation in your power."

"I, papa? Oh, no, it is what I wish to do; indeed, what I have done already to the utmost of my power. I have told Isabella several times that it is in vain to repine at what is irremediable; that we are all subject to misfortunes, and that people possessed of strength of mind never give way to unavailing regret, but endeavour to rise superior

to affliction. I have recommended her to apply herself to study, as an effectual means to occupy the mind, to the exclusion of those ideas which are painful to it."

"Very consolatory, my dear Sarah," said her father drily, "an excellent homily, I have no doubt. But have you never discovered that advice and sermons are seldom useful, except when they are voluntarily sought for? There must be a predisposition in the sick mind, otherwise, I fear, little benefit is to be expected. The soil must be fitted for the reception of the seed, ere we can hope to see the plant spring, and bring forth fruit."

Sarah looked a little disconcerted, as she replied:

"I am sure my intentions were kind. But do you not think that there is a degree of weakness in Isabella's present behaviour?"

"I confess," answered Mr. Lorraine, "I am disappointed to see Isabella make so little effort to subdue her feelings. I did think she would have displayed greater strength of mind. However, it does not become us, frail and erring mortals that we are, to pass a harsh judgment upon any fellow-creature. We do not fully comprehend the cause of

your cousin's affliction, nor the vario
cumstances which may have contribu
aggravate it. We only know that sl
undergone a heavy trial, and we see
has bowed down her young heart with
In such circumstances, we ought ratl
pity than condemn."

"I do pity her. You cannot think,
that I do not? But I cannot see how
wise I can serve her, than by giving h
opinion, and endeavouring to set her
where I think she is wrong."

"Indeed, Sarah," said her father
think, if you choose, you may be of
her in many other, and more effic
ways."

"How then?" she inquired.

"You might try to amuse her, a
gain her affection. When the mi
oppressed with grief, animadversions
the folly of enduring it, or exhortatio
throw it off, are, I think, likely to
an effect contrary to that which is de
for they only tend to imprint, still
vividly, the remembrance of affliction
tearing open the wounds they are design
heal. Reason, I allow, is the noblest fa

the human soul. But the soul, Sarah, possesses other faculties, and the philosopher despises none, but employs those which he thinks most likely to be available for the good purpose he has in view. Instead of arguing to prove that your cousin is in the wrong, you had better, I think, endeavour to win her gently to the right, by means of seeking to divert her mind from the contemplation of its own sorrow, and by seeking to find for the thoughts some interesting occupation."

"That is exactly what I have been trying to do, papa. If she would only study, her thoughts would be provided with abundance of employment. She would have no time to grieve. But then she will not study. She obstinately refuses to begin any book I recommend. She says that she cannot command her attention."

"And I have no doubt," rejoined Mr. Lorraine, "that she speaks the truth. In time I trust that, if she pleases, she may be able to avail herself of your remedy. In the mean time, if you really wish to be of use to your cousin, you must change your plan of operations. I am not so learned as you,

perhaps, Sarah; but I have had more experience of life. I have read more extensively in the great book of the human heart, and I am, therefore, I think, qualified to give you advice upon a subject which concerns the treatment of its maladies. To be of service to Isabella, you ought to watch the workings of her mind, to study her tastes and inclinations, and adapt your conduct accordingly. Your remedies must not be based upon abstract principles, but upon practical observations. When you perceive that anything has succeeded in awakening her attention, and exciting interest, have recourse again to the same expedient. When you perceive that your endeavours weary, that your attempts fail to amuse, do not be discouraged, try something else; in the end your efforts will be successful. Seek to win her affection and her confidence. To be able to disburthen the mind to a friend, is always a relief. This friend, to Isabella, must be one of her own sex, and it seems to me, that no one can be so proper as her own cousin, who, from their relative situations occupies the place of a sister. Isabella used to be fond of walking; exercise in the open air is good for her

ıd spirits; accompany her in her
ınd prevent her from brooding in
ver the recollection of grief."
hat," said Sarah, "I mean doing
ou desire, would occupy me the
r. I should not be able to study,
ıprove my mind in any way
It would be an absolute waste of

ime, spent in the endeavour to pro-
welfare of a fellow-creature be
ted? My dear daughter, to confer
is the noblest aim of existence.
of God himself deigned to appear in
of a servant, to suffer sorrow, and
ıd death—to endure an agony, the
s depths of which, no mortal can
ɔrehend—for this sole end. If we
ıe means of restoring peace of mind
man being, then have we not lived
To sacrifice selfish considerations
a cause, ought to be esteemed a
"

ɜeemed moved.

surely," she said, "you do not
vrong to devote time to intellectual
ıent? To what else is owing the
ɔn of the *world?*"

"Intellectual improvement is, I grant yo one great cause; but moral improveme is a greater. You have read history. Co pare the amount of happiness enjoyed t the most cultivated nations of antiquit with that possessed by those of the prese day, who live under the more blessed dispe sation of a purer system of morals. Mor culture, my dear Sarah, is synonymous wi happiness. Moral culture implies the exerci of our best and purest affections, in a word, t constant practice of Christian charity in t most enlarged sense of the term, including the self-denial, the untiring perseverance, whi the performance of so great a work demand These very efforts, however, bring their ow reward, every step we take becomes ple santer, and, even in this world, we a almost certain to attain joy unspeakable. I d not mean to deny that intellectual improv ment has, by refining and elevating the mind a direct tendency to promote moral improve ment, I only mean to say, that where it fail of this end, its highest attainments are value less. When our various talents and accom plishments afford to others neither pleasur nor profit, they are a mere dead letter. We all receive benefit from society, and we are

all equally bound, in common gratitude, to contribute our mite towards its support."

"What benefit do I derive from society?" inquired Sarah, "I infinitely prefer solitude."

"Your friends are much obliged to you, I must say."

"I do not mean, my real friends, I merely mean acquaintances."

"Even acquaintances have claims upon us. Consider, Sarah, if all were to shut themselves up in the bosom of their own families, and to throw aside all concern for the world without, how contracted the mind and the heart must inevitably become. The world would soon degenerate again into that state of barbarism for which you have so just a horror. Arts and sciences would languish and die for want of encouragement, and even literature itself must perish for want of the materials which society—the intercourse of man with man—alone can furnish. Those sages, whom you so much admire, could never have written, had there been no such thing as society. You may, perhaps, think that the small services of one individual, more or less, cannot be of much consequence; but I can assure you that the meanest on

earth has a place assigned, and duties to perform. The great ocean is composed of drops."

"It is a pity," said Sarah, "that society is not differently constituted, that it should be so tiresome, so insupportable to people who have a taste for intellectual pursuits. Could the society which formed those great geniuses to whom you referred be of the same description as that which surrounds us?"

"Perhaps not exactly in outward appearance, and external observances. But, rest assured it contained quite as many commonplace and uninteresting people; and still this very society was the cradle of literature and civilisation. Civilisation and politeness have always sprung from the formation of communities of men. Their very names attest the fact. Literature has not so much contributed to form society, as society as created literature, though, doubtless, they have acted and re-acted upon each other. We can expect to see nothing perfect in this world, and when an institution is highly beneficial in its general effects, we ought silently to endure the faults which are inherent in everything human, cautiously attempting all inno-

lest we destroy the excellencies in
ıg to remove the defects."
Sarah did not clearly see what con-
subsisted between reformation and
ion; nor could she in the least com-
l how an endeavour to obliterate
could ever have a tendency to impair
ıce.
Lorraine certainly carried caution to
reme. There was, however, Sarah
not help acknowledging to herself,
ruth in what her father said concern-
benefits we owe to the formation of a
· of men into a society, and the duties
incumbent upon all to contribute
ıota towards the support of that, to
hey are so much indebted.
w light broke upon her mind. A more
d, and more harmonious view of the
ations of Providence, and of the ar-
ents of life opened before her. She
ed silent for a few minutes, deeply
ing upon what she had just heard.
she spoke again, it was to say:
ıt it seems to me, papa, that you are
severe upon those who choose to live
ıplete seclusion. Their lives are at

least harmless. Surely, my life, in my room here, surrounded by my books is n beneficial to myself, and less perniciou the true interests of society, than that of gay, young lady of fashion who spends mornings in bed, and wastes her healtl the midnight assembly. Surely, it is be to have one's mind stored with knowle than to have it filled with visions of dress flirtation. Surely, my dear father, it is wr to squander away our money, our time, our health upon mere folly and vanity."

"Undoubtedly, my dear, it is very wrc It is one of the abuses to which I refer and one which I fear may be inseparable fi that which, in its general effects, we have ev reason to prize so highly. The folly, h ever, of one extreme is no excuse for the f of another. Your tastes, fortunately yourself, have probably from some outw circumstances, been turned in a less pe cious direction. It does not follow, howe that the pursuit of your own inclinatic without considering for an instant how fa may be advantageous to your friends, or c ducive to the interest of those who form y society, is the less selfish, or therefore the l

worthy. All living entirely to our- is sinful. If the cultivation of your s renders you neither a more useful, ıore agreeable member of society, then they as well not have been cultivated. ciety I do not mean the gay world, but friends and relations among whom God hosen that you shall spend your days." ars stood in Sarah's eyes; she was evi- y pained by what her father had said.

You think me then a very selfish being?" aid with difficulty.

r. Lorraine took her hand affectionately s, as he replied:

My dear Sarah, my words give you pain, it would grieve me deeply to perceive it, not hope that the pain might be salu-

It is not because I think meanly of ; but because I have a high opinion both ur heart and understanding, that I now k to you as I do. You have, I believe, ient strength of mind to look boldly at sguised truth. You are not, I think, one hose, who desire to remain in error. God, ust, will give you power to perform the t, when you have learned to discern it." arah appeared to be suffering deeply. She

withdrew her hand from her father's, ar leaning her head upon it, said in a voice deep seriousness :

" I am now twenty-five years of age. large portion of the best years of my life h now passed away. I flattered myself, th they had not been ill employed, and now it very bitter indeed to learn that they have bee wasted."

" Nay, my dear," said her father kindly " your time I trust has not been wasted You have been, I hope, hoarding a treasure which for good purposes you now mean t spend. You have cultivated your mind ; em ploy now its store for the benefit of your friends, of your poor cousin, and you will not have cultivated it in vain. Apply your judg ment to practical purposes, and you need not repent that you have enlightened it. Employ the qualities of your mind and heart to gain the love of your friends, and the good-will of all, and rest assured you will reap a rich reward. Give love, and you will receive love in return. I do not deny that there is such a thing in the world as ingratitude ; but it is a very perverted view to take of human nature, to believe that all are ungrateful.

dear Sarah, no one I firmly believe
re sincere affection to their fellow
, without receiving in return from
obation of their own heart, and the
love of many individuals, an adequate
for the trouble they have expended.
me, my dearest daughter, and I speak
perience, there is no pleasure like the
of doing good. All selfish enjoy-
en of the most refined and intellectual
r, fades in comparison with that
s produced by sympathy. Man was
e to be alone. God has endowed man-
th various talents. The paths designed
idence for them to travel are as various
constitutions of their minds, but in
ng they may all unite in serving God
illing the end of their beings, and
, in their several spheres of action,
rt for the good of the whole. The
or intellectual improvement which you
, was doubtless given you for wise
s, and so great a gift ought not to be
ed. I do not complain that you have
yourself of it, but that you have not
yourself of it sufficiently. It is only
ur own gratification that you have

hitherto employed it. As far as the rest of the world are concerned, it does not appear to have made you wiser or more agreeable. Continue to read and to study, my dear Sarah; the strong inclination you possess for such avocations, the few obstacles there are to prevent your engaging in them, seem to point them out as the course destined for you to pursue. But do not fall into the error of believing that your acquirements are for yourself alone, and that there is no occasion for them to influence your conduct; do not think that occasions may not frequently occur, when higher duties ought to supersede your ordinary employments, and when by their performance or neglect, you may truly show whether the tendency of your usual occupations is beneficial or pernicious to your capacity for performing the duties of your station, and acquiring the esteem and regard of those friends among whom you are placed. Love, dear Sarah, as your cousin Isabella once told me, is the happiness of Heaven, and must also be the only true happiness of earth."

"Yes, yes, I believe it, I feel it," replied Sarah; "for those who are so happy as to be able to obtain it. Isabella is an amiable being.

ractly the person who is certain to
ds; but it is different with me. I
ther her pleasing appearance, nor
ging manners."

are not so pretty, Sarah; but Isa-
ssesses no other advantage that
t have been yours had you chosen;
t may not yet be yours, when you
Beauty may be a great advantage in
om, but no where else. Look around
r around the circle of your acquaint-
d you will find that the estimation
e held in, does not depend in the least
pon their appearance; but upon their
nce, their good sense, and their
ners. There is certainly something
tiful face very pleasing to contem-
must admire a beautiful person; but
ch a person possesses or is believed
ss farther and more substantial
we do not give our love for the
that beauty alone. Love is much
uable than admiration. Those qua-
ich excite admiration, when pro-
d, are doubtless a blessing; but,
y causes, from the abuse, and from
ersion to which they are much
ble than less brilliant gifts, they

are too often apt to prove a curse. This, Sarah, I have been taught by more than one bitter experience. Sarah, I possess no shining qualities, no remarkable external advantages, and yet I am able to say with gratitude that I possess the affection of my family, and the good will of my neighbours."

"You, papa; but you are the best, the most excellent—I am not like you."

"But I am nothing, Sarah, that you may not be. All may be loved, and surely, dear Sarah, when this is the case, no one need sigh for admiration. No one would give those sterling qualities, which properly directed are certain to obtain the imperishable treasure of love, for the fleeting appearances which usually gain the uncertain tribute of admiration."

"Ah no, papa—you are right, I would not even give the composure of spirits which I usually enjoy, for all the admiration attending the belle of the ball-room. If I know myself at all, I have never wished for the indiscriminating admiration of superficial observers. It is esteem and love, which I have desired to possess. Listen to me, dear papa, and I will open to you my whole heart, and you shall know how I came to despair of

such blessings. I now begin, I think,
hat I have been mistaken. I now
hope, you have thrown a new light
path. To begin then at the very
ig of the subject—when we were all
ildren—when we used to be sent out
on the public road with our nurse,
iet any of our acquaintance, I used to
sted with a cold, 'how do you do,
iow is mamma,' whilst they all crowded
lose, to kiss her and to remark what a
il child she was. Helen too was noticed
weet little thing, and very pretty too,'
no one said a pleasant thing of me.
time I used to feel this deeply; but
ings of children are evanescent, and it
: my nature to be unhappy. It pained
wever, more deeply, for though my
and you showed no difference in all
tial points in your treatment of us, yet
was a tenderness in your manner
i my sisters, which I never remarked
r bearing towards me—you are not
d, papa?"

, my child," said Mr. Lorraine in a
ined tone of voice, and without looking
laughter. "Go on."

"Even then," continued Sarah, "I think this was intentional, but some other I felt it to be unjust; because that I loved you as well, and willing to do anything for you as the I was at last sent to school. I found t abilities were equal to those of most girls there, and stimulated by the approbation which I believe is natu very strong passion in my soul, I myself diligently to all my studies, ar became considered the cleverest girl school. In the children's books, an moral stories which in my childhood been in the habit of reading, I had found that commendation and love w invariable rewards of industry and appli The first I certainly did receive in hours, but out of school, I was mort perceive, that even by the teachers were preferred to me, and that amo own companions, though I was not po disliked, I was certainly no favourite. times I wept in secret, but I was too to let my grief be seen. I had, howeve time for the indulgence of my sorro when busy with my lessons, and antic the high place in my class which I

n the morrow, I was often happy. The would come I thought when things be different. I left school, and Rose were introduced into society. There, d everything distasteful to me. No one d to like me, or to find pleasure in my ıny. I was miserable. I was angry at ving how much frivolous accomplish- were prized beyond more really valuable ements. The veriest household drudge d to meet with greater approbation than nan who had cultivated her mind. I remembered the pleasure I had formerly ienced in the pursuit of that knowledge, quisition of which, in my present situa- I believed to be so fruitless. I began to e that my happiness was destined to ıt in that pursuit alone. I again betook f to my books and I was happier, but o happy as I had once hoped to be. It ıot without pain that I relinquished the of being loved. At last, however, I ne convinced that it was impossible, and resigned to my fate. I saw that not one ıe world was perfectly happy, and that were certainly more to be compassion- than I was. Reading soon became with

me a passion which, the more it was indul
became the more intense. I almost fo
that there were higher pleasures, and v
they recurred to my memory, I bani
them thence, for I thought they could n
be mine. You, my dear father, tell me
that they may, and I almost believe it.
say, all may be loved. I imagine I com
hend you. I think, I begin to see that I l
all along been labouring under a great
take. Answer me, papa; have I alone
to blame?"

"Not you alone, my dear girl," said
Lorraine, "not you alone. I too, S
have been to blame and greatly. Hush,
continued, seeing her about to speak,
thank God we have both still time to r
our errors. My dear child, I have al
believed that you had good dispositions
never till to-night did I fully comprehen
tenderness of your heart, or the streng
your mind. I bless God for having give
such a blessing in you. We now under
each other—we are friends for ever." S
was much affected. The tears flowed
but she was very happy. At last she f
words to say:

"Tell me, my dear father, how I

to blame, and in what I have been mis-
."

arah," replied her father, "at present,
ld rather be spared the ungracious task,
e more so, as I think you already know
would say."

ear me then," said Sarah, "and tell me
m right. Is it that I have hitherto
ted to cultivate the good-will of my
ıtes; that I have concealed under
able manners any good qualities which
possess? You say all may be loved;
ıean, do you not, my dear father, all
ıke pains to make themselves loveable?
r perceive my error, I now perceive
nreasonable I was to think it possible,
en proper, that any one should like a
ı, who made no effort to repair her want
sonal charms, by those attractions of
er which are the offspring of an unselfish

Oh! my dear father! hitherto I have
ht only of myself and therefore I have
een happy. Now, with God's help, I
ıtrive to banish those selfish cares. I
ndeavour to promote the comfort of
ı, to think more of them, and less of
lf, and perhaps, in time, even I may be
."

"Do not doubt it, my dear Sarah. Certain qualities naturally attract corresponding kinds of consideration. Hitherto your conduct has been respectable, and therefore you have been respected; but it has not been amiable, and therefore you have not been loved. You possess many estimable qualities; but unless you make them, by your conduct, evident to others, you must make up your mind to let them remain undiscovered. Mankind are usually too much occupied with themselves to be able to discover those excellencies in another, which require a large amount of trouble to arrive at. In common cases, merit must appeal immediately to the senses, otherwise it passes unnoticed, and not I think undeservedly. All things in this world can only be obtained by the necessary trouble. Labour is the price, even for love."

"And on my part," said Sarah, "it shall not be wanting. Oh, my heart is filled with hope! Something whispers to me I shall be happy."

"God bless you, my beloved daughter," said Mr. Lorraine, affectionately embracing her. "God, will support you in so good a work. Sarah, you have made me very happy." Sarah could not speak, for her heart

ıll to overflowing. But when her father eft her alone, she sank into the seat ı he had occupied, and raising her ɔd hands, whilst tears of joy streamed her eyes, she exclaimed aloud:

ınd I, too, am happy. I have made him ɾ. My dear father loves me, and my er, she too I know will love me. The cloud has passed from before me. I see y now the road to happiness. How ant it seems and how strange that I ɨd not before have discovered it! Ah, do I not feel from experience that kind s, gentle manners, and affectionate atten- are the only talismans to win hearts and ɨeep them. Oh! I shall be happy. ss the Lord, O my soul, and forget not ɨs benefits!'" Sarah, before she retired to that night, did not forget to ask that aid above which is never refused to those sincerely desire it, but without which, unassisted efforts must ever be unavail-

Full of calm resolves, and sweet hopes the future, she laid her head upon her ɯ—peace in her mind and gratitude in heart. Happy are those who thus can !

CHAPTER IX.

After the conversation related in preceding chapter, it may easily be conc that Sarah was without much diffi induced to enter into her father's vi respecting her cousin Isabella, and was vailed upon to consent willingly to accom her to Edinburgh. Mrs. Richardson's in tion was therefore accepted, and the cou began to make preparations for their visi the metropolis of Scotland. It is not t imagined that Sarah's character bec transformed in a single instant. All refo are gradual, indeed, ought to be grad that they may be lasting. That work wh is hastily completed is generally ill-execu and not calculated to endure the wear tear of time, the test of all things human to sustain those accidental shocks from wh nothing on earth is exempt.

Often did Sarah lapse into her old fau often did she sit grave and taciturn when

to have been smiling and speaking;
: possessed naturally great perseverance,
ıt fixed determination not to be con-
by difficulties, which in every enter-
ı the almost certain earnest of success.
ew attempt became easier, and day by
arah became more interested in her
ɔurse of life, every exercise of self-
brought with it a proportional reward,
t all times a smile of approbation
ıer father filled her heart with a sense
ɔiness before unknown. Her mother,
ıs evidently much pleased, and Sarah
ł no longer that it was in her power to
d. Her efforts in favour of her cousin
ıough far from being attended with the
ı which Mr. Lorraine had hoped, were
altogether without profit and pleasure.
:lla had a heart peculiarly alive to
ss, and she was much touched and
grateful for the sacrifice which she
her cousin hourly making of her
st inclinations and her favourite
ments to the desire of restoring to her
ace and comfort, which she felt would
ɔn earth be hers. She knew that the
· and indifference with which, in reality,

she regarded every effort undertaken for
benefit must be the cause of great disappo
ment to her kind cousin, and she therefore
erted herself to appear interested. She bec
much attached to Sarah. She perceived
she possessed many virtues, many even n
qualities for which she had not hitherto gi
her credit. Her strength of mind, and fi
ness of character, tempered as it now wa
gentleness of manner, was peculiarly valu
to Isabella. She loved Sarah; on her
leaned for support, and obeyed her directi
in the present inactive state of her mind
the unquestioning facility of a child. S
was disappointed to perceive that
endeavours were all unsuccessful to in
energy, and hope for the future, that
motive for energy into the mind of
cousin.

Her affection for the unhappy girl, h
ever, increased daily. She perceived t
her company was more grateful to her t
that of any other person, and that Isab
shrank from all other society to be alone w
her. There is also something in the situat
of a protector which naturally incli
a human being to love. It is a strange

erious, but providential trait in human
acter, that to be the means of conferring
fits on a fellow-creature, is almost certain,
rding to the magnitude of the sacrifices
e, to render that fellow-creature an object
terest and affection. It is this tie which
: forcibly binds the mother to the child,
vhom she has given all things, even her
igth and her life; it was this tie also,
igh of course in an inferior degree, which
bound Sarah to her cousin. She felt that
ella depended upon her; that her strength
ind must be exerted for both. She felt
if Isabella were ever to regain her former
piness, it must in all probability be
ugh her means; and the hope that this
ht be was delightful to her feelings.

he was now conscious that there existed,
east, three human beings to whom her
s and her affection were of importance,
by whom she was valued and loved.
h day brought with it fresh sources of
rest, superior to any she had known
re. Life acquired new charms and a new
uty. The improvement in Sarah's happi-
s was visible even in her outward
ortment; her step was more elastic, her

dress more carefully arranged, her manner more spirited and interesting, whilst her eyes shone with intelligence and benevolence. She had now learnt that it is blameable to neglect any legitimate art of pleasing, and that there is nothing meritorious in being totally inattentive to personal appearance. Those who are really distinguished by mental endowments, seldom seek to attract notice by the frivolous distinction of dress; avoiding equally the extremes of negligence, and foolish display of finery, of which the one is almost as frequently as the other the offspring of vanity. Sarah could scarcely now be called plain. No one is plain, whatever may be their features, whose appearance conveys a pleasurable sensation; and Sarah's appearance, her tidy person, her neatly arranged dress, her pleased and intelligent countenance, all conveyed an agreeable impression to the mind of the beholder.

The month of February, the time fixed for the visit of the two young ladies to Mrs. Richardson, had now arrived. Sarah carefully locked away her books till her return, trusting that she might then be able to resume her studies for a few hours every day, and not

ether without the hope, that Isabella
t then be the companion of all her
ations.

pictured to herself a calm and happy
for both, when Isabella should have
me her unfortunate attachment; a life
cere friendship, of benevolent cares,
ctual occupation, and rational amuse-

"Neither of us," she thought, "will marry hand-in-hand; we will calmly down the vale of life; and having each we shall not feel the want of other ties." al times, during the evening previous to eparture from home as she packed up unk, and completed her various arrange-, while she thought of the uncongenial s upon which she was about to enter, suppressed with difficulty the rising sigh. hen she repeated to herself, "It is for lla, it is to please my father," the sacri-eemed light in proportion to the good to hieved, and every cause of dissatisfaction hed.

e morning had now arrived, the 2d of ary, as damp, chilly, and disagreeable as d of February possibly could be. It was kind of weather which is neither frosty

nor fresh. There had been snow c
ground, but it was now partly melted
the roads it had become a dirty brown, s
mixture, whilst on the higher grounds, i
retained some appearance of white, v
however, seemed to be spotted with
The atmosphere was thick, dull and
whilst at intervals, the brooding, impene
clouds descended in showers of sleet.
was a biting east wind, which seemed to
into the very heart, and to carry with it th
wretchedness, the cheerless discomfort
reigned all around. It was exactly the s
day which makes us long to close the sh
and forget that there is any world bu
around the cheerful blaze of the hom
side.

At such a season, less than at any
are we inclined to quit the comforts, an
dear familiar objects of the family circle
abroad into the world, and mingle with
gers. The carriage was at the door, an
affectionate farewells, the cousins were s
the order to drive on was given, and in
minutes they passed the gates of Linnwoo
were splashing along the high-road to
burgh. Both felt an unusual depressi

its. Sarah, however, was resolved to com-
her uncomfortable feelings; therefore, draw-
her cloak and her boa closely round her, she
leavoured to think only of what was agreea-
, and for her own amusement tried to
ture to herself Mrs. Richardson, whom she
l never seen. She made several attempts
o to engage her cousin in conversation, but
ding them fruitless, she abandoned the
erprise for the present. Isabella's thoughts,
anwhile, were sadly busied about the
mory of the past. On the future she
rst not cast even one glance.

It was now ten months since she had come
Linnwood; but so many things had hap-
ned, so much of joy and sorrow had occurred
mark the time, that it had appeared more
e ten years. It seemed, as if within that short
riod, had been comprised her whole life, all
life that she could now recall. Her previous
istence seemed like one short, calm day,
easant and peaceful, but unmarked by any
ry deep interest, and possessing no promi-
nt scene, no vivid image by which to hold
n the memory for ever. During the last
ear, on the contrary, not a week, scarcely a
ay had elapsed, without having engraven on

her mind indelible traces of happiness before untasted, misery before unimagined. As she leaned back in the carriage, surveying mechanically the different objects now looking all alike gloomy and deplorable, she could not avoid contrasting their present appearance with that which they had worn on the bright spring day upon which she had first travelled the same road. Then her heart was light as the sweet, sunny air, and her hopes bright as the season. Now—and she wept as she thought of the difference.

"Come, my dear Isabella," said Sarah, "you must not cry. We shall be very happy in Edinburgh, I do not doubt. We shall have many things to see and to admire. You have not yet seen Holyrood Palace, nor the regalia which was concealed so long, and discovered in so interesting a manner, nor the camera obscura on the Carlton Hill. I am sure, you must be delighted with that. It is the finest situation imaginable for a thing of the kind. Within the space of a few minutes, you can have a succession of the most beautiful moving pictures it is possible to conceive."

Isabella now dried her tears, and endea-

ed to second Sarah's attempts to be rful.

I should like to see a large camera ura," she said, "placed in an advan- ous situation. I have never seen but which belonged to my drawing-master, which was a very small one."

he camera obscura was a subject upon ch both the cousins were interested; h from her love of science, Isabella from love of art.

The camera obscura," continued Sarah, s of late become much more interesting e the inventions of Daguerre. It seems to nore than realize the magic of the East, to ble in a few seconds, by the mere agency he common light of day, to convert a blank le into a beautiful picture."

'It does, indeed," said Isabella. "I won- how it can be done."

Now Sarah happened to be acquainted h the process of preparing the materials for guerreotyping, and she was now happy be able to describe it to her cousin. also gave her an account of the calotype, obtained her promise to unite with , the following summer, in an attempt to

perpetuate images according to this met
Sarah was then led to explain the construc
of a camera obscura, and the resemblanc
bears on a large scale, to the minute me
nism of the human eye. Isabella appe
interested, and Sarah perceived that she had
read in vain, "knowledge is power"—pow
do good when rightly used. The best in
tions without knowledge—the medium thr
which they can often alone be exercised
frequently rendered nugatory. Sarah perce
with delight that they had now travelled
miles without Isabella's having once heav
sigh—a most auspicious omen!

"Do you know, Isabella," said her co
"I never felt in the slightest degree inter
in the art of painting till I became acquai
with the Daguerreotype."

"I am not surprised to hear you say
said Isabella. "I am almost afraid to tell
Sarah, that when I first heard of
wonders of the Daguerreotype, I felt the
sort of regret, which I still cannot
experiencing, when I hear of some
secluded spot being invaded by a railway.
things are now so possible to the
common-place, that there seems to b

higher region for genius to dwell. Science has dispelled all those beautiful illusions which it was formerly her province to create rather than to destroy. This is the age of utility, rather than of beauty. Its spirit is rather powerfully practical, than poetically sublime."

"Do you find nothing sublime," replied Sarah, "in the mighty efforts man has been enabled to make in that power, which, by force of the mind God has given him, he has acquired over the winds and waters, and all the powers of nature, so that they are compelled to obey his sovereign will? Can you imagine a more magnificent field for the contemplation of genius where all that is great and interesting is no illusion? To me, this seems a wonderful age!"

"It is a wonderful age," said Isabella; and for some minutes she became absorbed in thought. Her mind, forgetting for the time its own peculiar griefs, became lost in the contemplation of the great whole, in the wonderful advance the world had made in knowledge and happiness, and in the great schemes which were still in progress. A deep sense of her own insignificance took possession of

her feelings. "My happiness," she thou
"is of no consequence. The great, the g
projects for the well-being of society wil
on the same whether I rejoice or w
Wherefore then do I complain? What a
or what are my griefs? And yet to me t
are everything. They blot all that m
otherwise be so full of bliss. Peace!
weary, aching heart. Oh, that you could
peace, even in the grave; for here, all se
to you still darker and sadder!"

Isabella's tears were again beginning
flow, when Sarah, who now caught a glim
of Edinburgh, pointed it out to her not
and contrived to engage her in conversa
till the carriage stopped at Mr. Richards
door in Queen Street. Here, they were n
kindly welcomed, and much comforted by
sight of a comfortable drawing-room,
blazing fire, and above all, a friendly, hos
ble hostess.

CHAPTER X.

ıe is a great deal of good society in the and beautiful city of Edinburgh. There general much intelligence and good ion among the upper classes of the tants, and but little of that vulgarising which is, at the first glance, the almost a concomitant of mercantile wealth, till realth has, in its turn, operated with its ally refining influence upon the minds of r generation. Edinburgh society is, of e, composed of several circles which ı each other like links in a chain. The ɔnable circle, of course, places itself at the f the tree. There is also a literary circle, ining many individuals who are not only onour to their country, but to human e. Then, there is the so called religious , the members of which are but too apt rogate to themselves, as a party, the sole ssions of that heavenly gift which is of

no party, but is free to all as the light of G
own sun. Many amiable and estimable i
viduals are, however, to be found within
limits of the religious circle.

To none of those, however, did Mr.
Mrs. Richardson belong; and yet they w
members of a very good circle notwi
standing. Mr. Richardson was a man
sense and education, respectably connect
and in excellent business. His wife
a quiet, unassuming woman, without mu
imagination or expansion of ideas; b
possessing a plain practical understandi
in the common affairs of life; with gr
kindness of feeling, and a talent for maki
her house, and all that it contained orde
and comfortable, and her guests perfect
at home. Everything within the sphe
of her influence looked cheerful; and the
were few houses more agreeable to visit tha
Mrs. Richardson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, though fond o
society, could not be called gay peopl
During the winter they seldom gave more tha
three or four ceremonious dinner parties; bu
they had frequently a few intimate friends t
partake of "family fare." Their guests gen

nsisted of professional men and their sober and rational people like them-

The gentlemen discussed law cases, rgh affairs, or occasionally politics; ved old recollections of the days when ere high school boys, students at , or lads in the office; relating also eats at Golf, or discussing their last at whist. The ladies meanwhile talked : servants, their children, the exhibition ıtings, the concerts of the Musical ıtion, the merits of Dr. Such a one's rmon, and the comparative excellence he different ministers of all the diffe- ıurches in town, and whatever else happen to be the prevailing topic of y, whether the General Assembly of ırk, the Celtic ball, Thalberg, or the s last excursion. The conversation so sometimes more general and more ing. The evenings frequently con- with a rubber at whist, or if there ɔung people present, with a quadrille ısic.

Richardson had been a school-com- of Mrs. Manners in England, whither l been sent to complete her course

of school education. Though far inferio
that lady in intellectual endowments,
resembled her in the qualities of the he
and except Mrs. William Lorraine,
always been her most intimate friend.
many years they had maintained a cons
correspondence and a frequent intercha
of kindness. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson w
very fond of young people; but unfortuna
they had no children of their own. They
both been much charmed with Isabella L
raine during her visit of the preceding spr
Her lively good temper, readiness to
pleased, and unaffected admiration of t
native city, had quite won their hearts. T
anticipated much pleasure from her pre
visit, and for her amusement and that
her cousin, had made various arrangeme
for a life of greater gaiety than they w
in the habit of leading. Mrs. Richard
had heard of Isabella's engagement, and
of its having been broken off. She regret
the circumstance, as "such affairs are alw
disadvantageous to young women," but kn
ing nothing of the particulars, and being p
fectly aware that such things occur frequen
without producing any very terrible res

; was quite unprepared for the ravages ef had made in her young visitor. In the rious countenance and wasted form of the ung lady, whom she now welcomed to r hospitable mansion, she could with diffi- lty recognize the sprightly girl who had itted it ten months before. Mr. Richardson s also much concerned to note the change his guest's appearance.

"Poor thing!" he said, "I am afraid she love-sick. We must do our best to cure r. Such girlish fancies do not usually last ng."

"The shorter time the better," rejoined is wife. "From something her cousin let ll, I suspect the young man has not used r well. I am sure, I heartily wish he may e jilted himself before long, or that he may e married to a woman who will torment him very day of his life."

"With all my heart, my dear," said Mr. Richardson; "and I hope Miss Isabella may e well married soon."

"My dear, there is no fear of that here. The change will soon do her good, and she is so pretty and agreeable, and has a little money, so that there is no fear of her

having plenty of admirers, who will s
make her forget the one she has lost. Ind
I know of one who is exactly—"

"Stop—stop, my dear!" interrupted
husband; "I would not advise you to f
any matrimonial scheme. If you do,
to one you will get yourself into s
scrape."

"You need not be alarmed. I cons
such a thing very improper. But there
be no harm in thinking, or in saying to
what I should like; or in asking agree
people to the house."

"You had better, I think," said
Richardson, "consult Miss Lorraine.
appears to be a very sensible girl and
much attached to her cousin."

"She is a very superior girl. At first
thinks her plain, and her manner not
attractive. But the first impression s
wears off, and in reality she is very ob
ing."

"A modest, unassuming, well-educ
girl, indeed, she appears," responded
Richardson.

"Her devotion to her cousin is q
beautiful," added his wife.

y Sarah's advice, Isabella was not urged o to balls or parties in the evening, but ly occupied during the forenoon in seeing t that is worthy of admiration in the esting city of Edinburgh and its romantic rons. She also made great efforts on own part to divest herself of the melan- y which her kind friends appeared so ous to remove. Her endeavours were entirely unsuccessful. She became less it, less absorbed by her own feelings, and e easily interested in what was passing nd her. The cousins had now been a ight in Edinburgh, and began to talk turning home. This, however, Mr. and . Richardson positively declared they ld not hear of for another week at least, before they were permitted to go they must nise to return at no very distant period. h readily gave the desired promise. She been very happy in Edinburgh; and gh Mrs. Richardson rarely opened a k, she liked her very much. The evening r the arrangement had been made for the ongation of their visit, the cousins accom- ed their hostess to a small dancing party n by a friend of hers.

The belle of the evening was a Miss rymple, who was generally considered, season, the belle of Edinburgh. She w tall, slender girl, with a blonde comple a delicate roseate colour, large light blue and a quantity of long flaxen hair fallir soft ringlets on a neck of the purest w Her features were small and regular, but enlivened by much variety of expres She had an air of unusual self-satisfac and seemed to think that everything she and did could not fail to be charming. was surrounded the whole evening by a of gentlemen, with whom she laughed talked incessantly. Neither Sarah nor bella were much inclined to admire though they could not but acknowledge in her own style, she was remarkably pret

Miss Dalrymple was the daughter of a whose father, having made a fortune, purchased an estate in one of the soutl counties, which he did not long live to en Miss Dalrymple was not, however, an heir for her father had a very large famil great number of daughters, of whom was the eldest. By dint of intimacies country neighbours, and her own be

ccomplishments, Miss Dalrymple was
ed into the most fashionable society,
few of her own connexions having
:d so elevated a sphere, she visited,
as admired in most of the circles in

Sometimes, of course, when in the
ıny of her fashionable friends at any
of public resort, it was convenient to
ittle blind; but then as she said herself
charming indifference, she was "really
ırt sighted."

Mrs. Wilson tells me," said Mrs.
rdson, "that Miss Dalrymple is going
ake a great marriage. She had for-
ı the name of the young man, but he
ot a large property, and is very hand-

It must be a great matter for Bobby
mple, with such a large family, to get
dest daughter so well established."

. Richardson acquiesced in his wife's
ning. The young ladies did not feel
interested by this piece of intelligence.
e following morning, Mrs. Richardson
Isabella out to walk, whilst Sarah staid
me to write letters. Isabella did not
very well, and her spirits were com-
y exhausted by the exertions of the

previous evening. She had scarcely c her eyes all night, and her mind had perpetually harassed by bitter and fru recollections of the past, perplexing agonizing anticipations of the future. made no objection to her hostess's pro of going out, but silently prepared to ac pany her.

In George Street they met Miss Dalryr who, being unaccompanied by any of great friends, honoured them with a bow a smile. They then took a long walk b Portobello Road, whither Isabella had no been. As they were passing along Prii Street, on their return, Isabella was star almost into uttering an exclamation on mee unexpectedly, face to face, her father. however, showed no sign of recognition; with perfect command of countenance st at her as if she had been a complete stra Mrs. Richardson proposed going into Royal Institution for a few minutes to another view of the exhibition of painti Isabella would infinitely have preferred ceeding straight home, but as her compa appeared to wish to go to the exhibition, made no opposition, but mechanically acc

d her. There, seated on a bench, her wandered over the paintings opposite to without, however, seeing one of them.

"There is Miss Dalrymple again," said Richardson, touching her arm to arouse from the reverie into which she had n, "that is the gentleman with her to m they say she is to be married."

abella looked as she was desired. Miss ymple stood at some distance in front of leaning on the arm of a gentleman with m she appeared to be looking at a ire. The conversation, on both sides, ared unusually animated. Isabella felt heart beat violently. She could not draw her eyes from this couple. They at too great a distance for her to be , amid the buzz of the apartment, to dis- uish the sound of their voices. Miss ymple once looked round, but catching eye, hastily turned her head again with- making any acknowledgment.

t another time, Isabella might have been ined to smile at her short-sightedness, she was too much occupied by her own ngs to smile at anything on earth. Sud- ly, Miss Dalrymple and her companion

both turned, and Isabella's eyes unexpectedly encountered those of—Melville! He was speaking, and his countenance was animated, but he instantly became grave. It was the first time they had met since that terrible evening, the memory of which could never be erased from the mind of either. Isabella was dreadfully agitated. She trembled violently. All appearance of emotion passed almost instantly from the countenance of Melville, and the little he did exhibit, might have been caused merely by the surprise natural to one who finds himself suddenly in the presence of a person whom he does not expect to see. He bowed gravely and politely, with the cold, formal deference, with which he might have acknowledged a stranger whom he had once met. The expression of his eyes—those eyes which once had only met hers with glances of joyous affection, of unclouded confidence and hope—was now stern, cold, and unmoved.

Isabella was quite unable to return his salutation. Her senses appeared about to forsake her. And when he, whom she still loved better than life, to whom she had once seemed to be equally dear, now turned from

er coldly, and severely, to address his beauful companion in a gay familiar tone, she lt a violent spasm at her heart—a sensation f unutterable wretchedness. All around er grew indistinct, the darkness and coldess of death appeared to embrace her, and rasping Mrs. Richardson by the arm, for he first time in her life, she fainted.

Mrs. Richardson was excessively alarmed ut she did not lose her presence of mind, nd, assisted by some of the spectators, laid er unfortunate young friend on one of the benches.

A considerable sensation was, of course, created among the bystanders. Melville, who was always humane, hastened to offer ny assistance in his power—to run for a doctor, or a carriage. He received a great hock, when a glance showed him who it was that had fainted. As he gazed on the still marble countenance of his once dear Isabella, which was rendered still more death-like by the contrast of her long black hair, and dark eyelashes, he felt all his love return; and, orgetting Miss Dalrymple and all else in ie world, but her only, he pressed forward,

and in a voice of deep emotion, ad
Mrs. Richardson:

"Good Heaven! What is to be done?
shall I do?"

Mrs. Richardson was surprised
anxiety expressed by his words and m
but she had no time just then to bestow
him more than a passing thought.
however, that his concern was ma
sincere, and unconsciously influenced
prepossessing appearance, she hu
requested him to procure her a vinai
or a bottle of volatile salts. A doze
instantly produced. Melville, without
ing, seized a vinaigrette which Mis
rymple had produced from her ba
presented it to Mrs. Richardson. H
kneeled beside Isabella, and assiste
friend to untie her bonnet, and loos
boa.

Miss Dalrymple surprised, and no
ticularly pleased to be so entirely for
at a time when she had meditated a
of sensibility, stood looking on with a p
expression, and wondering what Mr. M
could mean, as there were plenty of
people to attend to the girl, who coul

ssibly be any friend of his as she was iting "only the Richardsons."

It has occupied some time to relate this ene, but it all passed in the space of about o minutes. Isabella began to revive. She closed her eyes. The first objects they countered were those of Melville anxiously eted upon her, not with the proud, stern nce which she had last seen them wear, t with the soft, fond expression of former ys.

"Where am I?" she inquired, in a feeble ne, "am I dreaming?" Melville hastily ew back, asking Mrs. Richardson if he ould order a coach, to which, with many anks and apologies, she replied in the irmative. He then disappeared.

"You are better, my dear," said Mrs. ichardson. "Do you think you are able to home?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "I am quite well ow. I know what has happened—I have inted. I remember everything now."

An acquaintance of Mrs. Richardson's now pproached to say, that a gentleman had equested him to let them know that there was a coach in waiting.

"Where is the gentleman?" said Mrs.

Richardson, "I should like to see him, that I might thank him."

Isabella was now restored. An idea entered her mind, but she rejected it instantly.

"Impossible," she said to herself; "how could I imagine such a thing even for a single instant?"

Melville, meanwhile, had disappeared, not more to the astonishment of Mrs. Richardson, than to that of Miss Dalrymple, who, finding herself thus unaccountably deserted, was under the necessity of having recourse to the other members of her party who were in an inner apartment of the Institution. She was farther surprised in the evening, on going to the assembly, where she had expected to meet Mr. Melville, to find that he was not there to apologise for his extraordinary conduct. In vain did she watch the door during the greater part of the evening. He never came.

As Mrs. Richardson and her young friend drove home, the former reproached herself bitterly with having allowed the latter to fatigue herself so much.

"My dear," she added, "you ought to have said that you were tired. But I will not blame you at present, particularly as I think I am more to blame myself."

"I do nothing but give you trouble," said Isabella.

"You must not say so, my love," replied her kind friend. "We are now at home, and you must lie down in bed till dinner time, at least, and I will send your own kind cousin to you."

Sarah followed her cousin to her apartment almost immediately. From what she had heard from Mrs. Richardson, she suspected there was something more the matter with Isabella than mere fatigue. Her manner was anxious, and her voice full of sympathy. Isabella threw herself into her arms and burst into tears.

"Oh, Sarah!" she exclaimed, "I have seen him; he looked at me so cruelly—how could he be so stern to me. Oh my heart will break!"

Sarah made no attempt at consolation, but silently and gently endeavoured to make her unhappy cousin lie down till she should be more composed. She felt inclined to mingle her tears with those of Isabella; but Sarah was one of those persons who, however strongly they may feel, are seldom seen to weep. She sat holding Isabella's hand till the pulsation became less rapid, till her bosom heaved less violently, and till her

respiration was no longer broken by sobs. Then bending over her, she kissed her tenderly and whispered,

"Be comforted, dear Isabella, I love you. I will do any thing for you."

Isabella returned the embrace, pressed her cousin's hand, and opening her eyes, said:

"When I was recovering, Sarah, I had a strange dream—a beautiful dream. What would I give to recall it? His eyes were so sweet and so kind; but it was short, so short, and then came the remembrance of the reality. How I should like to dream that dream again, if it were but for one happy moment!

From Isabella's own words, and from Mrs. Richardson's description of the young gentleman who had been so kind and attentive, Sarah had guessed pretty nearly at the true state of affairs. She suspected that Isabella's dream had been no dream, but she thought it better not to undeceive her. In about an hour, Isabella was able to go down stairs, and on the following day appeared to have completely regained her composure. The visit of the cousins was now drawing to a close. With sincere regret on both sides, and promises to return, they set out once more on the road to Linnwood.

CHAPTER XI.

B. Lorraine was much disappointed, on
niece's return, to find that her absence
not proved so beneficial to her as he had
d it would. He now began to think
he must trust to time and kindness alone.
he end he thought they must prevail.
ella had been at home about a week
n she received one morning the following
t.

I met you in Edinburgh, but there I durst accost you. Meet me this evening at the al place. W. L."

abella did not fail to keep the appoint-
t. Painful as an interview with her
er always was, it was now so long since
had spoken to him, that she began to
a strong desire, though not unaccompa-
d with dread, of seeing him again. Cap-
Lorraine was not in the strongly excited
e in which she had last seen him; but
ned to be labouring under a fit of despon-

dency. He told her that the money she had given him was now all gone, but that he did not come to ask for more; but to bid her farewell, and to thank her for all her unavailing goodness of which he professed himself unworthy in the smallest degree. Isabella was touched by the gentleness of his manner.

"But why farewell!" she said, "you do not intend to leave the country? We shall meet again ere long?"

"I do intend to leave the country, Isabella, never to return. Would I had never come, but I believe the devil urged me."

"And whither are you going?"

"Whither am I going? What signifies it where I go. I go to die in some foreign land—I go to languish out the small remainder of my guilty life in the sorrow and poverty, and remorse which I have deserved. Isabella!" he said, in a low desponding tone, but one which carried conviction to the mind of the anxious listener. "I have done for ever with vice. Pray for me, for I durst not pray for myself. You are an angel and your prayers may be heard, even when they are offered for such a criminal as I am. Think of

me sometimes, as one thinks of the dead—ith kindness. Forgive me, and try to think hat my heart is not altogether so depraved s my actions have made it appear. Fare-ell."

"Stay—stay," exclaimed his daughter. "You must not leave me till you tell me what you mean to do."

"I mean," said her father, "to go abroad, there to withdraw into a convent out of the reach of the world's temptations, that I may wear out the remains of my wretched exis-tence in fasting and penance."

"Oh, my dear father!" said Isabella, "it is not thus that your spirit may be reconciled to the God who gave it. One sigh of sorrow, one tear of repentance, is more precious in the eye of our Heavenly Father than all the penances that have ever been invented or inflicted by man. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, oh Lord, thou wilt not despise! I did not know that you belonged to the Romish Church."

"Nor do I. I belong to no church. Reli-gion, you may well believe, has never been my study. My health is broken down, my

constitution ruined by my own ex
Time presses, and I cannot now ente
polemics. That religion which affo
most room for gloom and severity see
best suited to such a transgressor as
There is no other which offers an o
nity to forsake the world irrevocably.
not trust myself to remain in it. I
that I cannot resist temptation. The
of sin is strong within me. Remors
urges me to despair. Evil habits
me, and evil companions surround
could not bear the scorn of the cold,
righteous man. The contempt of the
once loved me would drive me t
ness."

"Pray to God, dearest father, and
sake of his Son, who died for all men,
greatest sinner. He will give you h
Spirit, which is able to overcome the
world, and all the powers of the devil."

"What then would you have me
said the unhappy man in a tone of
tience, almost of bitterness. "Here,
you I cannot, dare not, I will not
Would you send me into exile alone,
rejected by all men, to be despised, l

at, and forced again into that course which I have now resolved to quit, that I may die in solitude and despair, without one consolation to alleviate the horrors of such a period? No, Isabella; ask me not to live alone in the world."

"Not alone, father. I did not mean alone. I will go with you, dear father. Together we will live far from the haunts of men. You have been in America—in that new world—beyond the wide Atlantic. Let us go there, to the far west, far from the noise of cities—far from the contact of their criminal allurements."

"Angel!" exclaimed her father, "I am unworthy of you. No, no, Isabella, you have sacrificed enough for me already. I demand—I will accept nothing more. Oh no, my child! for my sake you shall not abandon your native country—the life of civilization and refinement to which you have been habituated, that you may pine away among the deep solitudes of the wild prairies, and eternal solitudes of the distant west."

"Oh, father!" said Isabella, "believe me, when I say it is no sacrifice on my part.

Here—life has for me no object. I dc
speak it to reproach you; but I drag
miserable existence, without aim, and wit
hope. The state of my mind, from
vacuity of interest, is terrible to me. E
thing around me serves only to remin
of those joys which are fled for ever.
very kindness I meet with oppresses
Take me with you, and I shall be less
happy. I shall have a part to perf
duties to wile away the tedious hour
will devote myself to you; and for my
at first, perhaps, you will be won to trea
right path from a higher obligation. T
shall I not have lived in vain. I shall
been, perhaps, the means of leading
a wanderer from the fold of the good s
herd. Then shall my troubled soul
occupation and hope. In peace shall
able to lay down my head, bless God,
die. My mother will welcome us toge
to the kingdom of the blessed. Oh, fa
deny me not!"

Isabella, as she finished speaking, k
to enforce her request. A ray of light thr
the leafless trees fell upon her pale cou
nance, which was lighted up by a sor

ıful enthusiasm. The expression of her was sad, earnest, and beseeching. The of the worldly, sinful man, was touched; lt all the beauty of holiness. The veil h had hitherto, in a great measure, con- d from his eyes the hideous deformity ce now fell from before him. He burst tears.

Surely," he said, "if the lost spirit is to eclaimed, it must be through your means. :, kneel not to a wretch like me, who :rves rather your curses than your bless- ;. You have vanquished me, Isabella. ı have given me a ray of comfort—a ım of hope, which for years has not :e dawned upon my benighted soul. I re rushed blindly on to madness, because lurst look neither behind nor before. All s alike—darkness and despair! I speak :oherently, Isabella. I scarcely know what ıay. Like a good angel, you come to speak peace, and to whisper that, even for such I am, there is hope. Command me, and obey you—and yet stay—stay! You know ıt what you ask. You know not what you ıuld have me do; nor do you understand e kind of life upon which your generous

devotion urges you to enter. A gentle young woman, delicately nurtured, accustomed to the love of numerous friends, the tender cares of an amiable family, is not formed to sustain the toils of a long and painful journey—the privations of a settler's home—the want of every comfort of civilized society. Isabella, you have not strength to support such trials. Even your courage would sink; and before my eyes, I should see you expire, remote from all aid—another victim to me!"

"Do not say so," replied Isabella, with firmness. "Father, I do not fear. God will support me. He is on the stormy sea, and in the uninhabited forest, as well as among the homes of our country. My intentions are pure—my determination is firm to pursue them. If I should die, it will be God's will; and I shall die happy, because I shall die doing my duty. Neither do I think the life we shall lead will be so totally destitute of comfort and pleasure. Exclusive of the money I have given my uncle, and the small sum I have settled for life upon a poor old woman, I still possess two thousand pounds. That sum, in America, is not such a

[t will purchase us many comforts. ll be able to create a little home in · West. You must try to cultivate le property, and I shall have my ›ld. You have told me that you once ›ooks, and poetry, and beauty—those able gifts which God has bestowed is children. I too, loved them once, ; shall both learn to love them again. our day-toils are over, we shall wander hose wonderful woods which never have trodden by mortal, or by the green w banks of those beautiful rivers which our new home. We shall find many ires and interests. We shall endeavour ve God, and we shall not be unhappy." Ve should not be unhappy!" echoed her . "If this could be, Isabella; but, I possess not those enthusiastic hopes ı can belong to youth and innocence ."

To believe in the possibility of executing great undertaking," replied Isabella, "is, ve heard, the first step towards accoming it. Let us determine to persevere;—s boldly resolve not to be turned aside ny difficulty;—let us abide by Him who

never forsakes those who put their tru
him, and then our success is certain.
father, to-night I am animated by new h
I am no longer the wretched, useless l
I have been for months. God has op
for me a sphere of action. He has give
a work to perform ; and I feel no longer
hopeless weariness which must result
a life of mental suffering, when we feel
suffering has been in vain—must be us
to the end."

"I would fain think," said Captain
raine, "that I might trust myself for
sake. I will consider what you have
saying to me for two or three days b
I make up my mind. Meet me here or
third day from this, at the same hour,
then I shall be able to tell you what I t
of your project. At all events, believe
I am not ungrateful."

"You will think well of it, I trust," s
Isabella. "The longer I think of it,
more I become satisfied that it is the best
can adopt."

Captain Lorraine remained for a few minu
in deep thought.

"But your friends here, Isabella?" he s

it. "My brother has already suffered
h upon my account. Your flight, the
tainty in which he would be concerning
fate, would, I know, weigh heavily upon
nselfish heart. He would be wretched.
no, through me, he must not be again
ted. He believes that I am dead, and
life has been happier since he be-
d this. Never shall he know that I yet
to curse his existence. This has been
years my fixed resolution; the only
resolution which I have had strength
eep. Isabella, you cannot urge me to
s it."

I have thought of this," replied his
hter, "and it pains me deeply to think
now. It does not, however, alter my
s. The grief will be temporary—the good,
st, lasting. My uncle shall hear of both of
of our well-doing; and he will acknow-
: that all has been for the best. When
re far, far away, beyond the reach of our
y, beyond the power of grieving them by
presence, I will write and explain all.
will not object then, when you are
nd the reach of scorn and contempt, and

when, instead of giving pain, it will
pleasure. Then too, perhaps, I may be
mitted to vindicate my conduct to the pe
whom on earth I have most loved, and
injured. Dear father! this hope is my
He, I know, loves me no longer, nor
wish that he should. But he will not
hate and despise me. He will think o
kindly. Lost to him for ever, the me
of me may be to him, perhaps, filled with
mournful sweetness with which we thi
those departed spirits who have loved us,
whom we have loved. He will then
that I did not deceive him, when I told
that I loved. Dear father! do not de
me of this blessed hope."

Tears stood in Isabella's eyes, and
clasped her hands firmly, in the ener
the moment.

"Poor child!" said her father,
moved, "I have used you cruelly, and
return good for evil. Would to Heav
were possible—but no—no, in vain
I make the sacrifice—they would despise
His mother would rather see him i
grave than wedded to the daughter of
a father. It cannot be."

"No," repeated Isabella, "it cannot be. ink of it no longer. But let us think of t may be. With that I shall be contented. hree days we meet again. Oh! let us not y the execution of our plan till it is too . My dear father, it is still in your er to make me happy."

hey separated.

n her return to the house, Isabella was rised to find Miss Hunter in the drawing-. That lady's manner towards her was more ungracious than usual. She scarcely ied to acknowledge her salutation, and away without bidding her good night. lla was, however, so much occupied her own thoughts, that she scarcely rked Miss Susy's extraordinary conduct. ras nearly dark when Miss Susy left wood, nevertheless she determined to inue her walk as far as Highwood Park. could not be happy till she had commu-ed to Mrs. Mackain a discovery which had just made. With much virtuous nation, and many encomiums upon her clear-sightedness, she related, to her r Lucy," a scene which she had witnessed r way to Linnwood. After premising that

she had not called at Linnwood for
time, and that as she never had any l
to make distant calls in the forenoon
had taken advantage of the fine afternoc
the walk; she told how she had gone t
wood to make a short cut, and that the
a particular spot which she named, she
with her own eyes, seen Isabella Lo
kneeling before a strange gentleman.

Mrs. Mackain was quite as much astor
and shocked as Miss Hunter expected h
be. She repeated again and again,
though she had never thought mu
Isabella Lorraine, she had never ima
her to be so thoroughly unprincipled a
cumstances now made her appear. She
quite understood the cause of her diffe
with Rollo Melville, and thought the
well rid of her. Miss Hunter wondered
Mr. Lorraine could be so blind to his n
misconduct, and thought that he really c
to be made aware of it, as it was a disgra
the family to have such a creature in
house. When Miss Hunter's intelligenc
communicated to Mr. Mackain, he laug
and said that he did not doubt it in the l
and that quiet girls like Isabella Lor

not to be trusted any more than those were not so prudish.

can never ask her to my house again," Miss Hunter, "it's a duty I owe to my character, and the respectability of my ls. I mean to give a party in a week or and shall ask all the Lorraines except lla; and I will just tell her uncle the n. It will be very disagreeable to me, think it my duty, and I am not a person rink from my duty. I am thankful she ot marry Rollo Melville; such a relation l have been a disgrace to our family. I rs thought that girl no better than she d be. Margaret Melville thought dif- tly; but she was always head-strong and pinionated, and a fine result has always brought about by her obstinacy."

Everybody," observed Mrs. Mackain, not so much sense as some people ."

But they ought to take advice, my dear."

Ah, very true! and be glad to get it; for part, I count it a privilege. I am sure, lear Miss Hunter, I do not know what I ld do without your advice."

You are very welcome, I am sure, my

dear, it's a pleasure to be of use to people that are grateful; but I am sorry to say gratitude is what I seldom meet with. My life, as Mrs. Black says, is quite a sacrifice to other people's good; but I don't mind it as long as I am of use, though it's very pleasant and gratifying to have found a friend like you, my own relation too, and one that I look upon as my own child."

Mrs. Mackain was so overwhelmed by the latter part of Miss Hunter's speech, which she regarded in the meaning it conveyed,—as being almost equivalent to being declared that lady's heir, that she could not find words to express her gratitude.

The friends parted, mutually delighted with each other, and with the discovery they had made. As might have been expected, many days had not elapsed before Miss Hunter's story, with many variations and additions, was whispered abroad among all the coteries of Kirkholm. Miss Hunter's servant, Eppie, was on the watch for intelligence. A cousin of hers was laundry-maid at Linnwood, and this woman acknowledged that she had frequently seen Isabella leave the house about nightfall, and that the gardener had once, two

r three months ago, seen Miss Isabella in close onversation with a man in the woods. This nan was reported to be tall and handsome, nd it was even said, that Isabella was privately narried to him.

"She should be, at any rate," observed Miss Susy drily.

Mrs. Heriot, to whom, with much circumlocution, Mrs. Mackain communicated "the sad gossip of Kirkholm" declared, that she feared the report might not be altogether without foundation. She did remember that the infatuated girl had at one time conceived an extraordinary affection for a person whose appearance answered exactly to the description of that which had been given of the man who had been seen in the wood.

"Poor Melville," said Rose, "has not, perhaps, after all been so much to be blamed as my partial feelings towards my cousin led me at first to believe. I suppose, when Melville proposed to her, she thought it was too good an offer to refuse, and accepted him in the hope of being able to cast off her other admirer; which as it turns out she has not been able to do. Melville must have made some discovery, and being a young man of

spirit, he has broken off the whole affair, and, indeed, one cannot blame him, I am very sorry for papa, he has always been much attached to Isabella, almost foolishly blind to her defects; and this I know will be a terrible shock to his feelings: though it is horrid to think of such duplicity going unpunished, I do hope he may never be undeceived."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Mackain, "that is impossible, *tout-à-fait impossible;* nor do I think it is to be desired. On account of my friendship for you, I, of course, shall continue to notice her; but I know many who will not. Miss Hunter, our relation and *bonne amie*, declares she will not, and though there is no occasion for being so very particular, still I cannot blame her. Our good Miss Susy has such rigid ideas of propriety, and she is so very correct herself, that she has quite a right to be strict. She means to make *Monsieur, votre père*, acquainted with her reasons."

"Ah, it is a sad business!" said Rose with a deep sigh.

In the whole neighbourhood there were only two individuals sufficiently charitable to disbelieve the reports which were everywhere

circulated to the prejudice of Isabella Lorraine. Those two were Miss Bell and Miss Heriot. Miss Bell everywhere indignantly exclaimed against the malice of propagating scandalous stories of a person whose sentiments and conduct had hitherto been irreproachable, supported as those stories were, only by the evidence and conjectures of servants. Miss Heriot did not express her indignation so oudly as Miss Bell, but her sorrow was erhaps deeper. She longed and yet dreaded o have a conversation with Isabella; some ainful mystery, it was clear, shrouded her fe and her happiness; but that it could roceed from the cause assigned by popular elief, Miss Heriot could not for a moment edit. She was too sincerely convinced of e rectitude of her young friend's principles, d the purity of her heart.

CHAPTER XII.

ISABELLA and her father met again. Captain Lorraine had, he said, taken his daughter's plan into consideration, and now came for the purpose of making known to her his consent, provided she should be herself still of the same mind. Isabella declared her wishes to be unchanged. The longer she had thought of the project, she said, the more full of hope it had appeared. She thought the sooner they could arrange to quit the country the better.

"A vessel," Captain Lorraine replied, "leaves Liverpool for New York in the middle of March, that is to say, within a fortnight. Can you be ready then, Isabella?"

"Yes," she replied; "but we must make arrangements for my flight from Linnwood, and for the concealment of my route."

"That is easily accomplished. It is only ten miles from here to the nearest railway

station. Fix upon an afternoon, and go out, as if for the purpose of taking a walk. I shall meet you with a post-chaise at Staines Moor. Before the family have remarked your absence, we shall be in the train on the road to Glasgow and Greenock. At Greenock we shall immediately step on board the Liverpool steamer, and almost before your friends become seriously alarmed, we shall be at sea and far beyond their pursuit, or the possibility of their discovering where we have gone. But I shall see you once again before then, and you must give me money to pay our passage, and to purchase clothes and other necessaries. Your possessions here must be left behind."

"My dear uncle and aunt, and my dear cousin Sarah!" cried Isabella in the pain of that moment which decided that she was to quit them for ever. "Oh, what will they think of me to leave them thus ungratefully? What misery am I bringing upon them for my sake! What a return am I making them for all their goodness?"

"Remain with them then, Isabella," said her father sorrowfully but kindly. "They have greater claims upon you than I have.

God knows, I should never have thought o taking you from them, had you not s earnestly entreated me. The moment of en thusiasm I see is past. I can bear my fa alone. You shall not reproach me with bein made a partaker of it. May God rewa you for all the goodness you have alread shown me!"

"Father," replied Isabella, "you mistal me. My resolution remains unshaken. was but a moment of regret. They wi suffer now; but in the end they will l happier. Living as I do at present, I ca be to them only a source of perpetual di comfort. To myself, I am only a burde Any life would be preferable to the life now lead. Dear father! I am determined t go with you. Do not fear my weakness. trust you—you must trust me."

"I do trust you, most generous of wome I do believe that while you have anothe to think of, you will never think of you self."

"Then," said Isabella in a voice resolutel calm, "all is settled. Your arrangemen seems to me the best the circumstances wil admit of. Once again then we meet her

efore we leave Scotland for ever." The father
nd daughter then parted.

As Isabella returned to the house, she met
e laundry-maid. It was rather an unusual
ur for her to be so far from home. Isabella
osted her civilly, making some remarks
on the weather. The woman's manner was
first rather flurried; but it struck Isa-
lla that there was a want of respect in
r tone as she replied to her. Believing,
wever, that it must have been imaginary
accidental, she returned home and thought
more about the matter

It was now the 14th of March. Isabella
d had another interview with her father,
d all their arrangements were now con-
ded. She was to meet him the following
ening at Staines Moor. Now that the
ie was so near at hand, Isabella felt her
art overwhelmed with grief at the prospect
quitting, in so strange a manner, those
ends who had been so kind to her—that
me where she had known so much happi-
ss—that country, in which she had been
rn, and where she left behind all that her
art had loved most fondly. Many thoughts
d anxieties regarding the future weighed

upon her mind. If her father's resolution should fail him—if he should be again seduced what must become of him—of her? The bare idea of such a contingency was too horrible to be endured for an instant; and she strove by every means in her power to banish it from her imagination. It was in vain that she endeavoured to maintain an appearance of composure. Her manner was restless and agitated, and every moment she feared that it would betray her.

As she gazed on all the beloved objects by which she was surrounded, the comfortable family apartment, the bright blazing fire, the books, the work, all so eloquent of home comforts and domestic happiness; as she listened to the kind voices of her aunt and cousin, and reflected that it was for the last time, that never was she to behold them again on this side the grave, she felt her soul torn with anguish, and her weary head longed for the rest of the grave.

"Your tea is good, I hope, my love," said her aunt kindly.

Isabella felt that if she replied she must burst into tears.

"It is the new tea. I got it from Law's,

ght we had better try it to-night alone. If you like it, I will make t for Mr. Heriot and Rose when they ıs the day after to-morrow. A little ght perhaps be an improvement; but ıe people object to green. It is a ious thing; but old Mrs. Inglis's , Janet, at the Craigieburn Fort, was de quite ill by drinking green tea—they thought it was that—but after now it might not have been; for I turned out after that she had had m ketchup in something—stewed s it was stewed beef that they had r, which, in my opinion, was much ely to have disagreed with her. Mush-tchup and stewed mushrooms, when erly attended to, are very dangerous. not have a drop of ketchup in the ıat I had not seen made myself, and d the mushrooms carefully. I re-Rose and poor dear Helen once going gather mushrooms when they were , and they brought in such things. you see, girls, both of you, if you ne to have houses of your own, you y particular attention to the making ketchup—"

Here Mrs. Lorraine caught her niece's eyes, which were filled with tears.

"Bless me," she cried, "my dear Isabella, I beg pardon—I wonder how I could be so thoughtless; but just at the time—"

Sarah, who thought her mother's apologies ill calculated to improve matters, now asked for another cup of tea, and began to converse upon other subjects. Isabella was so much absorbed by her own emotions, and by the endeavour to conceal them that she did not remark in her uncle an unusual gravity and anxiety of deportment. Something appeared to be weighing heavily upon his spirits. He was silent and abstracted; and when he held the newspaper before him, it might have been remarked that his eyes were seldom fixed upon it. All this, however, passed unnoticed by Isabella, and it was not till they had separated for a short time that she remarked an unusual seriousness in his style of bidding her good night, which struck her as extraordinary, and filled her with a sort of apprehension.

"May God bless you," he said, "Isabella, and preserve you from all evil!"

His manner was kind, but she could not help imagining that there was mingled with it a shade of displeasure; and it pained her to

t she should part from him with this
n on her mind. Her aunt was as
te as usual, and quitted her with
advice, "to get into bed as quickly
e, and to try not to lie long awake."
ı was shutting the door of her room,
e heard Sarah's footstep in the

h," she called gently.
I am, Isabella. Do you want me?"
l night, dear Sarah."
night, dear Isabella," said Sarah, as
ed her cousin's apartment. "I bade
night before, but I am most happy
gain."
ah finished speaking, Isabella threw
round her neck, kissed her several
nd burst into tears. Sarah was
prised and a little alarmed.
dear Isabella, what is the matter
ı? Are you ill—has anything
?"
:st Sarah, how kind you are to me!
make no return for all your good-
y love can never be of service to you.
not ungrateful. My dear, excellent
ay God reward you and bless you!"

"He has rewarded me amply, and he does bless me," Sarah replied in a voice of deep earnestness. "He has rewarded me with the affection of my friends, and the approbation of my own conscience. I am happy. And you will be happy, too, my sweet cousin. In summer we shall all be as happy as we used to be."

"In summer!" repeated Isabella; and she wept as she thought how far, far apart they should be in summer.

Sarah was now in despair. She knew not how to account for her cousin's present agitation; and she looked at her without knowing what to say or how to act. Gradually, however, Isabella became calmer, and, at last, having dried her tears, she said in a voice of tolerable composure: "Bear with me Sarah, and forgive me. I am better now; let me not detain you longer—farewell," and having embraced once more, the cousins separated.

Isabella passed a sleepless night; in vain did she endeavour to obtain half an hour's repose to give her strength for the trials of the ensuing day. In vain did she sleep to banish from her mind the conflicting emotions of grief and anxiety, with which it was filled to

distraction. Her thoughts wandered about from one image of sorrow to another, and found no point whereon to rest. Weary of lying awake, and feeling as if the long dark night would never end, she rose and, wrapping her dressing-gown round her, she opened the shutters and seated herself at the window. It was a moonlight, showery night; but at that time, it was not raining. Most of the well-known objects were visible in the dim moonlight, though a dark shadow seemed to rest upon all. The night wind blew the rain drops from the trees and bushes, and the sound of ruhing waters came sadly on the ear of the lonely listener.

The moon was obscured by clouds, but the sky in many places was clear, and of a deep liquid blue. Suddenly, the wind blew the clouds over the face of the fair planet, and she shone out brightly, silvering the dewy woods, and beaming upon the white turrets of Glencola. Isabella gazed earnestly upon this latter object, which was unusually distinct in the dark transparency of the atmosphere. Her thoughts were with its possessor, and for a few brief moments, the painful present was merged in the happy past, when she had hoped to dwell

there honoured and beloved. It was with a throb of anguish that she recalled the dreadful reality of her present situation, and remembered how they were now estranged and parted for ever.

"I shall never see him again," she said, "but oh! may God bless him, and give him all the happiness he deserves," and poor Isabella clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven, as she invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the being who was most dear to her.

"Ah! little does he think," she continued, "that I am thinking of him as he sleeps, and gazing on the house where he dwells, in the silent hours of the night. Oh! when he knows that I am gone for ever, will he give me one sigh, or one pitying thought? Beloved Rollo! he is too good, I know, not to pity me." The long night passed away at last. Day dawned, a cloudy, windy, March day, with occasional showers of drifting rain. Isabella dressed herself early, and spent the time before breakfast in making some necessary arrangements, and in packing up, in a small reticule basket, her bible and prayer-book, her mother's miniature likeness, some

akes which had been given her by dear
ls, and a few valuable trinkets. She
burnt all her letters, except one or two.
ngst these was the note, the only note
iad ever received from Rollo Melville.
as the sole memento of his affection
h she still possessed. He had made her
y costly gifts, but she had restored
i all to him. Having reperused this
, she attached it to the case of her
ier's likeness, placing them within her
s for greater security.

ie Linnwood family were early in their
s, and accustomed to the strictest punc-
ty. Eight o'clock, even in the month
larch, was their regular breakfast hour.
unusual constraint seemed to pervade
whole party assembled round the break-
table. Mr. Lorraine, in particular, never
ied his lips, a very unusual circumstance
i him.

abella could not avoid remarking his
turnity. He appeared to be suffering
n some mental cause. She was surprised
alarmed, when having finished their
nt meal, he said to her gravely:

"Isabella, I must have a few minutes'

conversation with you in private. Come to me, in my room, as soon as possible."

"I can go with you now, if you like," she replied with a trembling voice.

"Come then," he said, "the sooner the better."

When they were alone together, Mr. Lorraine began:

"Isabella, I am going to give you pain. Believe me, it is not without doing violence to my own feelings, and that nothing but necessity—the necessity of doing you justice—would have induced me to tell you what I must now do."

What is coming? thought Isabella, sick with fear. After a short pause, her uncle continued:

"You have now lived here nearly a year, I have had many opportunities of observing your conduct in trying situations, and, to me, it has always appeared to have been marked with propriety and good sense. I love you. I have always regarded you as my own daughter."

"My dearest uncle, your goodness—" she could proceed no farther. Her uncle continued:

"It has been with deep grief that I have

remarked the depressed state of your spirits for some months. I do not understand the reason why your marriage was broken off; but I have always believed you innocent and injured—nay, I believe you so still."

"Thank you," cried Isabella, "indeed—indeed I am."

"I believe it, my poor girl, and, therefore, you may believe my concern and indignation at being made acquainted yesterday that reports were in circulation, were even currently credited, highly prejudicial to your character, quite at variance with the outward tenor of your behaviour. I see how I distress you, but I could not avoid it. It was absolutely necessary that you should be made acquainted with these scandalous imputations, in order that you might be able to clear yourself of them to the confusion of those malicious persons who have dared to propagate such infamous lies."

"Oh, may God help me!" cried Isabella, "for I know not what to do."

"God will always help the innocent; and you are innocent. Isabella, you must bear with me whilst I repeat what those wretches have dared to say—"

"Spare me," interrupted the unhapp
"it is of no use."

"It is of use," said her uncle, "tha
may have it in your power to assert, a
prove the falsehood of what has been
How such injurious tales have arisen, I c
imagine! None of the servants, I think
have been so mischievous. I sent for
them, however, this morning, and told
that if I ever heard of any of them car
tales abroad, whether true or false, conce
any of the members of this family, the p
whom I should discover so doing, I w
discharge upon the spot. I hear then
dear Isabella, that it is reported that
have been seen at nightfall, or even
dark, alone in the woods with an unk
person, with a man who is said to be
very doubtful character. Some have
declared that they have seen you themse
Miss Susy Hunter—that woman deserve
be horsewhipped—had even the audacit
hint that she had been eye-witness to s
thing which she could not bring herse
relate. I will not insult you, Isabella
far as to balance for a moment, in my
estimation, the worth of a gossip's w

st your well-known truth and purity. with others, the case is different. They not the same knowledge of your cha-r, nor the same interest in arriving at truth. A dignified silence is sometimes best way of repelling slander; but not he present instance. Your good name it this woman's mercy. You must go i me and hear what she has to say inst you. She will scarcely dare to ad-ce a falsehood before your face; and if does, you have it in your power to confute . She shall make you an apology for vile insinuations, and that, before a ness whom we shall take with us for the pose. My dear child, this is, I am well re, a grievous trial for you; but it cannot avoided. When a person's character is question, no delay is admissible. Every tant lost, augments the evil. Those who re been so malicious and cowardly as to erse the conduct of an innocent girl, shall t go unpunished. They shall find that ugh you are an orphan, you are not un-otected. Let us go then, my love, imme-iately. The sooner this vexatious business terminated, the better."

Isabella buried her face in her hands.

"I cannot," she said. "Oh! do not ask I cannot."

"You cannot, Isabella? This is weakn You must go."

"I cannot," she said again, "I tell yc cannot."

"You cannot go to Miss Hunter's?" s her uncle with a severity in his voice, wh she had never heard before when address her. "Why?"

Isabella was silent. Her uncle reitera his question, "Why?"

"Because—because it is impossible."

"Impossible! I do not know what y mean by impossible. My dear, I am w aware that to a young woman possessed delicacy of mind, the whole affair must humiliating and distressing in the highest d gree. But cowardice ought not to be the conco mitant of innocence. Take that courage whicl the consciousness of right ought to inspire, and speak fearlessly in your own defence."

Again she answered, but more faintly than before: "I cannot."

Mr. Lorraine was alarmed. He looked earnestly at his niece, as if he would read her real meaning. She hastily averted her countenance.

"Look at me, Isabella," said her uncle, with mingled seriousness and kindness, "and answer me directly. Let me understand you. You do not, I trust, mean that you cannot say anything in your own defence—that you have no answer to make to the aspersions which have been cast upon you."

Isabella made a desperate effort. She raised her head, and as she spoke, her face became alternately pale as marble, and suffused with the deepest scarlet.

"My dearest uncle," she said, "your goodness to me now and always, touches my heart most deeply. Your kindness to me I can never repay. Would to Heaven that I were permitted to show you how sensible I am of it. I take God to witness that I am innocent; but of my conduct I can give no explanation. It grieves me to hear of such reports; but I have nothing to urge in my own defence. I must suffer and be silent."

Mr. Lorraine was so much overcome that it was some seconds before he could reply. His tone seemed to denote at once displeasure and deep dejection.

"This then, Isabella, is all the answer I am to expect? Am I unworthy of your confidence?"

"Unworthy! Oh, my dear uncle! If I alone were concerned—" She stopped short.

"You are not alone concerned then," said her uncle. "Had I heard what I now hear from any lips but your own, Isabella, I would not have believed it. You are now of age, and as your guardian, I have perhaps no right to inquire what you have done with above two thirds of your fortune; but you, as an inmate of my house, and a member of my family, are certainly accountable to me for conduct which seems to disgrace it."

"My fortune!" she cried in amazement.

"Yes, your fortune. By accident I learned that by your own consent seven thousand pounds have been removed from the bank where I placed it. Yesterday, after I had heard the report concerning you, I confess I was pained to see you leave the house towards dark, and absent yourself for so long. But even then, Isabella, I would not allow myself to doubt you. Such was the high opinion I had conceived of your honour and rectitude, that I trusted you would be able to explain everything satisfactorily. Oh, Isabella! I am grieved—grieved to the heart. You tell me you are innocent; but if you are, why this mystery? No, Isabella, where

so much concealment, so much double
there must be something very wrong.
o old now; I have been taught too
itter lessons to believe otherwise.
ty to no one can be greater than to
m the nearest relation you have in
d."

despise me," said Isabella. "Oh
rd to bear; but it is my last sacrifice."
r last," said her uncle; "was this the
your separation from Rollo Melville?"
as."

n I have done him injustice. I must
so. Isabella," he continued, in a
leep sorrow, "only child of my only
we are all liable to err, and ought
fore to forgive one another. Even
ave erred, confess, and you shall be
; repent, and whoever may despise
e you, I will stand by you."

my dear generous uncle, I cannot—
now. The time may come when—"
it come now, Isabella."

impossible. Meanwhile, oh, try to
at my conduct is not so bad as it
"

have left me little choice what to
sabella," said her uncle, with stern

composure; "go now to your own room and think over what I have said. Think of the certain consequences which must result from this course of conduct you seem now so obstinately bent upon pursuing. Above all, take counsel with your conscience. If you are not answerable to man, there is One at least to whom you are answerable. There is a day of reckoning which must come to all, and we know not how soon it may come."

"Uncle," said Isabella, with a certain dignity of manner, but with a tone of the deepest sorrow, "I do not blame you; nay, I am grateful for all you have said to me."

"Go," said her uncle with increasing severity, "go instantly."

She went. When arrived at her own apartment, she threw herself upon her knees. "Oh God help me," she cried, "for my load is almost greater than I can bear. To-morrow, and this would have been spared me. Would that I could have parted from them in kindness. This is the heaviest blow; but oh! surely it must be the last." Poor Isabella! vain was her hope. Heavier and greater trials were yet in store for her. The dark night of affliction had not yet closed in.

CHAPTER XIII.

LA was still kneeling, absorbed in
en she heard a knock at the door of

is there?" she inquired.
ne, ma'am," replied Janet, her aunt's

t do you want with me, Janet?" said
rising hastily, and half opening the
; without admitting the servant, and
so that she was screened from obser-

u please, ma'am, Mr. Melville is in
ng-room; and he desired me to tell
'am, that he wished to see you
that he would be obliged to you if
l come as soon as you possibly could."
with some difficulty that Isabella
herself from screaming with amaze-
me seconds elapsed before she could
her voice sufficiently to be able
and even then her words were
; incoherent.

"Tell Mr. Melville," she said, "that cannot come—I mean that I am—that is to say, Janet, you must tell him that I am sorry I cannot see any person to-day, as I am very much engaged."

"Yes, ma'am," said Janet, as she departed with her message, leaving Isabella in a state of astonishment and distress scarcely to be conceived.

"I cannot see him again," she said, half aloud, "I could not bear to see him look at me again, as he once did before. And yet, what can he want with me now?"

Isabella's thoughts were again interrupted by a tap at the door.

"May I come in?" asked a gentle voice.

"Come in," said Isabella, and Sarah entered the room.

The cousins embraced each other. There were tears in Sarah's eyes. She pressed her cousin's hand affectionately, saying, in a voice almost stifled with emotion:

"Whoever forsakes you, I will not. I do not believe a word of what they say. My dearest cousin, I know that you are truth itself. I am always your friend."

"My true friend," said the unhappy girl, who, whilst she felt a ray of comfort, could

t avoid thinking that Sarah's good opinion, , she was doomed to lose.

'Dear Isabella," said Sarah, "I come n Mr. Melville. He desires earnestly ee you. Do go to him, my dear cousin; omes, I am certain with the intention of g of service to you."

No one can be of service to me. It is ssible that I can see him. I am not l to such an interview."

My dear cousin, I wish I could prevail you to consent. He seems kindly sed towards you. You cannot tell what he may have it in his power to do you. ome."

Do not ask me, Sarah. You do not , indeed, what you ask. God knows sufficiently miserable without—oh, I l not support such a meeting!"

Perhaps, then, you are the best judge," Sarah, with a sigh. "I must return Ir. Melville with your answer. Shall I back, my dear Isabella?"

Yes, if you please."

rah was not long in returning. Scarcely minutes had elapsed before she reap- ed. Without speaking, she presented

to her cousin a slip of paper rolled up, which she held in her hand.

Isabella's hands trembled so excessively that she could scarcely unfold it. It contained the following words in pencil, and evidently written hurriedly, and in agitation:—

"I implore you to see me. I will not be denied. If you persist in your refusal to come to me, nothing shall prevent me from coming to you. I must and will see you immediately,

"R. MELVILLE."

Isabella rose, and, without speaking, walked in desperation towards the door. Sarah was alarmed. Her cousin was deadly pale, and her eyes were glazed and wild-looking. Sarah, taking her hand hastily, arrested her progress.

"Where are you going, Isabella?"

"I am going to him. Where is he?"

"Stay—stay an instant. I promised to tell him if you were coming. How hot your hand is!—how feverish you are! You are very ill. If you are positively not equal to the interview, he shall not see you. You shall go to bed."

"No, no, I am not ill—I must not be ill—in body, I mean. I must see him."

"I shall tell him so then; and return for you instantly."

Till Sarah returned was a minute of distracting suspense, and yet it was but a minute. She supported her cousin down stairs. At the drawing-room door she stopped, and saying:

"He says he must see you alone," she quitted the miserable girl.

When Isabella entered, Melville was at the other end of the room, near the fireplace. He was standing behind a chair, leaning forward, with his hand upon the back of it, and his eyes turned towards the door. In his expression, there was not that haughty indifference which had characterized upon a former occasion. His eyes were grave and sorrowful; and his lips firmly compressed, in the manner of one who endeavours to master some powerful emotion. He bowed as Isabella approached. Then, obtaining a full view, as she advanced into the light, of her emaciated figure, and young faded face, he was filled with compassion. Perceiving that she was scarcely able to walk, he drew towards her a large chair, saying, in a low suppressed voice:

"Sit down, for God's sake. You look very ill."

Isabella mechanically obeyed. At that instant, she scarcely knew where she was, or what she was doing. Melville also seated himself at a little distance. Leaning his head on his hand, his arm supported by a table, he remained silent for a few seconds, as if he was collecting his ideas. Raising himself at last, with as much composure as he could assume, he began:

"Madam, you are doubtless surprised at the liberty I—" then interrupting himself, he continued passionately, and in his natural manner: "Oh, Isabella! to you I cannot speak as a stranger, or as an indifferent person. In vain do I attempt it. My language to you must ever be the language of my feelings. I, at least, cannot forget—but—I did not come to remind you of the past. Better—far better to let it be for ever forgotten—" After a short pause, he proceeded more calmly, but apparently with some hesitation. "It is of the present I wish to speak. Your uncle has told me that you already know—" then breaking off, and clenching his hand, he exclaimed: "that infamous woman!—Had a man dared to give

utterance to such words in my presence! Isabella, I know as well as you, that what we once were to each other, it is impossible we can ever be again. That, indeed, is past for ever. It is as a friend that I now address you. Isabella, consider me your friend."

Isabella, totally overpowered, leant back in her chair, and wept. Her tears seemed to relieve her. She was less miserable than she had been for some time. She stretched out her hand towards Melville, and murmured:

"Heaven reward you!"

He took it, and continued with evident emotion:

"Isabella, you know that I am already acquainted in some measure with your affairs. Confide to me the whole; I shall then be able, upon my own authority, to silence those wretches, and give the lie to those vile rumours. Imprudent, I fear, you must have been; but guilty!—no—upon my soul, I believe you to be innocent."

Isabella started forwards.

"Believe so still!" she cried, "and I shall not be so very miserable. Believe it—for you only believe the truth."

"But others also must be made to believe

it. My word solemnly pledged, no one *I* think will venture to doubt it. No one shall shall do so, at least, with impunity. Let me then, Isabella, be the depositary of your secret. With me, it is safe. You, I am sure, cannot doubt my honour. Trust me then, as a brother, and as a brother I will protect you, and guard your reputation as if it were indeed my sister's."

"A brother! Generous—noble—would that it were in my power to show you that your generosity is not misplaced; but it is not in my power. I must not—I dare not confide, even in you. Let us now part. To prolong this interview, is only to inflict needless pain."

"No, Isabella, I will not leave you till you have granted what I came to ask. I came prepared for resistance, and I am determined to succeed. Will you not place confidence in me?"

"Alas! I cannot."

"Do you know the consequences of your refusal?"

"Yes," she said, becoming even paler than before, "I do; and I am prepared to meet them."

"Oh, Isabella! against every appearance—

almost contrary to the evidence of my own senses, I have believed in your innocence. I had known you intimately—more intimately than any one else could have known you. I seemed to have read your very heart and mind. They appeared to be as pure as those of angels; and I could not believe that all I then saw, was but a disguise—a mask to deceive. God knows, it is not idle curiosity which now urges me to seek your confidence, but the interest I must always continue to feel in the welfare of one who was once so dear."

"Leave me," cried Isabella, in a voice of distress. "I cannot do what you wish—oh, leave me!—leave me!"

"And why cannot you do as I wish?"

"Because I have made a solemn promise in a vow—"

"A promise to do wrong! Is such a promise binding?—Or rather is it not a mere subterfuge?"

"I have answered you," said Isabella, with some pride; and then, almost beside herself with the whole scene, she added: "Torment me no longer!"

Melville started, and bit his lip, made a slight movement, as if he were going, but again sat still.

"Isabella," he said hurriedly, and with some resentment, "you can have but one reason for your obstinate silence, when you know what terrible consequences it involves. You can have nothing to gain by speaking. You are conscious that you have no facts to bear out the assertions you make of innocence."

Melville's countenance, as he spoke, became of a deep crimson. Isabella, too, coloured deeply.

"Why," she said, "do you remain? It is cruel and unmanly of you thus wantonly to insult me."

"I did not mean to insult you. I spoke to save you, if I could. I sought to furnish you with every motive to save yourself. If you are innocent, what ought to be so dear to you as your reputation?"

"My word and my duty."

"Duty!—Your duty! It is a strange duty which commands a young woman to contemn the counsels of her best friends;—to sacrifice the affection of all who loved her,—and to set at defiance all the rules of propriety!"

"Mr. Melville, do you wish to drive me to distraction! Let us part this instant. Forgive me the injuries I have done you. I feel

your kindness. Bitterly—bitterly do I ;ret that I cannot avail myself of it. But is impossible. Oh, farewell!"

Melville rose hastily, and seemed as if out to go. Suddenly checking himself, to r horror and surprise, he knelt before her. "Isabella," he said, in a voice tremulous om emotion, low and earnest, but from hich all displeasure seemed banished, "Oh, abella! for the sake of your own happiness, r the sake of your future peace, for your haracter, for your family and your friends, y all you ought to love or revere, by the emory of that love which once bound us to ach other, by those happy days which have assed away for ever, refuse not the aid of a rue friend—of one who would die to serve ou from ruin and disgrace."

Isabella's heart was torn with agony.

"Leave me," she almost screamed, "in mercy leave me, if you would not see me die."

"Isabella!" he exclaimed passionately, "will you not then listen to me. Isabella! for God's sake—"

Isabella could at first only make a sign of mute despair. Then, making a violent effort, she found strength to repeat:

"Go, oh, go!"

Melville rose:

"I leave you then," he said, with mi sorrow and pride, "since you reject assistance, since you despise my friend May you never repent of your dec Farewell! May you be happy!" So s he abruptly quitted the room.

"Happy!" murmured the miserable "Happy!" A strange sensation filled mind. It seemed as if all that had happ was too dreadful to be true. Was it some fearful dream from which she sl awake? Her reason seemed to waver. pressed her burning hand across her ey if to ascertain her own identity, and reality of all around. She thought she l a step approaching. The idea of me any one was terrible to her feelings. could not hope to remain alone in the where she now was. Rising, she left it cipitately, scarcely knowing what she di whither she went. The hall door, by chance, was standing open. The cold blew gratefully upon her fevered b Seizing a bonnet which hung upon a she rushed wildly out of doors.

The sky was of a clear, cold blue,

d was dry, and the sun shone brightly. rees were still leafless, and the glare of was unsoftened by the mild green ws of a more advanced season. A cold ng wind blew from the north-east, and g in violent gusts, bent the tall, old , and seemed as if it would level with the the white slender birches, and the ful willows. The branches creaked and ed, and the wind whistled loud and . It was a strange, wild, bright day. lla walked, or rather ran, towards the . Suddenly she was obliged to stop. strength failed her—her senses appeared nder. The piercing air which, at first, been so pleasant to her heated frame, her burning eyeballs, now felt intensely She shivered so violently that she l scarcely stand. She was obliged to against a tree for support. For the first she began to think that she was ill in as well as in mind. The idea was ter- to her; for she remembered the work h yet lay before her, the exertions which s absolutely necessary to make before the of that very day. She felt that she t not be ill; that the step which she had

resolved upon, must be taken at all haz
even at the hazard of life itself. Re
for a minute, she endeavoured to regain
wonted decision and firmness of purpose,
to collect and arrange her scattered i
Making a strenuous effort to nerve her
for the occasion, she determined to re
home immediately, and seek to obtain
hours' repose before she met her father i
evening.

How she was to effect this meeting,
another source of perplexity. Her m
ments, she did not doubt, would no
watched. She feared that it would be
possible to leave the house in secrecy.
endeavoured, however, to hope, that
the time arrived, she should be able to d
some means of effecting her escape.
then set out to walk home; but her t
bling limbs would scarcely support
Her whole frame shook so violently that
was hardly able to advance a step. She
not gone many paces towards the ho
when her progress was arrested by hea
some one behind her pronounce her nam
a loud tone of voice. She turned round,
to her amazement, beheld Hewison,

ville's servant. He appeared to have ked very fast, and his manner was ried.

'Oh, ma'am!" he said, quite out of ath, "I thought I would never make ye r for the wind. My mistress sent me to that you must come to Burn Cottage nediately—this very minute."

'Your mistress!" cried Isabella, unable believe that she heard aright.

'Yes, ma'am. Oh, ma'am! come away, re is not a minute to put off."

'Not a minute. What has happened? ll me what has happened?"

"Indeed, ma'am, you must come. I do t know. I cannot say exactly. I will lp you; my mistress says you must not e a minute."

Isabella, dreadfully alarmed, but without tering another word, accepted the man's sistance, and accompanied him to Burn ttage. She knew not what to conjecture; it, in fact, her mind was so completely unned by the occurrences of the day, that e was almost deprived of the power of rming ideas.

CHAPTER XIV.

On reaching Burn Cottage, the first c
Isabella beheld was Mrs. Melville standi
the doorway. The sight of this lady app
instantly to restore to Isabella the pow
her benumbed faculties. The conscio
that she must now have a part to pe
forced her to make an extraordinary e
Her courage and capability seemed to inc
with the demands of the occasion. The
tion which Isabella had entertained for
Melville had always been mingled wit
degree of fear; whilst her love for Rollo
for Mr. Lorraine had ever been perfectly
from such a mixture. It may, therefore,
strange that she now felt much less dre
the prospect of an interview with the for
than she had done with the latter, and
such was now the case.

The secret of the matter was, that
loved Mrs. Melville less; the displeasur
one whom we deeply love is more formid

he wrath of a multitude who are to us
ear. Mrs. Melville's countenance was
but full of grief. Some powerful
on seemed to lurk beneath her calm and
ied exterior. The only glance which
la ventured to take of her countenance
insufficient to enable her to ascertain
ıer her grief was mingled with compassion
ıger. The first sound of her voice,
er, dispelled all doubt upon the
:t.

sabella," she said taking her hand, and
ıg the astonished girl into a small room
at hand, the door of which was standing

"Isabella, my acquaintance with you
ıow been of some duration. I believe
o be possessed of great strength of mind,
f that fortitude which resignation to the
f the Almighty alone can bestow. My
you must now summon both to your
nd may God help you! A terrible duty
ves upon me, but I must not shrink
it. Would that it were in my power to
m it with greater gentleness; but time
es and will admit of no delay. Isabella,
ou prepared for the worst?"

'or anything," she could with difficulty
late.

"Then may that Almighty Father wi
sent you affliction enable you to be
Prepare yourself to see, for the last ti
this world, your earthly father who i
about to quit it for ever."

Isabella seized Mrs. Melville's arm
eyes appeared almost ready to start fron
sockets, and she exclaimed wildly and
terrible agitation:

"How—oh! for mercy's sake, tel
how this has happened?"

Mrs. Melville replied:

"He has fallen in a duel. He still
but I dare not bid you hope."

"He lives! then take me to him insta

"In one minute. Your uncle is now
him. He wished to be alone with his b
for a few minutes. Mr. Johnstone
already been with him. Dr. Morton a
here."

Mrs. Melville was interrupted by
Lorraine. He pressed his niece to his l
and saying: "My child, this is a te
scene for you," he led her from the a
ment. Isabella could perceive, even a
her own distress, that her uncle had
weeping.

Captain Lorraine was lying upon a

orted by pillows. He appeared to have greatly agitated; but now was more posed. He had been wounded in a vital . The hemorrhage had been stopped; he was deadly pale. His eyes were dim, the chill dews of death stood upon his brow. As the door opened, and he eived who entered, he exclaimed in a le but distinct voice: "'Tis she at last. be praised!"

r. Morton and Mr. Johnstone were ng on either side of the bed. The latter : to make way for the daughter of the ıg man. Isabella seated herself by her er, took his hand between both of hers, ısed her lips to his, and wept bitterly. ɴ that the closing scene was come, all his ts, and frailties, and crimes—all he had sed her to suffer—were forgotten. She ıembered only that he was her father, and t the hand of death was upon him.

'My child," he said, "are you weeping me?"

"My dear, dear father! oh, my dear father!"

"Be calm, my excellent daughter, and ten to me now, my time is short. Remain with me, friends, if I may call you so."

Mr. Johnstone and Dr. Morton remove
a more distant part of the room. Mr. Lor
was placed opposite his niece; while
Melville seated herself at the foot of the
He spoke again:

"Isabella, I have principally desired t
you, that I might ask your forgivenes
all the misery I have brought upon yo
know, that for me you have sacrificed al
was dear to you upon earth; your fri
your happiness, even your reputation. E
perhaps, your mother, I have injured
so deeply as yourself. Oh, Isabella! d
think I have been altogether callous. I
incessantly felt that remorse—that ago
mind which none but the guilty can
feel. In vain, have I striven to drown it
new excesses, the still, small voice
yet be heard. Would that I had ha
courage to attend to its admonitions
I have been infatuated. Isabella, in
pocket of my coat there is a written p
It is for you. The perusal, I know, will
you pain; but you must read it for my
and now, my child, do you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear father
know I do!"

Captain Lorraine turned towards his brother. "Brother," he said, "I have been the ment of your virtuous and otherwise happy Do you forgive me?"

Ir. Lorraine could only, in expressive ice, press his brother's hand. The dying then fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Mel-. His voice was now so weak that it was cely audible; but the listeners held r breath to catch the words as they fell.

Margaret Rollo," he said, "do you for-me?"

Irs. Melville raised her head. She was ping.

God is my witness," she said, "William raine, that I forgave you long, long ago."

I believe you. Your mind was ever le and good. It was when I wished to ry you, not when I left you, that I injured most. You have repaid good for evil. I have loved my child—love her still. She s deserving of your affection as her father unworthy. And you, my brother, I need ask you to be a father to my fatherless d; you have been so already. You have a the only father she has ever known. will find your reward in the sincere

affection of her grateful heart. Oh, my C
cried the dying man, raising his hand
in the act of supplication, " bless those
thus repay me—make them happy, w
am gone—bless my daughter !"

He then sank back, apparently exha
After a few minutes' silence, he again s
" How true it is that the sting of dea
sin ! I feel it now. God be merciful t
a miserable sinner ! Mr. Johnstone, yo
that even for such as I am, there is l
Come near and tell me so again. S
one word of comfort and peace, for my
faints. My sins rise up in judgment ag
me !" Mr. Johnstone approached, and s
beside the bed of the repentant sinner.

" The Son of God has died for sin
even for the greatest. All sins shall be
given unto men for his sake. Even at
eleventh hour, he will not refuse those
truly repent. It is, indeed, deplorable to
ourselves in the valley of the shadow
death, and to have our peace yet to m
with our Maker. But there are no bou
to the grace of God. Remember the t
on the cross. Believe, and thou shalt
saved. Pray to God for faith and repenta

he will give you that spirit which sancti-
and comforteth. He is omnipotent to
. He pitieth us, as a father pitieth his
children. He willeth not, that any should
h but that all should repent. He forgives
ur trespasses, if we forgive those who have
ed us."

God knows," said Captain Lorraine
ly, "I die in charity with all men. I
been my own greatest enemy; but there
ie man, who has deeply injured me—who
at last taken my life. From the bottom
ny heart, I forgive him. I pray to God
his heart may be changed. Oh! may
Lord be merciful unto him and to me!
Johnstone, my dear friends, I am better
. All will soon be over. I thank you
Pray with me now—pray for me."

hey all knelt, and the good minister
red up a short and impressive prayer for
soul that was passing away. It was a
mn scene. When they rose again, the
ntenance of the dying man had become
e serene. His lips moved, and his hands
e crossed in an attitude of devotion. He
ed his eyes, on which the shadows of
th were fast gathering, towards Isabella,

saying in a voice so low and weak, that nothing but the perfect silence which reigned around would have allowed it to be audible.

"My daughter, the blessing of a dying man be upon you! My beloved child, let me hear the sound of your sweet voice once more before I die."

Isabella rose, took her father's hand between both of hers, imprinted a kiss upon his damp brow, and whispered in accents of sorrow and affection:

"My dearest father, may God support you! Oh! let us trust in him, my dear, dear father!"

Isabella could say no more; but she remained holding his hand and bending anxiously over him. There was a silence of some minutes' duration. The hand which held Isabella's, relaxed its grasp and fell. There was a slight convulsive struggle, and all was over. The spirit had fled, and nought remained, save the senseless dust. Isabella threw herself passionately upon the body of the dead. No one prevented her. All were for the moment absorbed by their own feelings. Mr. Lorraine leant upon the bed, and murmured, whilst he wept: "My brother, my dear brother."

Irs. Melville remained sitting where she formerly placed herself, her face buried ier hands, and tears streaming between fingers. Even the doctor and the clergy-, accustomed as they were to scenes of ress, could not restrain similar evidences ommiseration and sympathy. The silence ch reigned in the chamber of death was broken by the entrance of another on. It was Rollo Melville.

fter the interview with Isabella related in preceding chapter, he had quitted Linn-d almost in a state of distraction. Scarcely wing whither his footsteps led him, he wandered about ever since in the grounds Glencola, chiefly in the wild rocky glen, ugh which the stream flowed, and where seemed to know, by instinct rather than reflection, that there was the smallest nce of being required, by the presence of ther person, to bridle the wild agitation his troubled spirit. At last he found self in the neighbourhood of Burn Cot-. He was in the habit of paying his her a visit every morning. The usual r was now long past, and he had not seen her. He had now, he thought,

become sufficiently calm for her compa
He knew how dear his society was to h
and in his present despair, he felt that
friendship, and her maternal love, were
only consolations. There was an omin
stillness about Burn Cottage. As he ope
the door, he did not, as usual, hear
mother's voice. She was so well acquai
with his step, and his peculiar manne
turning the handle of the door, that be
he had time to make his appearance
usually received the customary salutatio
"Good morning, my son."

To-day, however, all was silent.
looked into the usual sitting parlour.
was untenanted, and the fire was almost
He then approached his mother's slee
apartment, and tapped at the door. T
was no answer. He entered, and fo
himself in the midst of the scene I have
cribed. He was filled with amazement,
for some seconds stood contemplating
group before him. His mother was the
who perceived him. She looked up.
face was bedewed with tears. Her son
once or twice within his recollection
tears in her eyes; but he had never be

en her weep thus unrestrainedly. The ght, however, of the body of the de- sed, and of Isabella, who lay apparently most as lifeless as the souless clay upon hich she pressed, banished every other idea. e started instinctively forwards to where she y. An exclamation was upon his lips. His other rose hastily, laid a detaining hand on his arm, and said:

"Silence, my dear son. It is her father!"

"Her father!" he exclaimed, remaining otionless, and as if rooted to the spot.

Mr. Lorraine now rose, and went to where s niece half knelt upon the floor—half lay pon the bed.

"My child," he said, "my dear Isabella, u must not at present any longer give way to is excessive affliction." Then stooping, he ok her hand; but she remained motionless.

My God!" he cried, "she has fainted. octor!"

The Doctor approached. He raised her from he position in which she was placed. Her yes were closed, and the colour of her face was erfectly livid. Dr. Morton looked alarmed.

"She must be removed immediately," he aid, "to another apartment."

As if she had been a child, Rollo Mel took her in his arms, and carried her the parlour, where she was laid upon a The usual remedies were administered. few seconds she opened her eyes, and lo wildly round.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Wh you all look at me so? I have such a here," she continued, touching her fore "such a burning pain."

The doctor felt her pulse, and looke her anxiously.

"She must be taken home instantly said.

"Let her remain here," said Mrs. Mel "I will watch over her."

"No," said Mr. Lorraine, "she shal home, if Dr. Morton thinks she can be m with safety."

The doctor thought she might. Mr. J stone then offered to go to Linnwood, send the carriage for the invalid. He engaged to communicate to Mrs. Lor the sad intelligence of what had just occu and to prepare her for the illness of niece.

"But I trust," he added, "she will be well." Dr. Morton shook his head.

"Tell me where I am," cried Isabella ain; "and what are all those things that se?"

"You are with your friends, my dear Isa-la—with your own uncle, who will never sake you. You are amongst those, who e you dearly."

'Love me! Oh, no, no. No one loves now. It is all a dream. Once I dreamt ore that he looked at me kindly; but that s all but a dream. He speaks harshly to me all the rest. Mother, no one loves me but you. You smile sweetly upon your ld. Mother, take me away."

'My poor child," said her uncle, pressing hand in his, and looking at the doctor, he is delirious?"

'She is in a high fever," said Dr. Morton vely.

The doctor spoke the truth. The various gues of mind and body which she had lergone for the last few days, combined h a cold, from which she had been suffering some time, had preyed upon a constitution eebled by grief. The sudden and terrible ck which she had just sustained, the over-ained exertion, mental and physical, which

she had been compelled to make, had completed the work which was already begun. With despair painted on his countenance, in a transport of the most passionate grief, Rollo Melville threw himself upon his knees by the side of the unfortunate girl, pressed his lips to her burning hand, and exclaimed in words which seemed to be rising from the agony of his soul:

"I have killed her! My God, I have killed her!"

Mrs. Melville, meanwhile, was busied in preparing cloaks and shawls to wrap round the poor invalid during her ride to Linnwood. She wept no longer. Her manner was composed, and she uttered no words of grief; but though mute, it was easy to perceive that her suffering was intense. The carriage now arrived. Isabella was enveloped in the wrappings, and lifted into it by her uncle and the doctor. She screamed as if in violent pain.

"You are killing me," she cried, "I shall soon be dead like—" and a shudder of horror convulsed her weak frame. Her uncle supported her in his arms, and hung over her in speechless agony. The carriage was in the

nue, and fast approaching the door of his n house, before he broke the silence.

"Doctor," he said, in a tone of the most nse anxiety, "is she in great danger?"

'There is always great danger in fever; as long as life lasts, there is also hope. s Isabella's strength has, I fear, been h reduced. She must have been ill for e days. Measures ought to have been ted before now. The sad scene which ave just quitted has, I fear, together with overwrought state of her feelings for some , been highly injurious to her. Things take a favourable turn; and may God nd our efforts for the recovery of a life rvedly dear to so many!"

Mr. Lorraine derived but little consolation n the speech of the worthy doctor.

'Another victim!" he murmured, as he ve to place her head in a more comfort- e position. "And must she too die!—so ung—so good."

At this instant, Isabella opened her eyes. r senses seemed to have returned. As she t her uncle's fond, anxious gaze, a faint, lancholy smile parted her pale lips.

"Dear uncle," she murmured softly, and

sunk again into a state of complete exhaustion.

They were now at home. Mr. Johnstone had been under the necessity of returning to Kirkholm, where business demanded his immediate presence. Mrs. Lorraine was in a fit of violent hysterics. Sarah, pale with grief and anxiety, but perfectly composed, was administering the usual remedies.

Upon the arrival of Mr. Lorraine, she left her mother under the care of her own maid, and ran to attend to her cousin. She was shocked at the deplorable condition in which she found her; but she did not allow herself to be overcome by her distress. With that presence of mind, which good sense alone bestows, she made, in the shortest time possible, without bustle or hurry, every arrangement for the reception and comfort of the invalid.

She listened to the doctor, and understood the mode of treatment which he wished to be adopted towards Isabella. She gave the necessary directions to the servants; with care and tenderness, undressed her helpless cousin, and saw her laid in a comfortable bed. Finally, she strove by the most assi-

s attempts, and at the same time in-
sive affection, to mitigate the deep afflic-
in which her father was plunged.

My good child," he said, " I have still
Thank you for your sympathy. It
me good."

rah, so lately a nonentity in the house,
ed now to have become the main spring
he whole establishment. So much was
occupied throughout the day by her
rous cares, that she had but little time
dulge in the selfishness of grief. But in
lonely watches of the night, as she sat
ary and unoccupied, in the dimly-lighted
-chamber of her cousin, when no active
demanded her attention; when no sound
e upon the stillness of night, save the
k breathing, and low restless moans of
sufferer, her heart sank, as she thought of
hat had happened, and of the fate which
bably awaited one so dear. She felt all
desolation of grief; and in the silence and
kness of night, when there was no eye to
, she bowed her head, and wept long and
erly. And yet Sarah was not without
solation. She trusted in the goodness
wisdom of the Almighty Father, who, for

his own inscrutable but infinitely wise purposes, had seen fit thus to afflict herself and those she loved. She prayed that in the hour of sorrow, she might be upheld by His spirit; and she thanked Him, that she had been permitted to be an instrument of comfort to those who were dear to her. Thus strengthened with a courageous spirit and a firm heart, Sarah set herself to the task which awaited her, and prepared herself to submit, with fortitude, to the decrees of Divine Providence.

Isabella at last awoke. Her senses were evidently wandering; but she was not violent. She called frequently for something to drink, and swallowed what Sarah brought, apparently with great avidity. Towards morning she again fell asleep.

It was now the cold, grey twilight. The red dawn, which seemed to betoken a stormy day, began to appear in the east. Sarah glided gently from the room to awake her mother, and her mother's maid, who were to take her place by the invalid, whilst she endeavoured to snatch two or three hours of sleep. Sarah would not hear of a sick nurse. No mercenary hand, she was deter-

mined, should render to her cousin those offices, which love alone can perform with the requisite care and tenderness.

As Sarah passed along the passage which led to her mother's apartment, she was startled on perceiving in the shadowy twilight, a tall figure rise before her. She had no time to speculate who, or what this person might be. A hand was laid upon her arm, and a deep voice, in tremulous tones, inquired:

"How is she?—Tell me—how has she rested?"

It was Rollo Melville.

Sarah replied that she had been quiet during the night, and that she now slept. She then inquired how long Mr. Melville had been there.

"For some time," he replied; "I have not been in bed to-night; and it was misery to sit alone and inactive. I came here, determined to wait till I heard you stir, that I might have the earliest intelligence of the beloved sufferer. Would that there were anything in this world that I could do for her! But I detain you, dear Sarah?"

Sarah was moving, when she was again

stopped by Melville. He placed somet
in her hand. It was the miniature lik
of Isabella's mother, and attached to it
own note. It had dropped from her
when she was carried fainting, the prec
day, between the two rooms at Burn Cot

It was with a feeling of the bitteres
morse, yet not unaccompanied by a
of agonizing pleasure, that he beheld
proof of her still enduring love. He
that it would be madness to lose one
excellent and true, without an opport
of showing her how fully she was apprec
—how fondly she was beloved.

"Take these," he said to Sarah, "the
hers. I give them to you, because yo
her best friend."

CHAPTER XV.

It may be remembered that, on his death-
l, Isabella was desired by her father to
d a paper she should find in the pocket
his coat. For reasons of my own, I now
sent to my reader the contents of

CAPTAIN LORRAINE'S MANUSCRIPT.

'When these characters meet the eye of
beloved daughter, the hand which now
ces them will be motionless and cold;
writer will be where—the wicked cease
ir troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"I write not now to extenuate my faults,
to prove that my misfortunes have been
vitable. Too well do I perceive, that they
e been but the natural consequences of
folly and guilt. I write, that she whom,
the solitude and silence of this probably
night of my life, I feel that I love with
affection of a father, may not think me

worse than I really am. The near prospect of death dissipates every illusion. Alas! my whole life has been an illusion, from which I have but now awakened. Should it be spared, I firmly trust and believe that the remainder will be differently spent, from that which is now beyond recall. Naturally, I think, I was not altogether without some good dispositions; but my whole life has been one course of their perversion. In no single instance can my conduct serve as an example; in all it may suffice as a warning. The rocks upon which I have split are—weakness and vanity. May the wreck I have made, teach others to avoid those fatal shoals!

"My brother James and I were the only children of our parents. There is the difference of one year in our ages. My father was a quiet, sober, respectable man, much occupied with country affairs, and attending no farther to his children than to see that they were provided with clothes and teachers. The rest he left to my mother. My mother—I believe she loved me; but her love has been my ruin. My mother in her youth had been a great beauty. She was a woman of a narrow understanding, and con-

cted heart. She owed her establishment
ife, and all the personal consideration she
l ever enjoyed, to her external advantages.
s, therefore, the less surprising that such
idents should have occupied an undue
re of her regard. Nature had gifted me
ı many of those qualities which she prized
highly. From my infancy, she showed
me an improper, and in a mother, cruel
sinful preference over my less gifted, but
more truly excellent brother. Even in
presence, I have heard her lament that I
not the eldest born; but then she would
'but my Willie will make the finest
re in the world for all that.' Every person
everything around me contributed to
:r my vanity which was naturally great.
he servants paid court to me because they
it pleased their mistress. At school,
re, so frequently, boys are taught to find
r own level, and to learn the fallacy of
opinion of their own abilities, which they
e acquired at home, I was the victim of
same system of flattery. It was a country
ol, and my brother and I were the prin-
l scholars. We were the only Laird's
s there, so that we were in a manner

looked up to, and encouraged to consider ourselves superior to the rest. My mother was never weary of telling us how much more genteel we were than the others, and to be sure not to demean ourselves by being too intimate with any of them. I wished, however, to be popular, and whilst in secret I was convinced of the truth of, and exulted in what she said, I was not altogether unmindful of acquiring the good-will, and rousing the admiration of my companions. In the latter aim I was more successful than in the former. I was too self-opinionated, too conceited, too careless of the feelings of others, to be a favourite. My brother was more generally beloved; but I was universally allowed to be cleverer. My talents were of that description most obvious to superficial observers. I had a retentive memory, a knack of seeming to know more than I did, great fluency of speech, and a plausible way of expressing myself. I had none of that awkward shyness so common in a school-boy; I early displayed a taste for poetry, music and drawing. In dancing I excelled.

"When yet very young, I had read and appreciated many works of imagination

which are seldom attractive, save to the more cultivated taste of riper years. In the narrow circle of country acquaintance, these various popular accomplishments gained great applause. In the society of ladies, I was an especial favourite. My mother gloried in what she believed to be the fulfilment of her fond predictions. By almost every person I was more highly regarded than my far superior brother. Had he not had the best of hearts, he must have hated me. But he never did. On the contrary, his kindness towards me was invariable. Many were the scrapes from which he saved me. Often did he rescue me from impending disgrace. And I too loved him, loved him as well as the natural selfishness of my heart, and the selfishness engendered by my education, would permit. There were even times when in spite of the mists which vanity cast before my eyes, I could not but feel a suspicion, that in reality, I was his inferior. I could not understand the force of that principle, which made him support, with equanimity and even cheerfulness, the neglect which, in comparison with me, he seemed everywhere to meet.

"I scarcely knew whether to admire his conduct, as the result of an incomprehensible great-

ness of mind, or to despise it, as procee
from a pitiful want of self-esteem. My ur
standing had not yet convinced me, ar
was impossible my heart could have ta
me, that even in this selfish world—and
can be more thoroughly acquainted wit
utter coldness and selfishness than I a
there are people who think so much o
comfort of others, that they have but
leisure to think of their own. I aimed
at comparative—my brother studied to a
positive excellence. Thus, he was
studious in reality to make advances th
appear to do so; whilst appearances we
that I cared for.

"I had acquired the reputation of
generous; that is to say, I gave away m
without seeming to care about it. I
ignorant of the value of money, and the
which I expended, rarely failed to be rep
by the baneful indulgence of my mo
But of praise and admiration, of those t
which I really prized, I was as avaricio
the miser of his heaps of gold. My bro
on the contrary, ever since I can remem
has been truly generous. Never, whe
had a farthing in his pocket, did I eve
him refuse assistance to the poor or

eedy. To me, also, he frequently lent that id of which my extravagance often made me a want. Occasionally he remonstrated with me, and endeavoured to point out, that to spend or to give more than I could afford was not generosity, but selfishness and injustice. I accepted his kind assistance: but lent a deaf ear to the still kinder admonitions with which it was accompanied. My brother never gave, merely because before others he did not like to refuse. He possessed that manly independence of character which is, I should think, the concomitant of true generosity. There was nothing so mean, or so foolish that the fear of being called a coward would not have made me do; my brother would infinitely rather have borne the reproach of cowardice, than have merited his own contempt by deserving it.

"At last we were sent to Edinburgh to College. Here I did not doubt that my abilities, of which I had been encouraged to form an extravagant opinion, would enable me to carry off all the honours. Though my motives were still blamable, my ambition had now taken a more legitimate turn, and had I persevered, it might have saved me. I discovered, that

in my estimate of my own abilities, or a
in the power of what these were calcul
perform, I had been mistaken.

"At College there were many at least a
as I was, and who united to their talents
try and application. At first I determ
strain every effort to avoid defeat; bu
not possess that perseverance so necess
the achievement of every great obje
without which genius is ever useless, if
it is not itself an essential part of genius.
very shortly after my arrival at Edinburg
I became acquainted with George M
By him I was introduced amongst a
gay, dissolute young men, whose fa
maxim was to live for the present, and
the future take care of itself. My co
tional powers, my talents for amuseme
gaiety, the ingenuity of my schemes for
and diversions, the readiness of my re
made me amongst these an especial fav
I was flattered, caressed and honoure
that free converse which I so dearly co
Thus it was that I became seduced fro
path of study, which at first I was bent
pursuing. I could not withstand the
rous persuasions and devices which

nployed to tempt me from my duty. On ne one hand lay a long season of evil and lf-denial, with an issue of doubtful success, hich at the best could ensure but the admi- tion of two or three old professors, and a few ignificant students. On the other, lay a fe of pleasure and indulgence, with the orld—the world of fashion for my theatre, nd its votaries for my worshippers. I hesi- ted no longer. My choice was made.

" 'A short life and a merry one,' said I. las! how long and how bitter it has seemed. learnt now to believe, and I was frequently eard to declare that application and industry ere for dull, plodding natures alone, and not r the youth of genius. This sentiment was oudly echoed, and applauded by all my com- anions. They scrupled not to tell me, and I ndeavoured to believe that, had I condescended o enter the lists, those prizes which I now saw borne off by others must infallibly have been mine. At the class rooms, I was now rarely to be seen. At balls, concerts, exhibi- tions, and the theatre, I was a constant and a welcome visitor. Even at that period, I was sometimes to be found at a gaming-house. At the close of the College session, you may well

believe I could not procure a certificate. But to this I was now indifferent. I did not intend to belong to a learned profession; of what consequence, therefore, was the musty certificate to me? Not that you are to believe that I was so hardened as to be altogether free from compunctious visitings. But the low voice of conscience was stifled amid the noisy sounds of revelry.

"I would not listen to the kind reproof and excellent advice of my brother. He had completed his winter's career at College, if not with *éclat*, at least with honour. He had not failed to meet, alike from professors and companions, with that esteem and respect which his conduct had invariably merited. It was now necessary, as I was not the elder brother, that I should choose a profession. I desired to enter the army. My father endeavoured to combat my wishes; but my mother zealously seconded them. My father was, at last, obliged to yield. Shortly after I entered upon my new profession, my mother died. She did not live to behold the completion of that ruin which she had certainly helped to begin. I thank God that she was spared this affliction,

whatever her faults may have been, she rtainly loved me deeply.

"The first too or three years of my military reer were spent in various towns of the nited Kngdom—chiefly in Ireland. My life, ring this period, was idle and dissipated, but was not much more so than that of many ier of my brother officers. I was not yet ite irreclaimable. After having been in intry-quarters for some time in a remote rt of Ireland, it was a most welcome change me to be sent to Edinburgh Castle. I was n twenty-two years of age. Here I met ny of my old associates. Some of them d settled down into quiet, respectable young n; others had not belied the promise of eir youth. At first, I scarcely knew whether class Mr. George Mackain, with whom I re-wed my former intimacy, among the former the latter. Mackain possessed a small trimony, which was, however, insufficient r his maintenance in the sphere of life in hich his birth entitled him to move. Osten-ibly, his capital was employed in mercantile peculations, in which the world were given to nderstand that he was generally successful:

But, in truth, very few knew how he employed either his time or his money. It was not long ere I became partly enlightened. I had always been fond of play. It was not difficult for Mackain, professing for me as he did the greatest friendship, to entice me to the gaming-house. In every kind of dissipation I blindly allowed myself to be hurried.

"I have never been an habitual drunkard, but there where times when, to drown the reproaches of my conscience, I fell under the dominion of what I have always considered the most degrading of all vices. Oh! the feeling of humiliation, the utter self-contempt experienced by the sobered wretch, none can imagine who have not felt! I could not have believed, unless I had seen and known, that there are some dead to every feeling of humanity, so utterly brutalized as to be without shame and remorse. These I used sometimes to envy. The tenderness of conscience which I then regarded as a curse, I ought to have found a great and undeserved blessing. Perhaps I am doubly responsible.

"Whilst in Scotland, I paid a visit of a few

to my brother at Linnwood. My father
ow dead. He had not been long in
ing his wife to the grave. Shortly
my return to town, I was presented
Ir. Melville to the beautiful and
Margaret Rollo. That she was the
nable *belle* of the day, was of itself a
ent reason to induce me to court her
r. It was impossible, however, to be in
Rollo's society and remain insensible to
it, beauty, and singular charms of every
ption. I was completely fascinated,
ularly as I perceived, what indeed she
10 pains to conceal, that my society was
)m being indifferent to her.
Ir. Melville, I fancied, also admired and
her. She, I saw, had a regard for him.
'anity engaged me to endeavour to
e in her eyes this gentleman whom I
)t like, and who, I felt an inward con-
n, had penetrated my real character. It
lso currently believed that Miss Rollo
l have a handsome fortune. Thus
led by interest, ambition, vanity, love,
ery motive which commonly enters into
1 of the kind, I paid Miss Rollo the
assiduous attention. I still cultivated

my literary taste, I was young, gallant and gay, and I could appreciate the powers, and understand the romantic designs, and unhackneyed aspirations of her original and generous mind. Inexperienced, artless, generous, she was above suspicion, and careless of that simulation of indifference so pardonable, nay so proper in her sex. In those she loved, and with her to admire or to approve was to love, she beheld only the reflex of her own pure soul. I could not avoid perceiving that she preferred me to every other man—honour as well as inclination I thought bound me to her.

"I was flattered by the love of one so universally admired, and whom, not without justice, I considered peerless. I was pleased to bear off the prize from so many competitors, my superiors in wealth and consequence. I loved Margaret Rollo, with all my selfishness, I loved her passionately. Not to have done so, I must have been something less than human. For her sake, I did not doubt that reformation would be easy. I proposed and was accepted. I was somewhat startled to find that my bride possessed nothing of the world's gear; but I had now advanced too far to be able to

tract. Moreover, my love, which daily creased, precluded the very idea of such a sibility. I told her, however, that I feared e would not be able to accommodate herself so narrow an income. My dear brother, n as ever, the best and kindest of human ngs, desirous of seeing me happy, and be- ing that the step I was about to take would ny salvation, offered to settle upon us a siderable sum. Margaret, generous as self, and with that firm belief in the sure of generosity, which none but the y generous ever experience, was charmed i his offer, and without hesitation pted it.

'It was exactly,' she said, 'what might e been expected from my brother, and t she was sure, in his situation, I should e done.' Since that period I am aware ; though generous herself as formerly, . Melville has become less willing to lay elf under an obligation. Probably she become better acquainted with the world, perhaps, she was then so much engrossed one object, that she would allow of no acle to the accomplishment of her hes. All was now settled. The very time

for our marriage was fixed, the payment o some debts of honour, which I had incurre previously to my engagement, now began press heavily upon me. I had reckoned up being able to liquidate them with part of wife's fortune.

"This prospect was now disappointed, though their amount was not great, I co not think of any expedient to free myself fi them. To my brother, who had alre done so much for me, I could not ap Rather ten thousand times would I have off my right hand than have allowed the of my folly and shame to reach the ear my bride or her father. In this dilemm applied to Mackain, whom I knew to ha brain fertile in expedients. In the present c however, he pretended at first to be c pletely at fault. We were in the street. we passed the door of the hell which I been in the habit of frequenting, he stopp suddenly, and exclaimed as if struck by happy thought.

"'Suppose you step in, and try dou or quits?'

"I drew back in horror. He laughed.

"'You cannot marry the lady as it

You cannot be worse off, and you may be better. Upon my word I can think of nothing else.'

"I still hesitated.

"'You can go in and try your luck, at ny rate,' he said. 'If you lose, you need ot go on. You have not played for some me. I'd bet what you like, your luck has ken a turn.'

"Thus I was again seduced. At first I as successful. Trusting then to the realizaon of Mackain's prediction, I staked the hole amount of my debt and—lost! Madened by my loss, I doubled my stakes, and as again unsuccessful. In desperation I ushed to Mackain's lodgings, where for some ime I had had a room. He followed me, and rrived in time to prevent me swallowing a ottle of laudanum. He snatched it from my ands, and exclaimed:

"'The devil!—are you mad? I did not hink you were so chicken-hearted.'

"'What would you have me do?' I said, omewhat sobered.

"He laughed in a manner that made my lood boil; but I knew that I was in his ower, and I only reiterated my question.

"'Do!' he repeated, 'I'll tell you what you must do.'

"He then communicated to me his plan. I recoiled from it with horror. Margaret Rollo had a sort of humble friend, a girl whom I detested. The fear of wounding Margaret's feelings had alone kept me from making her acquainted with her real character. This girl had money, and Mackain now proposed, as the only means to extricate myself from my present difficulties, that I should marry her.

"At first I rejected this proposal with horror. Mackain inquired drily, if I had a better plan to propose. I was in despair. The whole of that miserable night, he did not cease, by every argument in his power, to urge me to accede to his scheme. He represented to me that my debts must be paid, that it was in vain to hope that they could be concealed from Miss Rollo. My marriage with her was now totally out of the question. As it was impossible I could marry for love, and he said this with a sneer, the next best thing I could do, was to marry for money. I writhed under the agony of my feelings; but before the morning, I had almost given

promise to do as he wished. He took
e of me, saying :

'Nobody but a fool, with your figure and
mplishments, would ever have dreamed
rowing himself away upon a girl with-
a farthing. And as for the beautiful
Rollo, she is almost as silly as you are.
nd upon it, the time will come when she
hank Heaven that you forsook her.'

'ou have already guessed how I acted.
ffairs would admit of no delay. Each
feared must betray me to Margaret

It was no difficult task to gain
rine Hughes. In spite of my ill-dis-
l dislike and contempt, she accepted
roposals with eagerness. To her little,
mind, it seemed a great triumph to
ff the lover of her beautiful, admired,
enerous friend. How I loathed her!
how I loathed myself! God knows
was the most contemptible. My debts
paid, and I was sunk for ever in my
opinion, and in that of all men of
r.

or some time my brother even dropped
mmunication with me. My wife and
to Paris. Here, we rushed recklessly

upon a career of extravagance and di
tion. Happy such a union could no
That we should love each other was i
sible. Catherine knew—had known all
that I loved another. My affection,
fore, she could not expect. I was not,
ever, personally unkind to the accompl
my folly and crime. I treated her wi
much respect as I could assume toward
so void of all self-respect.

"Five months after the commenc
of our ill-assorted union, Catherine e
with a young Frenchman. Though th
of such a wife was not to be lament
deep wound was inflicted upon my vanit
pride. I challenged her seducer, and rev
my honour by wounding him severely. T
God, he recovered! I have not to answ
shedding the blood of a fellow-creature
private quarrel. Nor will I ever incur
heavy guilt. To-morrow, I am to
Mackain; but I take Heaven to witness,
I will not injure a hair of his head.

"Catherine's fortune was now all g
Nothing was left for me but to have reco
to the active duties of my profession.
returned to England, and exchanged

her regiment, which after being abroad
a few years, was for some time quartered
Brighton. I now approach that period
y life, which, of all others, it is now the
painful to review. My narrative shall
s brief as I can make it.

Here it was that I met your mother. She
the most beautiful and gentle little crea-
I ever beheld—as beautiful as Margaret
o, but very unlike her in mind as well
n person. And yet in noble principles,
enerosity, in sincerity, she was the same.
she was quite without that eccentricity
ch was at once Margaret's charm, and her
ct. In her character she was more gentle,
e diffident, more feminine; but less in-
endent, less enquiring, less romantic.
was more like an exiled angel, than a
d of dust, and an heir of sin. But I need
describe your mother; you know her,
ugh you could not know, as I did, all
goodness, and all her forbearance. I
ly believe it never was equalled in this
ld, except, perhaps, by your own. Though
are not, generally speaking, like her
er in mind or in person, in those charac-
stics the resemblance you bear to her

is perfect. Your mother was aware of my former marriage, but of the circumstances attending it, she was of course ignorant. No one where we then were was able to enlighten her; and after our marriage, no one of course could have had the cruelty to do so. Immediately after the announcement of my marriage with Miss Osthwaite, my brother wrote to congratulate me, and to invite me to bring my bride to Linnwood, that he might have the pleasure of introducing us both to his wife, and of becoming acquainted with mine. This letter also informed me, that Mr. and Mrs. Melville had gone abroad, in consequence of the ill-health of the former.

"Immediately after our marriage, which was celebrated at York, we set off for Scotland. We were received with every imaginable demonstration of kindness. Your mother was delighted with the country, with the people, with my brother, and with Linnwood. Burn Cottage was then the property of Sir Thomas ——, and was at that time without a tenant. Your mother was charmed with its romantic situation, and I acceded to her wish of taking it for a year. To have a lease of it was out of the question; as I felt, that

he Melvilles returned, to remain in the hbourhood was impossible.

Isabella, my child, would that the suc- ing years of my life might remain for in oblivion!—but they cannot. Now rise up in judgment against me. The s of the past will be heard. They seem edict a future which I shudder to dwell

Your mother encouraged me to go to urgh — encouraged me to do every- that she thought likely to promote my ness. Spare me a relation of the steps ich I descended deeper and deeper into yss of sin.

Iackain had left Edinburgh, so that he o longer my leader in the career of I did not, however, want for leaders. of my former associates still remained ; nany, who had before been careless, ed every effort to entangle me, because now a pigeon worthy of being plucked. s were of themselves a greater temptation. r hundred pounds were nothing to me. l, indeed, is the bondage of sin ; galling ke to the pitiful slave who groans under pression, and yet has not courage to be

Crabbe, that great master of the

human heart, has described the state of my feelings, in lines which, though I have only once read them, have yet, from their peculiar force and terrible truthfulness, been engraved upon my memory for ever. If you have forgotten them, I write them for you now. I cannot better convey to you an adequate idea of the state of my mind, and the motives of my actions;—if, indeed, my actions could be said to have motives.

'Oh, how sharp the pain,
Our vice, ourselves, our habits to disdain.
To go where never yet in peace we went;
To feel our hearts can bleed, yet not relent;
To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not repent!'

"To this, I can add nothing.

"Your mother, after having for years borne my folly and ingratitude with the patience of a martyr, for the sake of her children's happiness—nay, for the sake of their safety, temporal and eternal—in conjunction with my brother, was under the necessity of forcing me to consent to a separation. The terms of our agreement you already know; they, therefore, do not require to be recapitulated.

ı leaving my native land, I directed my
towards America. In New York, I
ncountered Mackain. I had heard in
d that his speculative genius had led
the New World. I guessed the true
›f his expatriation, and I was not
n. I found that, shielded by the
›f another, who was the ostensible
Mackain was the actual proprietor
mbling-house of extensive resort. I
w become an inveterate gamester.
'e of gaming was with me a frenzy;
›n which I would have sacrificed my
ıatisfy, whilst every successive indul-
›nly fed the fever which maddened
n, and consumed my soul.
he summer, Mackain and his myrmi-
ade tours into the provinces, visiting
ıote watering-places, and penetrating
: lawless regions of Mississippi, Mis-
nd Arkansas. The suspicions I had
ıe time entertained, concerning the
es which regulated Mackain's actions,
›w fully confirmed. He was engaged
most nefarious transactions; and to-
ırestrained even by the gamester's
honour. He was, in short, a regular

swindler and blackleg, one of the most active of the devil's agents who traffic for the souls of men ; and in that land of slavery, purchase slaves for Satan.

" Lost, degraded, as I was, I shrank with horror from such companionship, and determined to flee from its contamination. This, however, I found that I could not do. I never was deficient in personal courage—that courage which enables a man to face undismayed a bull or a battery, and which is often allied with the greatest degree of mental pusillanimity. I could, therefore, set at defiance the menaces, bowie knives, and pistols of the desperadoes, who, in general, composed the gang; but Mackain had other weapons of attack which I could not easily parry—ties upon me which I could not so easily break. I have often wondered by what means this man acquired that ascendancy over me, which from the time of our early acquaintanship had been constantly upon the increase. I neither liked nor esteemed him, and it could not, therefore, be friendship. In intellect I knew myself to be his superior. His influence must have been the result of that power by which a strong mind is enabled

ıd to its purposes the will of a weaker, when the weaker possesses the more l and comprehensive understanding.

I did not, however, become a regular ber of his infamous gang. I abso- y refused to participate actively in their s of villany. I do not, however, mean ıinuate that my conduct was in reality h less guilty. My part was a passive I was not required to cheat. I was required to look on, and let others do so impunity. I frequented balls and public es at the towns and watering places in :h we took up our abode, and my manners appearance were serviceable to the com- y to which I belonged. For this I was ved a share of their ill-gotten gains. The ıes of which my present way of living now le me a witness, and in which, indeed, I often an actor, were such as humanity dders even to contemplate. I say hu- ıity, for the words, actions, and fearful sions of these wretches were rather those fiends incarnate, than of human beings owed with the sentiments of men.

'It is not without reason that a gambling- se has been denominated—a Hell. There

is scarcely a crime which I have not seen originate in these abodes of wickedness. There is scarcely an evil passion which I have not there beheld in undisguised hideousness. Remorse, despair, envy, hatred, revenge, found all their prototypes. But these were but the natural effects of the most odious of vices upon those whom it had enslaved. The masters, as I may call them, those arch-fiends, who like their great father, the original tempter, devised, planned, and executed the schemes which issued in such horrors, displayed in their midnight Pandemonium those diabolical passions—passions which proposed the commission of evil as the sole source of satisfaction. I do not say that Mackain was altogether so depraved as these. He was thoroughly callous, and was daunted at nothing which appeared likely to promote his ends; but I do not think he committed crimes merely for the sake of committing them.

"The mental agony I now endured was sometimes almost too great to be borne. Sometimes I thought I should quit this infamous mode of life, and beg or die rather than support it longer. At other times I envied the

led conscience of my associates, and at the knowledge of good and evil, of I could not divest myself, rendered me s more accountable than they were.

ut again my irresolution proved a barrier exercise of my will. I had neither the ood to be a complete knave, nor the e to become an honest man. I shrank thought of encountering the obloquy my conduct so justly merited. When ar's campaign was ended, and we had ed to New York, I took, however, an unity of telling Mackain that he must some other employment for me for ıcceeding summer, as no power upon should induce me to spend such another. plied that there was but one condition which he would consent to dispense my services. I answered that there o proposal he could make to which I l not accede. I was startled, however, he disclosed his scheme. It was to from my wife a certain sum of ready y, of which he was then in immediate

I was also to bind myself to obtain you, when my wife should be no more,

and you should be the legal mistress of your fortune, large sums, the amount of which he did not specify. To this I answered that my feelings of shame could not permit me to beg another farthing from my wife, and that I could not consent to reduce my innocent child to beggary. Mackain sneered at one in my situation having feelings, but replied that if shame was all that restrained me, my name need not appear as that of the person who made the application. I had only to consent, and leave the management of the business to him. With regard to the other article of stipulation, I might never be called upon to perform it. What could be more probable than that my wife should survive me, broken as my constitution was by the life I had led? Moreover, should she die, he did not ask me to reduce my daughter to beggary; but merely to obtain from her a few thousands. I agreed to the compromise, and the affair was settled.

"Thus you perceive, my dear Isabella, how it came to pass that your mother was deceived into a belief of my death, and whence it is that your own sufferings have arisen.

me wanes. Day has dawned and I must w hasten to the conclusion of my narrative. "Two or three years ago, Mackain returned this country, a reputed rich man. His ney, he affected to have made in trade. wife is the daughter of a skinner in stol, whom he married for her five thousand nds. I trusted that as he was now in h flourishing circumstances, my promise ht be forgotten. But vain was my hope. eceived a summons to return immediately this country. Ever since the death of r mother, I had suspected that Mackain been aware of the precarious state of health, and I found my suspicions con- ied. He now claimed from me the per- nance of my part of our agreement. tead of finding Mackain, as I expected, in uence, I was surprised to discover that was in great pecuniary difficulties. His n and his wife's turn for extravagance, ether with the failure of an American bank, ere part of his property was lodged, and ne losses on the turf, had been the causes his present necessity. He hoped, however, the capital he should acquire through my ans to be able to retrieve his affairs. I

durst not refuse him. If I did, I knew he would deprive me of the means of tence, betray me to my friends, and hol up to public scorn.

"He did not reap all the advantage had hoped from the possession of your for Gambling, he found, could not be carri so openly, or so boldly, in this populous co as in the wild districts of the Western V To elude the suspicions, which he coul avoid perceiving were sometimes entert he was often obliged to restrict himself v the limits of fair play. We—for I ha share in his adventures—were often u cessful. We played on, however, with bated ardour. I trusted to be able to r to you double that which I had taker all my losses, I was sustained by that desj hope, which is at once the bane and th port of the gamester. At last all was Mackain insisted that I should again to you. I absolutely refused. My pro I said, bound me to do no more than already done, and that I had made a so vow to you to forbear farther requests, v I was resolved not to break. Mackai violently incensed; but ended by givin

a month for consideration. This, Isabella, happened shortly before the time that I met you in Edinburgh. One day—one Sunday, during service, I was walking in the streets of the New Town, where by day-light on week days I rarely ventured to show myself. My thoughts were busily employed in ruminations upon the fearful past, the awful future, the agonizing present, and upon you. You, Isabella, my innocent, my injured, my own poor child, though I have loved and loved ardently, have acquired over me an influence which none before ever possessed. My thoughts of you were the sweetest and the bitterest. I thought what you might have been to me, and of what I had made you. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes.

"From a long paroxysm of madness, I seemed suddenly to have been restored to the possession of my senses. I perceived how I had abused the gift of life, and all the other gifts of the Creator. The errors and crimes of my whole existence, a formidable line of hideous phantoms passed in array before me. Death and judgment appeared to my mind with a vivid reality which I had never before expe-

rienced. In vain did I endeavour to divest myself of these awful ideas. Then, too, as if to taunt me with the delights of what never could be mine, another picture was ever present to my mind—the thoughts of the happiness I might have had with you. I felt an unspeakable yearning, a vain, agonizing desire to be able but for one minute, with a pure conscience, to press my child to my heart, and to feel that I was not unworthy of her. I groaned in anguish of spirit, and leaning on a railing I exclaimed almost aloud, 'I have done with sin for ever.'

"How inadequate did the motives by which my conduct had been actuated, now appear! The phrenzy of the maniac appeared to be sober sense when compared with the ruinous madness of my career. But what was I now to do? Was I not already bound hand and foot—sold body and soul? Had I still freedom of will? Or must I obey the dictates of necessity? For the first time since my youth, I thought of repentance; but could I repent? I now called to mind many things you had said to me, which at the time had been heard, but had made no impression. Now, however,

could recollect them distinctly, and they peared full of significance. Whilst my oughts were thus occupied, my attention s arrested by the solemn sound of sacred sic. The terrible agitation of my mind, l, I suppose, prevented me from hearing it ore. I found that the sounds proceeded m a Roman Catholic Church, of which I s then in the immediate vicinity. On the pulse of the moment, I bent my steps therward. Years had elapsed since I had ered any place of worship, and almost during whole life, my study had been to banish m my mind, as far as possible, every idea religion. A deep gloom, as I entered, per-led the chapel, save where the waxen tapers on the altar illuminated, and gave fearful ect to a picture of the crucifixion which was spended above it.

"The people were kneeling. The swelling tes of the deep-toned organ, accompanied by choir of melodious voices, filled the building th music, solemn and sublime. There was the whole place something soothing and lemnizing which calmed my agitated spirits. feeling of dreamy, but pleasing awe,

absorbed my whole being. The efficacy of those religious services which address themselves solely to the senses may, indeed, be questioned. What excites the senses rarely touches the heart, and what does not touch the heart cannot improve the conduct—the only infallible test of the value of religion. At last, the full, pealing sounds died away in strains of the softest and most exquisite harmony. A young priest ascended the pulpit. It was the first Sunday in Lent. He chose for the subject of his discourse the following verse, which I believe forms part of the service of the Church of England for this day. 'From ye even to me, saith the Lord, with all your heart, with fasting, and with weeping and with mourning.'

"The sermon appeared to me to be miraculously appropriate to the state of my mind. The young priest was eloquent and energetic; his emaciated form, pale countenance, melancholy, Italian eyes, and deep, impressive voice, gave double force to all he said. He enlarged upon the heinousness of sin, and upon the necessity of true penitence. He urged us to mortify the lusts of the flesh, which he affirmed

was only to be done by doing penance. In particular he called upon those whose lives had most grievously offended divine justice. Now was the season to humiliate themselves; he season appointed by the Church; the eason which preceded the Great Sacrifice. Now was the time to repent in dust and ashes. y the severity of what they were willing to uffer, by the multitude and rigour of their enances alone, could great sinners evince he sincerity of their repentance, or render it fficacious. The whole concluded with a asterly and harrowing description of the ufferings of Jesus Christ, and of the Holy artyrs, and a passionate appeal to the udience.

"I was powerfully excited. If you take nto consideration the previous state of my ind, you will not, I think, be surprised at he effect produced upon me by this discourse. knew little of theology, or of the true octrines of the Bible. It appeared to me atural that the suffering of the criminal hould expiate the crime. Solitude, fasts, igils, scourges, seemed all too slight a punishment for such a transgressor as myself. I ejoiced at thus being able to evince, and to

assure the sincerity of my conversion. In the projects I formed, I was ever more apt to be swayed by the impulses of my imagination than by the dictates of my reason. I was, also, I believe, unconsciously influenced by the feeling that it is easier to perform outward penance, to lacerate the body, and to wear out the mind by long prayers, than to cleanse the impure heart, and to lead a holy life. I then adopted that resolution which you afterwards so successfully combated. But one scene of my life—the last—remains to be related.

"This night, I met Mackain by appointment at Staines Moor. There were a party of us. We spent the evening in drinking. I drank little. I had never before seen Mackain drink so furiously; but he appeared to be excited rather than stupified. Towards the end of the evening, he exclaimed suddenly, 'By the by, Lorraine, we must have that money to-morrow.' I replied firmly but with gentleness, that it was impossible. He renewed his former threats in a violent manner. I answered that he was at liberty to put them in execution if he chose; but that my resolution was taken. Heated by wine, and inflamed by disappointment, he burst into a violent passion, and swore that I had broken

l solemn promise. Angry in my turn, I vehe-
ently denied the assertion. Infuriated
y my unwonted resistance, he poured upon
e a perfect torrent of invective and abuse,
eclaring that I knew I had given him my
omise, and strengthening his declaration by
e most solemn asseverations, and tremen-
us oaths. I was now much exasperated, and
ve him the lie direct. Upon the spot, he
ve me a personal challenge, and so intoxi-
ted was he, with resentment and wine, that
d he not been prevented, he would have
ght with me upon the spot. It was agreed
at we should meet in the morning, and ere I
d time to collect my senses, I found myself
ne. The prospect of this meeting fills me
th horror. He may take my life; but I take
aven to witness that nothing shall induce
to imbrue my hands in his blood. And
t, would that this fearful rencontre might be
oided! If I live, my child, I trust I may yet
d peace with you. If I die, my beloved
ughter, I feel that it will be for your happi-
ss. May God have mercy upon me! Time
es. Something tells me that for me it draws
t to a close. Isabella, forgive me! Fare-
ll, for ever! Living or dying, that God

may bless and reward you is the
heartfelt desire, and most fervent p
of your unworthy, but I trust, pe
father—

"WILLIAM LORRAIN

Little remains to be added to C
Lorraine's narrative. He was at the p
meeting at the appointed time. As his a
nist had challenged him, he had the fir
Abjuring all enmity, he discharged his
in the air. Mackain, urged by deadly
and revenge, deliberately took aim and
The ball entered Captain Lorraine's si
he instantly fell. Without an instant o
Mackain fled. The seconds, men of di
character, but not totally devoid of the f
of humanity, found, at some little dist
man breaking stones upon the road, and
they committed the charge of the m
man. They then took to flight. The
rer, after some little delay, contrived
cure assistance. Burn Cottage w
nearest place of residence, and with
difficulty Captain Lorraine was co
thither. Messengers were instantly desp
tor Dr. Morton; but his skill was u

. Captain Lorraine was beyond the aid
ıortal man. My reader is already ac-
ıted with the sequel of this melancholy
ry.

ıy I, kind reader, who have had the
ıce to follow me thus far, trespass yet a
econds upon your forbearance, whilst I
ss to you a few words in my own person.
im of fiction, is undoubtedly to amuse ;
n in itself far from ignoble. Life consists
ıtirely of application to business. Relax-
is as necessary as industry. To furnish
ent amusement for leisure hours, is,
ore, not only harmless but beneficial.
es, be it ever so small, a portion of plea-
o our fellow-creatures. To wile away an
of sorrow or of pain, to make the
er forget his sufferings, be it but for a
short period, is surely an employment
. the philanthropist need not view with
n. To be of use, in ever so humble a
er, can never be contemptible.

have not talents to tread with honour
gher walks of literature. Let them not,
ore, despise those humbler paths which
ıe within the scope of their abilities, and
ich they may be serviceable. There is a
for the lowliest flower as well as for the

lordly oak of the forest. The end of fiction, I have said, is to amuse. When, therefore, under promise of a novel, we are deluded into reading a long sermon, we have, I think, some reason to complain of the deceit. A novelist who, if he teaches at all must teach by example, is bound by inviolable obligations to inculcate nothing prejudicial to the interests of truth. It may seem paradoxical to say so, but one of the objects of fiction ought to be the illustration of moral truth.

I would not give the smallest possible room for any one to imagine that I have, in my history of Captain Lorraine, held out any encouragement to delay till the closing scene the great work of repentance, to perform which rightly requires a life-time. Let none trust to the efficacy of a death-bed repentance. Let them reflect that they may never have a death-bed. At any moment they may be swept into eternity; but for those who have appeared thus to repent, I would raise the hopes, and entreat the charity of the survivors. God is omnipotent to save. Let us not impiously attempt to limit the goodness of the Almighty. But this is perhaps too solemn a discussion to enter upon at present.

Let us turn to observe the effects of virtue

d vice in this world, upon the happiness of
en; for that virtue is rewarded, and vice
nished, even upon earth I most firmly
lieve. Not that I would insinuate that
hes and worldly prosperity wait only upon
e good, or that fortune never frowns but
on the vicious. It would be false to assert
t the reverse is not often the case. But for
evil there is a moral retribution; for all
odness a moral reward. Virtue seeks not
r happiness in the vulgar show of life; for
e knows that it has it not to bestow. She
ks it where she cannot fail of finding it, in
e approbation of God, and the love of those
whom she has blessed. That virtue which
ks a mere worldly recompense is not
nuine. Vice must ever be miserable. In
r own bosom she bears for ever the image
that place where the worm dieth not, and
e fire is not quenched.

Captain Lorraine has ascribed the long
ain of his errors and misfortunes to weak-
ss and vanity. These are doubtless prolific
urces of human misconduct. Moral strength
the great bulwark of all the virtues. Exces-
ve vanity, the allowing of our happiness to
pend upon the applause of men, is so

nearly allied to weakness, that they almost inseparable. A strong mind, thou it may never entirely conquer, will ne permit itself to be the slave of vanity. Va is the cause of mental weakness; for me weakness originates in the fear of man. none imagine that the vanity and weakne their natural character render them irres sible for the folly or wickedness which vices tend to engender. There is a remed least, for all. That remedy is the fea God.

All have only to desire heartily, and to sincerely that which no supplicant ever a in vain; I mean that faith which maketh and which in the end overcometh the wo

CHAPTER XVI.

Captain Lorraine was buried privately. He was attended to the grave by his mother, Rollo Melville, Mr. Johnstone, Dr. Morton, and a few of the old servants of the family. His orphan daughter meanwhile languished upon the bed of sickness and pain. For days, nay for weeks, she was in a state of insensibility, either raving in delirium or sunk into torpid exhaustion. But love kept watch for Isabella, and the prayers of loving hearts were incessantly offered up in her behalf. After a long, sad period of anxiety and distress, they were in the end answered favourably. The care and the skill of the physician and nurses, youth, and a naturally good constitution, triumphed over the violent shocks which it had sustained from negligence, grief, and disease. One night, after having slumbered for some hours in her

usually uneasy, disturbed manner; tw
morning she fell soundly asleep.

Her repose was long and unbroke
appeared to be sweet and refreshing.
sat by her bed-side, and watched he
intense anxiety. The expression of su
and the hectic flushing had disappeare
the wan, emaciated countenance.
even imagined that she could perceive
appearance of moisture upon the ski
she feared to allow herself to hope; s
that she might only be sharpening th
of affliction. She endeavoured to ca
mind by prayer; but so intense w
solitude, and so extraordinary the si
which she was obliged to bear in silenc
before the usual time for the family's
she was almost feverish from anxiet
pressed her hand on her heart, and
endeavoured to still its wild beatin
had glided softly to the fire-place, an
leaning upon the mantel-piece wh
cousin awoke.

Isabella was completely restored
senses, but excessively weak. She
some minutes in perfect silence, endea
to find the thread of memory, and to
the past from oblivion. She felt as

wakened to a new existence. A deep
n seemed to intervene between the
nt and the past, and when she sought
k beyond into the region of memory, the
less thoughts with which it was peopled,
and faded like vapoury phantoms in
n distance.

saw that she lay in her own bed, she
around her the usual apparatus of a
om; she felt her own excessive weak-
and she knew that she must have been
erfectly alive to the objects by which
is surrounded, memory was almost a

A painful consciousness of misfortune
l to weigh upon her spirits, without
ting to her mind one distinct image of
Her eyes, at last, rested upon Sarah's
ng figure clad in sable garments. She
ver seen her cousin in mourning before,
r a few seconds she was puzzled. Sud-
a light seemed to break upon her bewil-
mind.

rah," she whispered faintly.

h turned round, and a glance of joy
om her eyes as she hastened to her post
bed-side. She found Isabella dissolved
s.

emember now," she with difficulty arti-

culated. I remember all. Have I been very ill?"

"Yes," replied Sarah, whose tears flowed fast from mingled emotions of joy and sorrow; "You have been ill; but I thank God you are better. You must not speak or agitate yourself. Think how precious you are to all of us. Think of the griefs we have suffered on your account."

Isabella endeavoured to smile, but she was not able to speak. Her tears continued to flow unrestrainedly. Dr. Morton confirmed Sarah's hopes, and brought comfort to the desponding spirits of Isabella's anxious friends. There was still, however, he said, much to be dreaded, and the greatest caution, and the most unremitting care were necessary. Isabella, at first, made progress slowly. Her sufferings occasionally were great. They were principally caused by that excess of weakness and weariness, accompanied with a perfect prostration of the spirits, and torpor of the mental powers and feelings, which is so much more difficult to bear, even than acute pain, and of which none, who have not experienced a similar affliction, can have the faintest conception. Still, however, she continued to improve, and was at last pro-

nced out of danger. The joy with which s news was hailed may well be imagined. llo Melville was almost beside himself h happiness. His mother did not speak; t the fervency of her gratitude might have n read in the expression of her upturned s. As if by tacit consent, Isabella and r constant attendant avoided the discussion all painful and exciting topics. The name Rollo Melville even had not once been men-ned between them.

Sarah perceived, however, that she fre-ently thought of him, and when she desired e fresh spring flowers, which were daily newed in her chamber, to be brought to r, Sarah could not doubt as she saw her ss them to her lips, that she guessed from hom they came. Her aunt's dressing room, hich adjoined the sleeping apartment of the valid, had been temporarily fitted up as a tting-room. Isabella was now able to be ried thither in a chair. For her accommo-ation, a couch was placed at the window, hence there was an extensive view of the untry. It was an unusually early spring. hough only the middle of April, the hedges re of a bright green, and the woods

were clothed with fresh young leaves, the fruit trees were in blossom. The sky clear, and the air musical with the son birds. Isabella sometimes lay for ! without speaking, and looked, and list Occasionally her eyes would be filled tears; but when she remarked Sarah r ing her anxiously, she smiled and sai am not unhappy, dear Sarah."

Sometimes Sarah read aloud passage Cowper and Thomson, and she now that to cultivate the finer qualities spirits has its uses and its charms, a as to store the memory with hist facts, or to widen the range of th by the acquisition of scientific know In short, Sarah was now convinced "there is a time for all things." One day, quently happened, when reclining in her place, Isabella fell asleep. She slept and soundly, and awoke much refr When she opened her eyes, from the po in which she was placed, she did not pe that there was any one else in the roon gentle sigh, which seemed to proceed some one seated at the head of the warned her that she was not alone.

"Is it you, Sarah?" she inquired.

"No, my love, it is I," replied a voice oft in its tone that Isabella did not recog- it. And yet it sounded not unfamiliar. ld it indeed be — ? Isabella raised her . Mrs. Melville was bending over her, countenance entirely divested of its ha- l haughtiness, and expressive only of enderest commiseration and sympathy.

Isabella," she said, whilst a tear dropped the brow of her young friend, "Isabella, you forgive me?"

Forgive you! Oh, dearest Mrs. Mel-!" cried the poor girl, throwing her arms d the neck of her friend.

My child—my own child," said the latter, ng her affectionately.

Mother—my mother," whispered Isabella, ıe wept upon her bosom.

Then Isabella was a little more composed . Melville informed her that for two days had had permission from Dr. Morton isit her.

Sarah was afraid," she continued, "that ı an interview, without some preparation, ıt agitate you too severely. She has not, says, hitherto been able to find a proper

opportunity for introducing the subject to you. Isabella, we have been very impatient to see you, and I was inclined to think that Sarah carried her caution too far. I thought that I knew you, Isabella, and that though you did not speak of us, we must often be present to your mind. I thought that you would judge rightly that we ought to make the first advances towards the renewal of that affection and confidence which, thank God! still subsists, and which can never again be interrupted. To-day I came to Linnwood with the determination of seeing you before I left the house. When I found that you were asleep, I expressed my desire of sitting by you till you should awake. An unexpected meeting would, I thought, be less likely to agitate you than a formal preparation. Your uncle concurred in my views, and Sarah no longer attempted to withstand our united desires. My dear Isabella, have I judged you rightly?"

"You have indeed. You have understood my feelings perfectly."

Both were now silent for some minutes. Mrs. Melville was the first to speak.

"Isabella," she said gravely, "you cannot

rwise than regard my visit as the fore-
of another. You cannot doubt that
another person not less anxious than
to make his peace. Let me, however,
the justice to say, that he needs not
rgiveness so much. Though a greater
, he has always been more candid,
st to you than I have been. Isabella,
ı see him now? My child, are you

t me see him now," said Isabella.
rolonged expectation of such a meet-
ld make me feverish. I will see him
y."

Melville rose and left the room. Isa-
mained behind in excessive excitement
pense. The interval of delay was short;
her it seemed to contain the tedium

Hers was that state of mind when
nce dread and long for the same event,
re know not whether we would hasten
d. At last she heard a quick step
e stairs. It seemed as if her heart had
o beat. A hand was upon the lock
loor. She sprang from the sofa and
d a few steps. It was the first time
d walked alone since her illness.

Suddenly she grew dizzy—her brain reeled—a thick mist spread itself before her eyes; and she would have fallen had she not been caught in the arms of Rollo Melville. He pressed her wasted form fondly and passionately to his heart, and kissed her cold, marble-like forehead. Then, gently as a mother tends her sick child, he laid her again upon the sofa, and knelt by her side.

"Isabella," he said, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "I am not worthy of you. I—"

"Do not say so, dearest Rollo," she said, interrupting him; "it pains me to hear you. You are—you have always been all that—"

She could not proceed. A burst of tears came seasonably to her relief. Isabella's recovery was now rapid. Before long she was able to visit the family sitting-room, and at last was permitted to breathe the fresh air. The fresh air! How little do the always healthy—those who have breathed for weeks and months the same unchanged, oppressive atmosphere of the sick chamber, how little do they appreciate the feelings of the invalid who longs, and thirsts, and pants but for one breath of the fresh air. How

CHAPTER XIII.

The harvest moon rode high in the deep blue heavens, and bathed the sleeping earth in a flood of soft light. Isabella wended her way homewards across the grassy slopes, and past the tall old trees of Glencola, all so dark and still in the calm moonlight. On the bridge over the Cole, which formed one of the mediums of communication between her uncle's property and her lover's, she stood still for a few minutes to admire the beautiful scene before her. The quivering moonbeams played upon the walls of her future home which rose above the dark tufts of wood. Silvery mists floated in the valleys. Blue cloudless mountains rose beyond all. A thick wood which she had to pass lay upon the Linnwood side of the stream; but even its darkest recesses were not totally unillumined. Streams of moonshine lighted up the gloom,

as rays of heavenly love penetrate the dark labyrinths of a world of mourning and sin.

Isabella leant over the sparkling waters, her arm resting on the wooden parapet of the rustic bridge. Tears were in her eyes, but gladness was in her heart. "How beautiful!" she thought, "and it is my home and his. The gift his love—what else on earth could make it so dear and so beautiful to me? O Heaven! my cup is full. I am indeed blessed! Mother! your child is happy. Are you near her now, and does your glorified spirit rejoice that she is happy even in her earthly dwelling place?" Poor Isabella! as she raised her eyes to the calm blue sky, so mild, so friendly in the holy silence of that beautiful night, her feelings approached, perhaps, as near to perfect felicity as the nature of our mortal state will permit.

She had reached the opposite side of the bridge on her way home, when she was startled on beholding a tall, dark figure emerge from the shadow of the wood into the broad moonlight, precisely where it lay on the path which led to Linnwood. She felt her heart beat, but she was not naturally of a timorous disposition, and concluding immediately that it was

than the gardener, or one of her uncle's
vants, she walked on fearlessly. She
ngthened in this opinion by perceiving
she advanced, the person, whoever he
thdrew again into the shade in the
of a path which conducted to the
ffices. Dismissing, therefore, the
from her mind, and resuming the
ideas which this little incident had
ed, she walked on oblivious of every
t her own happy thoughts.

id passed the place where she had
figure, when she was much alarmed by
heavy hand laid upon her shoulder,
ning quickly round, her alarm was
creased on perceiving a tall, com-
-looking man, whom at the first
e believed she had never seen before.
d glance, however, convinced her
all possibility of mistake that she
him; that he was, indeed, no other
hero of Staines' Moor, who had
ttle Jamie Tulloch from a watery
e same whom she had previously seen
urgh, and who had then made so
nary an impression upon her. Those

large, piercing, painfully expressive eyes, could belong to none but himself. The only occasion on which she had seen him act, was in a manner which had done honour to his humanity; yet now she trembled in every limb from irrepressible terror at this strange, untimely rencontre.

"Isabella Lorraine!" said this mysterious individual, in a voice hoarse from agitation, yet deep and distinct in its tone. Isabella's heart died within her; but hastily reflecting upon the folly of giving way to, perhaps, needless terror, she rallied her sinking courage, and demanded in a steady voice, "Who are you? And what do you want with me at this late hour, and in this strange place?"

"I must speak with you," replied the stranger.

"Not now—not here. Come to Linnwood to-morrow, and speak with me there!"

"Come to Linnwood!—never," he replied bitterly. "Here I will speak with you:—now. You must listen to me."

Though nothing had yet occurred which seemed at all calculated to allay Isabella's apprehensions, yet she had, in a great measure,

red from the first effects of the surprise
oned by so startling a meeting ; and her
was now roused by the imperious tone
last speech.
ust!" she repeated. "Let me pass, Sir.
at right do you dare to say must to

what right you ask? By a right which
st not dispute—by a right which none
h can gainsay. Isabella Lorraine! By
it of—a father!"
e spoke, he seized firmly hold of her
d gazed searchingly into her counte-
with his dark terrible eyes. Her
e of mind nearly forsook her ; she felt
o faint. A fearful idea entered her
tion ; she believed herself to be in the
of a madman. Those strange, wild
ie shuddered as she met their gaze.
ning all her courage to her aid, and
a desperate effort to preserve her firm-
pon which she believed everything
lepend, she replied in a deprecating
voice. "You mistake; indeed, Sir,
stake. I have no father. I am an
My father died long ago."
stranger regarded her earnestly, but as

he did so his glance softened, and when he spoke again, his tone was subdued. He seemed to have read her thoughts, for he said: "You think I am mad. But I am not mad; though God knows I have had enough to make me so. I know that you think your father is dead; but he is not dead—would that he were! He lives, and upon his daughter he depends for salvation from dishonour and death. To her he addresses himself as a suppliant."

"Sir," said Isabella, "this is either a gross imposition, or a most extraordinary mistake. Let me pass now; apply to my uncle to-morrow—I abide by his decision."

"Rather would I terminate my wretched existence this instant, than make known to my brother that it yet endures. No, to you alone I address myself. However strange the hour and the place may seem to you, I tell you no other befits my condition. You have read your bible, and know that some love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil. I tell you, that you shall not quit me till I have convinced you of the truth of what I assert. The means of conviction, I have within my power. Surely, Isabella, you will not utterly renounce and deliver up to disgrace the

"You have no likeness of your father?"

"No," replied Isabella, remembering upon a former occasion how much Melville, Helen and she had been struck with the striking resemblance which the individual to whom she was now speaking bore to her cousin Rose, and feeling, whilst she did so, that her last hope had departed. In the meanwhile, her companion had touched a spring in the miniature before-mentioned, which opening, disclosed behind it the likeness of a young officer in the army.

"There were two miniatures of your mother," he said, "both alike, they were done by a young artist whom she wished to patronise. They were both contained in purple morocco cases."

Isabella shuddered whilst she recollected that he spoke truly, at least, as far as regarded the one which she had yet in her possession. He continued:

"When I quitted her for ever, I took one of them with me, by mistake, that which contained also a likeness of myself. There it is; years, and poverty, and vice—yes, vice, must have wrought their change; but I think you must be able, even yet, to discern some

resemblance between the painting and the original."

Isabella looked earnestly at the miniature. Beneath it was written in her mother's well-known and beloved characters, the name of 'William Lorraine,' accompanied by several endearing epithets. The features were those of an uncommonly handsome man, endowed with all the gaiety of youth and intellect. In the person who now stood before her, those graces, it was true, had fled for ever; but still those high, marked, handsome features, those large, lustrous eyes were what no time could change; were but too undeniably the same in both.

"Are you now convinced?" said Captain Lorraine, in the same low, hoarse voice in which he had first spoken.

"Yes," she replied in tones scarcely audible, "you are my father," and totally overcome by the violence of her conflicting emotions, she would have sunk to the earth had she not been received in the arms of her father.

"You tremble," he said bitterly. "What is it you fear? Child, you are with your father. Do you suppose he would harm a hair of your head?"

"I am not afraid now," said Isabella, her

or of your being! You will not make
mark for the finger of scorn to point at.
his disgrace you must be involved.
lla, you will not cast off and abandon to
him who, however guilty he may be, is
your father!"

he spoke he drew a pocket-book from his
t, and presented it to her. Her hand
led so violently that she could scarcely
e it. She grew sick at heart from an
hension the most dreadful she had yet
tained. There was nothing now like
ess in the stranger's deportment. There
a strange consistency in his words and
is. A thousand circumstances, unnoticed
e, now rushed upon Isabella's memory.
arful foreboding took possession of her
. Her agitation was so excessive, that
s with the greatest difficulty she undid
clasps of the pocket-book. She was
ing in the full moonlight. Not a cloud,
speck of mist dimmed its full-orbed
. Not a shadow rested on the place
e she stood. The first object which pre-
d itself to her view was a miniature of
nother. In an instant she recognised it.
as a copy of one she possessed herself.

There were many papers; and even by the light of the moon, she could, alas! read them but too plainly. Amongst them was the deed of separation, which, as Isabella perused it with breathless interest, served in no small degree to elucidate the terrible mystery, and to prove almost beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the desperate man in whose power she now found herself, was indeed her father. One only chance remained.

"But my father," she said in accents broken by excessive agitation, "my father is dead. By this deed, I see he engages to live in America. He must have died there. My mother I know believed him to be dead. She wore widow's weeds till her death, and she wept for him."

"Wept!" exclaimed the stranger, striking his forehead, and turning away for a second, "did she weep? And yet I knew she would. Oh, wretch—wretch that I am!"

"Yes," continued Isabella, "my mother must have received what she considered authentic accounts of my father's death. After his death, these papers, these letters in my mother's hand-writing, that minature might have come into the possession of another."

ppiness had departed from her for ever. She
s now completely in the power of a man,
om she had reason to believe was totally
uided by principle, and whose conduct,
ot positively criminal, she could not doubt
at least sinful, and at direct variance with
laws of God. He was, however, profuse
his thanks and expressions of gratitude.
magnitude of the evil from which his
ds seemed to imply that she had saved
, only served to fill her mind with vague
terrible ideas concerning the conduct
ch could have induced such threatened
ery. The night was now wearing fast on.
r father at last observed:

'You must now go home, for they will
nder what has detained you. Do not forget
cheque, and take care of the address.
nen it is necessary for us to meet again, I
l contrive to let you know the time and the
ce. Isabella! for many weeks, I have
ght and toiled for an opportunity to see
u. How earnestly I have longed for this
eting, no one who has not felt that
nour, that everything was staked upon a
gle chance, a chance, which every instant
s lessening; no one who has not felt the

torture of suspense, the utter agony of mind which for months I have experienced, can have the faintest conception. Sometimes I thought of writing to you; but then I knew you would believe the letter to be a forgery, and show it to my brother, and the thought of this was madness.

"Then I was tempted to commit that fearful deed from which you have but now preserved me. Even yet, thoughts will intrude that it might have been better. Can it be a sin to destroy that which causes nothing but misery to the innocent as well as to the guilty? You would not have participated in this anguish. No eye would have shed a tear over the lonely grave of the suicide. No heart would have grieved for his death: whilst I — I could scarcely have gone to a hell more dreadful than that which burns in my own bosom; than that which consumes my own guilty and forsaken heart. My daughter would never have suffered from my crimes. Isabella, you would have been happy!"

"Oh, father! for you are my father; do not speak thus terribly. Miserable indeed I am; but not so miserable as if—I am comforted to

wavering accents, however, belying her words, "tell me what are your commands, if I can, I will obey them. What do you want with me now?"

"What do I want? I want what all men want, and what you have to give me—money. You say you will obey me; but it is with a reservation. Can you give me money? It is all I ask."

"Money, you want money? Leave me but enough to buy my daily food, and take the rest. What is money to me now!"

"Generous girl! thank you, thank you, a thousand times thank you! You know not the depths of that infamy from which you have saved me. A thousand pounds is all I ask you for. Send me a cheque to-morrow on your banker. Here is the address."

Isabella took mechanically a card which he placed in her hands.

"And now," he added, "I have but one further request to make. You must give me your solemn promise never to breathe into the ear of mortal what you have seen or heard this night."

"Spare me," she cried, "oh, spare me! leave me, at least, till to-morrow for consideration."

"Impossible! to-morrow I shall not be here. You would yourself be involved in the disgrace of such an exposure. You can have no object in making it, Isabella! I command, I entreat—if you would not see what a desperate man can do."

As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a loaded pistol. Isabella shuddered and drew back. A thrill of horror ran through her whole frame, and the blood curdled in her veins.

"Be not alarmed," said her father, "I have no intention to harm you, I would only terminate the life of a wretch who has lived but to bring misery upon all connected with him."

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried his daughter, seizing the fatal weapon, "promise me that you will never do that, and I obey you in all things."

"I do promise you," he said, "if you will swear to perform what you now engage."

"Is not my word sufficient?"

"No, it is long since I ceased to depend on the word either of man or woman. You must promise upon oath."

Isabella, in fear and trembling, took the required oath, and whilst she did so felt that

t of what I have been the means of
g you from. Unhappy though I must
do not, even for an instant, I do not
t."

s there indeed so much goodness in the
? Oh! why did I not learn to love it
r? Isabella, do you hate me as much
myself?"

'ou are my father. If I cannot love and
:t you as a father, I cannot hate you. I
ıo one."

ask no more. It is impossible that you
ıve me, but you must pity me. You
of misery; but what can the innocent
of misery? Of misery such as
?"

bella's sensitive heart was much touched
ese words, and by the tone of anguish
ich they were spoken. There was also
ıterious fascination in this strange being,
ı it was equally impossible to resist or to
ıe. It was impossible to repress the convic-
hich arose unbidden from his presence and
ssions, and that in him there yet existed
elancholy ruins of what might have been
and noble mind.

"Oh, my dear father!" she exclaimed, have a daughter who will abide by yo shame and in sorrow. Confide in her—tru her—she will never forsake you! Oh moth

"Name her not," exclaimed Cu Lorraine, with passionate vehemence, " not that injured saint; and yet you to good—you too are innocent—you too m made miserable through my means. Heaven! why was I born?"

As he finished speaking, the un guilty man, threw his arms wildly rou sinking form of his young, pure daughter, straining her convulsivel throbbing heart, imprinted a burn upon her fair, open brow, and in a was gone.

The dark trees hid him sight. Isabella sunk to the earth many minutes ere she was suffic vered to be able to proceed on Linnwood. How differently d tread that path from what she l a short half hour before. Th still pursued her smooth, un The beautiful earth still slu

ical sight. The same dewy fragrance
d the air. The same sweet repose still
vaded external nature, as if the wild pas-
ns of sinful man, as if sorrow and suffering
ld have no place there. There was no
nge in the silent loveliness of that beautiful
rt; but there was a change—a terrible
nge in the kind, young spirit which had so
y swelled with joy unspeakable at the
emplation of its Creator's goodness, and
seemingly certain prospect of its own
piness. Those visions of happiness had
vanished for ever. The cup of joy
been dashed from her lips. She had
awakened from the beautiful dream
ife to a sense of its reality—a reality
roe.

er father—how often had she desired to see
with her mortal eyes; and now that that
re was gratified, she was miserable. Her
er, whom she had delighted to believe all
was excellent and noble; to find that he
the reverse of all she had fondly pictured
find that he had broken her mother's
t, that he had imposed upon her a ficti-
tale of his death; to find that he was

guilty and disgraced; forced to shun, by day, the haunts of men, and to walk abroad in the hours of darkness—a slave to sin, and a prey to remorse—were thoughts almost too terrible to be borne by the lonely, wretched heart of the miserable Isabella.

As she pressed her hand to her throbbing heart, she almost feared that her reason was forsaking her. In no thought could she find consolation. Around her were only images of despair. Rollo Melville, whose beloved remembrance had been so lately fraught with ideas of felicity, of mutual love, of perfect confidence, came now to fill her mind with anticipations so dreadful, that to dwell upon them then would have been madness.

"Oh, God help me!" she exclaimed aloud, "for I know not where to turn."

When Isabella reached her uncle's house, she was so fearful of meeting any of the family, that she entered by a little door which opened upon the garden, and groped in the dark to her own chamber; there she threw herself, with her face upon the bed, and remained for some minutes in an agony indescribable.

nembering, however, at last, that if
unt and uncle did not soon hear
return, they would, of course, send for
) Burn Cottage, she rung the bell,
l the servant to bring a light, to tell
nt that she had returned home with a
ad-ache, was gone to bed, and begged
be disturbed. She then hastily un-
l herself. The long, weary hours of
ad night wore away in sorrow and
e. Sleep fled from the red swollen
, and refused to comfort the heavy
of the restless watcher. Till she laid
verish aching head on the pillow, she
ed no tears, but now they rolled forth
rents. She wept till the fountain of
ars seemed exhausted; but no relief
to her stricken heart. With glazed
rning eyes, with a fevered and aching
she lay gazing at the flickering moon-
on the wall of her apartment, and
ng, vacantly, the shapeless shadows
e uncertain light, whilst her mind
l under the torture of the thoughts
oppressed it.

had dawned, when, at last, from

exhaustion of body and spirit, she fell into a broken, unrefreshing slumber, which could scarcely be said to bury her sorrow in forgetfulness, as it was interrupted at every instant by starts and sobs of anguish, and filled with phantoms of despair.

END OF VOL. II.

LONDON:
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HONOUR AND SHAME.

A NOVEL.

"Come then, fair Truth! and let me clearly see
The minds I paint as they are seen in thee;
To me their merits and their faults impart;
Give me to say, 'frail being, such thou art,'
And closely let me view the naked human heart."

CRABBE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
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1845.

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HONOUR AND SHAME.

CHAPTER I.

The day of the pic-nic arrived at last. The morning was hot, almost to suffocation. The sky was cloudless, and there was not a breath of wind to relieve the intense heat of the midsummer sun, which pursued its burning pathway in the heavens, undimned by a vapour. About one o'clock, however, as our party was beginning to prepare to set out, a number of rather ominous looking clouds began to appear upon the horizon. At intervals, a sultry breeze, which far from mitigating seemed to increase the oppression of the atmosphere, sprang up; and after producing a low, wailing sound among the parched woods, died away to a portentous calm.

Occasionally, also, some thought they could distinguish a rumbling among the distant mountains. Mr. Lorraine uttered the terrific word "thunder." Sarah declared she was certain it was going to thunder. "There had been a great deal of electricity in the atmosphere for some days, and there were now certain indications of a storm ready to burst." She concluded by advising them immediately to give up all thoughts of going to Loch Bower that day. The three other young ladies put their heads out of the window, and declared that they did not think it was so very like thunder. Mrs. Lorraine thought it might thunder, and that it would be a great pity if it did; but at the same time it might not. Everything was packed too, and it would be such a pity to disappoint the young people.

At this juncture, Melville arrived to add another voice to the party in consultation. He was immediately assailed by all simultaneously, with the exception of Mr. Lorraine, by the question, "Do you think it is going to thunder?"

Melville was standing with Mr. Lorraine side the window. He turned round, d glancing at the sky on all sides, re- ed:

"Oh no! there is not the least chance hat is to say, I hope there is not. ere are a few clouds, but they will keep the hills."

'But you forget we are going to the s," said Mr. Lorraine.

'There is no saying where thunder- uds may discharge themselves, and it is undred chances to one that it is not at h Bower, even admitting that these are nder-clouds, which after all they may be."

'You are determined to go, that is to . Well, if it does rain, it will do my ls a great deal of good."

But I hope it will not rain till we come k," said Melville.

Ah, Rollo!" said Mr. Lorraine, shak- his head, "you are no farmer, I am id."

Rollo laughed.

'A few hours can make little difference

to the crops, and it will make a great deal to us. Do you not think so, Miss Isabella?"

Isabella smiled.

"What does your mother think, Mr. Melville, of the propriety of our expedition taking place in weather which appears so doubtful?"

"To confess the truth," he said, "she appeared to have some apprehensions of something not altogether agreeable; but my mother is always anxious to accomplish anything she has determined upon, and is almost as expert as a young person in hoping against hope. If the rest of the party think of going, she will be the last to object."

"That I can easily believe," said Mr. Lorraine; "but that is not precisely the question at issue. My good friend, Mrs. Melville is, I know, an excellent judge of the weather; her predictions never fail. Now I wish to have her opinion in support of mine, for that it must coincide with mine, I am certain. What does she say to the signs of the heavens?"

Melville laughed.

"You press me too hard, Mr. Lorraine, ad force me to speak candidly in spite of yself. To confess the whole truth, my other thinks the aspect of affairs very reatening; and she sent me over here on rpose to inquire your movements, desir- ; me, however, to assure you that she d no personal apprehensions, and that s was quite willing to be wet in good npany. But all the carriages, you know, re covers, so that there is really no nger. When I found you all preparing, hought it would be best not to deliver mother's message, but you see I have aved honourably notwithstanding. But at are we to do?"

"Ay, what are we to do?" said Mr. raine. "'To be, or not to be.' Come, lies, decide quickly, otherwise there will no time for decision—which to be sure, hould not regret," he added, in a lower e.

Mrs. Lorraine, as usual, when her hus- nd was not a party in council, turned to r daughter Rose—a young lady who was ver unwilling to take the lead, or to low out her own opinions.

"I am just putting on my bonnet, mamma; and you know you have all the things packed. We can drive over to Birchmount, at any rate, and see if the Mackains are there, and what the Heriots are thinking of doing."

"Very true, my dear; that is a very good idea. Give my compliments to your mother, Mr. Melville, and say that we are going to drive over to Birchmount to see if the Mackains are there, and what the Heriots are thinking of doing."

Melville bowed.

"You will all be wet through," said Mr. Lorraine. "Oh, the delights of being thoroughly soaked at a party of pleasure!"

"Perhaps we may escape," said Melville; "and at any rate if we are wet, it is our own fault, and therefore we cannot complain; and you, Mr. Lorraine, will have the satisfaction of telling us so, and saying that you warned us. *Au revoir*, ladies, as Mrs. Mackain says."

In a few minutes the carriage was at the door, and the whole party, with the exception of Sarah, packed into it. Where

ras to have been bestowed, had she
did not clearly appear. She chose,
ver, to remain at home, as she did
ke to lose a day, and the weather
hed her with a sufficient pretext for
ting herself.

last they set off. Helen and Isabella,
with a basket in their lap. Helen,
l, wished to have carried both, as
ince the conversation of her cousin
Mr. Lorraine, her gratitude had been
less, and her affection manifested
ıpon every occasion.

they drove towards the house at
nount, they perceived carriages at
or, and ladies bonneted at the win-

The sky was now quite overcast,
ıe clouds appearing to proceed from
point of the compass, became every
t more lowering.

t as Mr. Heriot was handing Mrs.
ne from the carriage, the whole party
startled by a vivid flash of forked
ing, succeeded by a loud and con-
ıs peal of thunder, which roared and
ed over their heads, and then appeared

to die away in hollow murmurs among the mountains. A few immense drops of rain fell from a dark cloud which was hurrying over the mansion.

"Now!" said Mr. Lorraine, "we need not alight, I suppose; we had much better go on to Loch Bower."

"Capital, faith!" cried Mr. Mackain, who now appeared upon the steps. "Go on to Loch Bower, indeed!—No, no; we know when we are in good quarters. We intend to pic-nic at Birchmount. We had all that settled before you made your appearance, Lorraine."

"If we are not to go to Loch Bower," said Mr. Lorraine, "I think we had much better go home before the day gets worse. Do you not think so, my dear?"

"Upon no account," cried Mr. Heriot, "it would be madness to think of going out at present. Since we are not to be a rural party out of doors, at least, let us be a social one within. Mrs. Melville, Mrs. Mackain, and Miss Hunter, have agreed to pic-nic here. I hope, Mrs. Lorraine, you will not object to do the same."

Mrs. Lorraine did not object, for the in was now descending in torrents, and e general aspect of nature seemed to reaten a tremendous storm. Miss Heriot xt appeared to receive her guests, and conduct them to an apartment where ey might make the necessary altera- ns in their toilet. Here she left them hile; Mrs. Lorraine endeavouring to stow upon one of her hostess's demure king caps, somewhat of the air of her n more matronly head-dresses, and the ung ladies making sundry attempts to nvert plain morning gowns into fashion- le dinner-dresses.

At last the labours of the toilet were npleted, if not entirely to the satisfac- n of the ladies, yet as well as circum- nces would permit. As they entered drawing-room, Isabella heard Miss nter's voice in a loud declamatory tone. e was delivering a bitter philippic against ssie Tulloch, averring that her delicate alth was all pretence; that she was idle, grateful, and heartless; that her brother ank; that the Tullochs in general were

a bad set, with whom no person of respectability could have anything to do, and who ought to be left to the misery they so richly deserved.

Mrs. Melville listened to her cousin's harangue in imperturbable silence, and then replied:

"Dr. Morton, a man of undoubted honour, has given it as his decided opinion, that Jessie Tulloch is consumptive. Her mother is a respectable woman, and she is a respectable girl; and if they have the misfortune to be connected with a drunkard, they are only the more deserving of our sympathy and commiseration. And, therefore, Susan, notwithstanding what you have just said, I intend to afford them all the countenance and relief in my power to bestow, or which they will accept."

As Mrs. Melville finished speaking, she rose from her chair, and walking towards a distant window, reseated herself apart from the rest of the company, at the same time beginning to read, as if she were determined neither to hear nor to say anything more upon the subject.

"My cousin, Margaret," said Miss Hunter, addressing the rest of the party, "never believes anything that anybody tells her, and never takes anybody's advice; and so she may just take the consequences now, as she has often done before. But I can tell you what—whatever Mrs. Melville may say, the Tullochs are a very queer set, and more people than I know of. There's a queer set of folks there sometimes, that meet for no good, I dare say. Did you never hear anything about them, Mr. Mackain?"

"Tulloch," replied Mr. Mackain, "is a low, drinking fellow, and no doubt entertains at his inn a set of reprobates no better than himself."

Isabella looked at Mr. Mackain as he finished speaking, but his manner betrayed no consciousness.

"There's one in particular," continued he in a tone of bitterness for which Isabella was at a loss to account, "a dark, disreputable-looking fellow."

"Oh!" cried Rose, "that must be Isabella's hero, the incognito who saved

the child's life. Isabella, I congratulate you."

"If I had been aware," said Mr. Mackain, "that Miss Isabella had had any interest in the subject, I should have been the last man in the world to touch upon such delicate ground. But I had no idea—I should never have guessed—but to be sure there is no accounting for a young lady's taste. Of course it must be better than mine. Happy man, that dark stranger! hey, Miss Isabella! I shall see him with other eyes for the future, for your sake, lady fair."

Isabella, justly incensed at the sneering impertinence of this speech, replied with some indignation:

"I beg, Mr. Mackain, that you will not give yourself the trouble to do any thing for my sake, as I fear the value of your opinion, uttered upon grounds so satisfactory, might not be duly appreciated. Most probably you have had better opportunities of judging of the character of the gentleman to whom you alluded than I can have had. Certainly, upon the only

casion that I ever saw him act, I was ry much impressed in his favour."

"His conduct was so gallant," said Mr. ackain. "Ay, that is the way to jump to a young lady's heart. Dear creatures! ey are so easily deceived; but I would t advise you always to trust to appear- ces, Miss Isabella."

"I am much obliged to you for your unsel, and I can assure you I am well ware of its importance. Inexperienced d unsuspicious as you seem to think e, I am perfectly well aware that there e people in the world, who will not only de reprehensible conduct under the cloak outward propriety, but will even con- mn in others the very errors in which ey have participated, or into which they ay have been the means of leading em."

Isabella, as she spoke, perceived that r. Mackain's countenance reddened with iger. He returned no answer, but ad- essed himself to Rose, who for some inutes had been talking to Mr. Melville.

"Young people now-a-days," said Miss

Hunter turning to Mrs. Mackain, "are so much wiser than their elders. I'm sure I wonder what the world's to come to."

"I declare so do I, my dear Miss Hunter, I often say so to Mr. Mackain. Ah! you cannot tell what a privilege I esteem it to have an older person to consult."

As Isabella did not feel at all interested in hearing the remainder of this edifying conversation, she walked towards a table at which were seated Mrs. Lorraine and Miss Heriot looking over some engravings. They were joined almost immediately by Mr. Heriot, who had been for some time searching in a book-case for a book for Mrs. Melville.

"I think," said he, after a few minutes' conversation, "we might have a little music."

"I am afraid," said Isabella, "that the thunder and rain would prevent its being heard."

"Perhaps you are right. Our feeble attempts would have no chance of success in opposition to the voice of the storm."

"The most sublime of all music," said Isabella.

"Music!" cried Miss Heriot, "do you think those terrific sounds are musical?"

"Yes," replied Isabella, "I think that there is music in all the sounds of nature, in the awful rolling of the thunder, as well as in the murmurs of the streams, the gentle sighing of the summer breeze; though I allow that in the former, the sublime predominates so greatly over the beautiful, as in some moods of the mind, at least, to produce terror rather than sympathy. It overawes rather than soothes the feelings."

"You may be right," said Miss Heriot, 'for such is the peculiar constitution of my mind, my idiosyncrasy as the learned would call it, that no emotion of which terror forms an element, is productive of pleasure to me. Even military music, which is so agreeable to most people, is quite painful to my feelings. It reminds me of war and its dreadful accompaniments, the groans of the dying, and the tears of widows and orphans."

"How strange!" said Isabella, "it fills me with visions of glory, visions of the noble and the brave fired with the love of their native land, and welcoming even death itself in the service of their country. I think that in a righteous cause, and to the sound of such soul-inspiring music, I could fancy a soldier ready to march with enthusiasm to the field of honour, or death."

"Your taste seems strange to me, Isabella," said Miss Heriot.

"Strange!" cried her brother sharply, "it is your taste that is strange, I think, and not Miss Isabella's. Nobody with an atom of sense would give way to such foolish fancies as you permit yourself to indulge in. Martial music is certainly the finest expression of sound in existence; nobody with the slightest taste can think otherwise."

Miss Heriot coloured and looked quite abashed by her brother's speech. Isabella had never been so much displeased with him before; she thought him unfeeling, nay cruel, to be so totally regardless of the feelings of a person so exceedingly inof-

nsive as his sister, and one especially hose disposition was so peculiarly sensi- ve. She was, therefore, much pleased, hen Melville, who was always ready to ke the part of the weak or the timid, said ith a smile:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Heriot, but I nnot agree with you; there is nothing in e whole circle of the fine arts, in which ste is less arbitrary than in music, or thing in which there is a greater scope r a variety of taste. Cowper, you know, ys,

> 'There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
> And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
> With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
> Some chord in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us and the heart replies!'

have always remembered those lines, cause they seem to account so naturally r diversity of taste in music, an opinion which the present discussion has served confirm me."

To this Mr. Heriot listened politely, but d not reply, and turning towards Mrs. lackain, pointed out to her notice an

engraving in the Book of Beauty. Melville, however, was rewarded for his speech by a look of gratitude from Miss Heriot, and an approving smile from Isabella. The next instant he was by her side. Miss Heriot remarked the smile and its consequence. A new idea entered her mind; she wondered that it had never struck her before. She glanced towards her brother to see if he noticed what had passed; but he was still speaking to Mrs. Mackain, and from the composure of his manner, she felt certain that he had not.

In the meantime, Melville and Isabella had turned towards a window, and stood together surveying the progress of the storm, which having undergone a temporary cessation, was again raging violently. The scene was, indeed, grand and imposing. The distant mountains, partially concealed by the lurid and foamy clouds which clung to their rugged forms, and magnified by that very indistinctness which affords hope to the imagination, formed a suitable limit to the scene which presented itself. Dark masses of cloud obscured the heavens, and

t over the earth a deep and solemn om, even where, on the extensive land- pe, there fell a long line of sunlight, ming by contrast unnaturally bright. intervals, vivid flashes of lightning dis- ted the obscurity, giving a momentary ful distinctness to every tree, and am, and building, which an instant re had been involved in the brooding dows. The thunder rolled, and by fits l gusts of wind swept mournfully among trees, and howled round the corners of mansion.

How magnificent!" said Isabella.

It is indeed," replied her companion.

Are you not surprised," she continued, at there should be any one capable of olding such scenes with indifference?"

When I think seriously of it I am, and when my attention has been otherwise pied, a violent thunder storm has made greater impression upon me than a wer of rain. When, however, one does time to think, the reflections naturally ced by such contemplations, certainly l to elevate the mind, and to show us

the value of things in their true proportions."

"They show us the insignificance of the objects for which we are accustomed to strive. It is at such instants that earthly strife and ambition shrink in our eyes to their true littleness."

"Yes," said Melville, "those which are little; but all earthly strifes and wishes are not contemptible. At least, I cannot think so. There are some in which a moment like this assume even greater importance, and which, if possible, seem even more worthy of being striven for. Surely you do not think earthly happiness altogether to be despised."

"Oh, no, no! I only meant those strivings after petty distinctions, those impieties and disputes about excuseless trifles with which we too often foolishly embitter those hours which ought to be happy, because they are invaded by no real sorrow. It almost seems as if we despised happiness, when we thus so thanklessly thrust it from us."

"Mr. Melville," cried Rose Lorraine,

his instant, "do come here, and look this engraving. It is from a painting Raphael's in the Vatican, so that you st have seen the original."

An expression of impatience passed over lville's countenance; but as the laws of iteness required, he advanced towards e and Mrs. Mackain, who were seated ether on a sofa, examining the contents portfolio. Here he remained standing some time, replying to a multitude of stions, and at last by the united œuvres of the two ladies, was forced seat himself between them. Not long rwards, dinner was announced. There g a scarcity of gentlemen, the young es were under the necessity of con- ting each other to the dining-room. bella found herself placed next Mr. iot at table. He made himself so much re than usually agreeable, as to cause nearly to forget her displeasure at his vious conduct.

Before dinner was over, the thunder sed, the clouds rolled away and the sun in shone out. After tea, carriages were

ordered, and the party prepared to depart to their several homes, having unanimously agreed that they could scarcely have spent a pleasanter day, had they been at Loch Bower. Before separating, it was agreed that, wind and weather permitting, they should again attempt the long-promised excursion, a resolution which was adopted chiefly at the instigation of Mr. Heriot, influenced by a desire to please Isabella, who, he could perceive, was anxious to go. She discerned his motive, and felt grateful for it, and all remembrance of disapprobation for the minute vanishing, she took leave of him for the night with unwonted cordiality. Immediately Mr. Heriot laying down the shawl, which he had lifted with the intention of putting upon Miss Hunter, turned towards Isabella and began to fasten her cloak with great assiduity, telling her that the thunder had cooled the air, and that she must wrap herself up. All this unusual attention Isabella did not remark, but Melville did, and so did Rose. She glanced expressively towards him; he half returned the glance,

he minute afterwards fell into a deep
e. While Isabella was yet wonder-
hat the apparent intelligence between
could possibly mean, Mrs. Melville
her to take a seat home in her
ge,
s your aunt's," she continued, " is
ull without you."
ella very gladly accepted this invi-
Mrs. Melville, turning to her son,

ome, Rollo, do not stand so like an
aton, but hand Isabella into the
ge. We are to drive her home."
son obeyed with alacrity, and though
l not seem in good spirits, Isabella
it she had never before seen him so
nd gentle.
as now the " still hour when storms
ne." The sun, like the triumphant
i in the dark and stormy path of
as sinking gloriously to rest, free
he clouds of wrath and gloom which
bscured its earlier career in the
is. Light clouds floated in the soft
ky, and hung high over the clear

mountains. The rain drops on the meadows and trees sparkled in the setting sunlight, and the green earth smiled like a bride through her tears.

Old men, and tidy matrons and maidens, sat at the cottage doors, the latter plying the busy needle, or the shining wires. The younger men, returned from their work, spoke with them of the good which had been done by the rain to the thirsty earth, or the cattle which had been killed by the lightning. The children paddled in the pools which had been left by the rain, or pursued their other sports in front of the doors. Their merry young voices sounded pleasantly in the still evening air. All things, and all creatures looked glad and refreshed after the parching heat of the last few days.

The Melvilles and their young friend had driven on for some time in silence, which at last was broken by Rollo.

"After all," he said, "there is no country like this. Even under the beautiful sky of Italy, I do not remember to have beheld a scene half so pleasing as this."

This is home," said his mother, " the
of our fathers and of our affections,
and of liberty!

e pure the vales, and peaceful are the skies;
freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.' "

Yes," said Melville, " as another and
greatest of our national poets says:

groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
re bright beaming summers exalt the perfume,
rer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
the Burn stealing under the long yellow broom.'

dearer still would my country be to
ould I participate in all the feelings
ssed by the poet in the beautiful song
which I have quoted; but that I per-
too clearly can never be. Would
ny most fervent hopes were not fixed
an impossibility!"
e last few words were spoken in a
of despondency, and rather as if the
:er was thinking aloud than address-
nimself to his companions. Isabella
onsiderably astonished, and fixing her
on the landscape as they passed, with-

out, however, any longer admiring or perceiving its manifold beauties, was soon lost in the fruitless endeavour to fathom his meaning. Mrs. Melville also turned in some surprise, and with a look of inquiry fixed her eyes on her son's countenance. She read nothing there, however, to indicate anything of greater importance than, what was very unusual with Rollo, a temporary depression of spirits, which she imagined must have prompted the doleful tenor of his speech. Taking no notice, she continued the conversation in the same tone in which it had been commenced.

"Even setting aside the *amor patriæ*, my predilections from my childhood, I must confess, have all been in favour of the scenery of the north countrie. To my imagination there has always been a greater charm in its wild and lonely lakes and glens, in its dark mountains and frowning cliffs, in its sea-indented shores, and even in its mists and storms, than in all the more magnificent imagery, and more glowing beauties of the sunny south. Ever since I can remember to have been able to

m a wish, it used to be my most earnest ire to visit, in company with some dred spirit, every beautiful spot, every ge wild, every object hallowed by torical or romantic association, every k and corner of my interesting and ved country."

"I do not wonder; and so should I," d both her companions in a breath, used by the enthusiasm with which she ressed herself.

'It seems strange," she continued a calmer tone, "with such tastes and hes, and little apparently to prevent ir indulgence, that except the wild ndeur of my early home, the more tivated beauty of my present one, l the magnificent city of Edinburgh, should have passed my life without ing anything of Scotland, while I have velled so much more in the south of rope than the generality of people have e. It seems one example of what perience has frequently led me to remark, t we seldom set our hearts upon any

earthly object, but it is the very gratification which an overruling Providence, for its own inscrutable but all-wise ends, has ordained that we shall never obtain; while we have been permitted other enjoyments at which we never aimed, and which were apparently much farther beyond our reach."

"But surely, my dear mother, you do not mean to say, that it is not now, whenever you please, within your power to visit any part of Scotland you like?"

"Now, my dear Rollo, it is. But I did not speak of now, I spoke of then. Then was the time for activity, now is the time for rest."

"But travelling is so easy now," said Isabella, "and you, dear Mrs. Melville, have lost none of that enthusiasm, the principal ingredient in the disposition of a true traveller. You would, I am sure, enjoy as much as any one possibly could, those beauties which from imagination you describe so warmly. Even I, Scotchwoman as I am in heart and soul, who am not half so enthusiastic as you, even I have a vague

hope of some time or other being able to visit the wildest shores, and most secluded glens of my native country."

"You, my love, you are young, you have life before you. You tell me that I am enthusiastic, and perhaps I am; but my enthusiasm now is not for myself, it is for those I love. No, no; at my time of life, personal enjoyment is found at home, amid quiet pleasures and domestic occupations, whilst more stirring delights are best enjoyed in the second person, that is to say in the persons of those who are dear to us. Yes, my travelling days are over; and, believe me, I do not regret them, as they have left behind what I prize still more. But yours, yours, my dear children, are almost all to come. You will travel over the land of your fathers, and visit its farthest isles and the most sequestered recesses of its mountains, and my spirit will go with you and sympathize in your pleasures as if they were still my own."

As Mrs. Melville finished speaking, Rollo fixed his eyes on Isabella, with an expression which caused the warm blood

to mount to her temples. They were withdrawn, however, instantly, and she fancied, but it might have been fancy, that she heard something like a suppressed sigh. Nothing farther passed till they reached Linnwood, when Mrs. Melville bidding her young friend good night, kissed her affectionately—an expression of regard the more gratifying, as Isabella had never before seen it bestowed by her on any human being. Rollo's adieu partook rather of the gentle depression observable in his manner during the greater part of the drive, than of the ardent spirit which spoke in the glance afore-mentioned. Isabella was puzzled, and spent the greater part of the night in solving the important problem, namely, whether she was happy or miserable. Upon the whole she was inclined to think that she was happy—which being the more agreeable conclusion, I shall leave her to it for the present.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after the events recorded in he preceding chapter, Helen and Isabella ent to pay a visit for a week or two to the mily of a Colonel Cameron, who resided out fifteen miles from Linnwood. Colonel ameron was an old friend of Mr. Lorine's, and two of his daughters had been school for a year with Helen. Ever nce that period a great intimacy had substed between the young ladies. The esent visit had long been promised on elen's part, and she was now particularly ll pleased to accomplish it. Her cousin d been kindly invited to accompany her, d she would have an opportunity of hibiting to the Miss Camerons a sympaizing friend in Isabella, and also of nfiding to them, under a vow of the rictest secrecy, the interesting intelligence her approaching nuptials. Isabella also

looked forward to the visit with pleasure, for it would not only show her a little more of the country, but it would separate her for a few days from Rose, who ever since the memorable day of the thunder-storm, had treated her in a very unkind, and occcasionally, even contemptuous manner. Several times she had been upon the point of demanding an explanation of conduct so unaccountable, but had always checked herself, in the hope that it might proceed merely from a temporary fit of ill-humour, and from her unwillingness to appear to be on unfriendly terms with any one of her uncle's family.

Now, she thought, that any imaginary cause of offence must be forgotten long before her return, and that intercourse between Rose and herself would reassume its former footing without the disagreeable, and, perhaps, dangerous necessity of inquiring into the cause of its interruption.

Nothing, therefore, could have come more opportunely than the invitation to Allanside. The only drawback to the plan was, that it necessarily involved a separa-

ion from Melville. Upon further consi-
eration, however, this did not appear to
abella an evil of great magnitude; it was
erely a temporary privation, which per-
ps might carry along with it, its counter-
lancing advantages.

Before leaving home she paid a visit to
ssie Tulloch. The poor invalid had
llied wonderfully. The pain in her side
s much better, her cough had nearly
t her, and she was in excellent spirits.
spite of her reason, the hope which
abella read in Jessie's countenance was
akened in her own bosom. And thus it
ever with that most insidious of all
eases; it revives the spirits both of
se who suffer, and of those who grieve
the sufferer, that it may crush them
ain more cruelly, and by this refinement
torture, multiplies the pain of one death
o the agony of many. In the meantime,
wever, Isabella went to Allanside in
tter spirits than she might otherwise
ve done.

The visit proved even more agreeable
an she had dared to expect. Colonel and

Mrs. Cameron were exceedingly hospitable people, very open-handed, and very fond of amusement. In the minor particulars of their characters, they were probably dissimilar, but in those most obvious to a stranger they were wonderfully alike. The three daughters were all very commonplace, but were very good humoured. The two sons, who were younger than the daughters, were at that awkward age, when having ceased to be boys, they had not advanced beyond the confines of manhood. The elder, however, was about to join a regiment in which his father had just purchased a commission for him, and was consequently in his own opinion a very dignified personage, and quite qualified to enact the admirer to any lady whatever.

Accordingly, he selected Isabella as the object of his present attentions; while the second, whose pretensions were certainly not so great, having left off the round jacket only six months before, but whose spirit being naturally aspiring, would never allow him to remain much in the rear of his brother, devoted himself most assidu-

ually to Helen. The whole family appeared to emulate each other in devising amusements for the gratification of their guests; and drives, pic-nics, and parties, succeeded each other in so perpetual a round as to make three weeks seem to pass like one. Though a longer continuance of this life of gaiety would have been to Isabella tiresome in the extreme, it amused her for the time, and made her grateful for the kindness which gave rise to it. Indeed, the whole family were so unusually obliging, and so overwhelmingly kind, that she parted from them with real regret, and with something like affection. The parting, however, was not to be of long duration; for a week after the departure of the Miss Lorraines, the Miss Camerons were to follow them to Linnwood, for the purpose of being present at a ball which was to be given there on Rose's birth-day, when she should have completed her twenty-first year.

A ball was a great rarity in the quiet neighbourhood of Linnwood, and consequently created a great sensation, especially among

the young people. The idea of giving it had originated with Rose herself, who, to answer certain ends of her own, had taken a private opportunity of impressing upon her mother the absolute necessity of giving a large entertainment of some description.

"It will give Helen an opportunity of seeing all her friends before she goes to India, as papa has consented to the marriage; and then you know we have never given a large party of any kind since Isabella came to Scotland."

"Very true, my love. I never thought of all that before; if your papa has no objection, I think it is the best thing we can do."

Mr. Lorraine had no objection; he never had to anything that was likely to conduce to the innocent amusement of his family, or his friends. Rose's birth-day not being very far distant, it was fixed upon for the day of the ball, and invitations were issued accordingly.

During the sojourn of the young ladies at Allanside, they had had two visits

m Mr. Heriot, and the same number m Mr. Melville. On one of those occa- ns, the two gentlemen happened to meet. was the day of a dinner-party at Allan- le; Colonel and Mrs. Cameron pressed th of them to remain. Mr. Heriot with- t much difficulty acceded to their hos- table proposal; but notwithstanding very gent entreaties from the whole family, elville steadily declined it, and after ting for a few minutes in almost perfect ence, took leave, much to the regret of e young ladies, who were sorry to lose so igible a partner for the dance in the ening. This was Mr. Melville's second sit, and also his last during the stay of e Miss Lorraines; for he did not return ain whilst they were inmates of Allan- le. It was only Mr. Heriot's first, but remained all night, and returning the lowing week, spent two entire days der the hospitable roof of Colonel and rs. Cameron. In this, however, there s nothing remarkable, as he and the lonel were old friends, had been known each other in India, and as neighbours,

had always been upon the most intimate footing.

On Isabella's return to Linnwood, she found, greatly to her surprise, that Rose's ill-humour, instead of being diminished, was now greatly augmented. Occasionally her behaviour was even absolutely rude. This was not to be borne, and accordingly Isabella took the first opportunity of being alone with her cousin, to say:

"Rose, I have always been accustomed to be upon good terms with those who were members of the same household to which I belonged. Believe me, it is very painful to my feelings to be otherwise."

"And are we not on good terms?" demanded Rose, drily.

"That, Rose, is a question which you must answer. I am not conscious of having given any cause of offence to you; but if I have, I am sorry for it, and all I ask is, that you will candidly tell me how I have erred, as I can assure you it has been through ignorance."

"Have I complained of having received offence, Isabella?"

No, not in words; but you have shown hat you are offended."

My manner is unfortunate. It is a that I cannot guard it better."

I do not wish you to guard it. I had rather that it expressed your feelings ey really exist. Come, Rose, speak ly, and put an end to this incompre- ible misunderstanding. We are near ves. Let us be friends."

Friends, Isabella!" repeated Rose, her sparkling, and her face flushing with r, while her whole manner betrayed derable excitement, "that, I think, nds upon yourself. You need not ask ow you have offended me;—ask your conscience, and if it answers candidly, ll tell you that you have endeavoured, st, to do me the greatest of possible ies."

You surprise and shock me. I have l my conscience, and taxed my ory to the utmost; neither accuse f having committed any fault towards I insist upon an explanation."

And I will explain," said Rose, vehe-

mently, "since you do not choose to understand. Is it no harm, do you think, to have endeavoured to ruin me in the good opinion of one whose approbation I value beyond aught else on earth? Is it no injury to have used your utmost exertions to supplant me in that person's esteem, when you must have been aware —when it is impossible you can have concealed from yourself, that in every point of view—in justice—in honour, I had a much higher claim upon his affection and consideration than you could have?"

If Isabella had been astonished before, her astonishment was now increased tenfold. A faint glimmering of the truth dawned upon her mind; but it only served to bewilder her. She rejected the idea to which it gave birth, as too improbable—too monstrous to be credited. She blushed deeply as she replied.

"You perplex me more than ever. I cannot fathom your meaning. It is impossible that—that—"

"You have tried to injure me with Mr. Melville. Yes, I do mean it!"

"Then, Rose, you are mistaken. You me great injustice. I have never tempted to injure you in the opinion any one; it is the last thing I should ve thought of."

"You have not spoken ill of me, haps, but you have always endeavoured make my character and actions appear the worst light."

"And what object do you imagine that roposed to myself by such conduct?"

"To lessen the regard you saw he had me."

"If I had imagined he had any partilar regard for you, I should never have ought of lessening it—last of all by eans so unworthy."

"If you had thought—do you say then at you did not think Mr. Melville had y particular regard for me?"

"I cannot say that I have perceived that had."

"And perhaps you will say also," reoed Rose, with increasing violence, hat you have never attempted to withw Mr. Melville's attention from me, t you might fix it upon yourself?"

"Yes," returned Isabella, indignantly. "I will say so. Mr. Melville's attention to me has always been voluntary. I have never courted it; and surely if he pleases, he has as good a right to bestow it upon me, as upon you."

"No, he has not—in honour he has not."

"In honour! Rose, what do you mean? For Heaven's sake—" she stopped, and putting a strong restraint upon her feelings, continued in a calm tone of voice: "Convince me, Rose, that, in honour, you have a superior claim to Mr. Melville's regard, and it shall not be my fault if I do not repress every attention which can give you pain."

Rose's manner underwent a complete metamorphosis, and taking Isabella's hand, she said:

"I expected this from you, Isabella. I always hoped that when you were made aware of the truth, you would put a stop to that course of behaviour, which, though it ought not, and cannot cause me any serious uneasiness, yet such is my sensitive, and perhaps I ought to say,

lous disposition, that what, I have no ibt, proceeded from thoughtlessness and ity of spirits in both of you, has caused many miserable moments."

And if such were your feelings and tion, Rose," inquired Isabella, with- ving her hand, "why did not you lk openly to me? Why have you ived thus unkindly and intemperately?"

Because I was annoyed and perplexed. ve you some apology certainly; but I e you will make allowance for the ted state of my mind. But it is all now. Let us both forget it."

No," said Isabella, "it is not all over You have not yet convinced me that have a title to be jealous of any one's luct towards Mr. Melville; that your ns upon his attention are superior to e of any other young woman whom for time he may happen to find agreeable, who may chance to take pleasure in his ety."

Is my word that I have, not sufficient?"

No, not in the present instance. I do Rose, mean to imply a doubt of your

veracity. You may have fancied that he liked you, but merely to have fancied it, is, you know, no proof. Others may have fancied the same."

"If you mean that you will not discourage those—flirtations, I must call them, unless Mr. Melville has actually proposed to me, you must even continue them, and I must make up my mind to bear as I best can your ungenerous conduct. But you know I said in honour."

"In honour!—well, give me proof then that in honour Mr. Melville has given a title to you to disapprove of the style of intercourse between him and any other person. Show me this, and you shall regulate the manner of my behaviour towards him to suit your own feelings."

"You must have remarked then," said Rose, "on his first arrival at Glencola, that he always appeared to prefer my society to that of any other person."

"I did; but surely, Rose, you do not mean to adduce that circumstance as any particular proof of regard. It may be one among many, but taken by itself, it cannot

nstrued to mean anything more than he thought your conversation amus-

Taken by itself! but you will allow, ella, that many small circumstances ing upon the same point, contain ngst them as large an amount of evi- e as one solitary greater one."

It depends entirely upon what that er one may be. An accumulation of nce, however, does carry great weight. n."

Well then did you never remark long this first show of preference, indeed the last few times we all met together e you went to Allanside, he always ed fonder of my company than of s, never almost speaking to you, but ng you to talk to Mr. Heriot, or any- who happened to be next you, and ining generally close by me? I knew, ast, I suspected that when you met at nother's and walked home together at ;, you had flirtations; but then I was by, and Melville is very lively and fond dies' society. But before my face, it really too bad."

"Did you fear then," said Isabella, with as much indifference as she could assume, "that your place in Mr. Melville's regard was about to be usurped by me?"

"No, I had too much confidence in Melville's affection for me ever to believe in the possibility of such a thing; I mean when I had time to reason on the subject. Nevertheless, it made me very unhappy to see you accept so willingly those numerous little cares, those petty marks of regard, so apparently trifling, and yet so really significant. I thought it so unkind of you, and so thoughtless of him, bound in honour to me as he must know that he is."

"Thoughtless of me you mean, and unkind of him. Yes, Rose, you must blame Mr. Melville, and not me for this misunderstanding, if misunderstanding there has been."

"There cannot have been a misunderstanding on my part, at least. Look here, Isabella," continued Rose, opening a box which stood on the table beside her, and producing a ring from one of its recesses; "do you think that I should have accepted this from Melville, had I not had sufficient

son to believe that we understood each ner?"

As she spoke, she put the ring into her sin's hand. It was an antique, and set h brilliants. Isabella remembered to re seen it on a former occasion lying n a table at Burn Cottage, and to have n told that Rollo had brought it from y, and regarded it as something very cious. As she recalled this to mind, l remarked at the same time that a ce in the centre of the brilliants, which then vacant, was now filled with hair, nearly as she could remember, the our of Melville's, a deadly pang shot ough her heart, her eyes grew dark, and felt so giddy, that she could scarcely nd. With difficulty she conquered her otion, so far as to be able to say in a ce of forced calmness:

'This is indeed, Rose, a satisfactory of that something more must be meant Mr. Melville's part than mere civility. could not have given you this, had—"

sabella stopped. She could go no ther.'

"I am glad you think so," said Rose; "the hair is very neatly put in, is it not, since it was done in Kirkholm?"

"Oh, very!"

"And now, my dear Isabella," continued her cousin, "you see I have something more to rest my claims upon than mere imagination. I feel certain, now that you are acquainted with the true position of affairs, you will never encourage, that you will do all in your power to repress that style of intercourse which causes me so much pain. Melville's conversation, comparatively speaking, can have no charms for you. His society is everything to me; to you it is nothing, I am sure."

The latter part of this sentence followed after a pause, and was spoken slowly, while Rose at the same time fixed her large dark piercing eyes intently and coldly on her cousin's face. Isabella was very pale; but making a strenuous effort, she was able to reply with tolerable composure:

"Certainly, it is nothing to me."

"I was certain it was not. If I had

ught otherwise, I should never have de this disclosure to you."

As Rose spoke, Isabella could not help gining that a triumphant consciousness king in her eyes, and finding utterance he tone of her voice, gave the lie to the ning embodied in her words. Summing to her aid all her womanly pride, replied in a steady, deliberate tone:

'I am glad, at all events, Rose, that have made this disclosure, it will serve prevent for the future much misunderding upon both sides."

'Remember, however, Isabella, that t I have told you is strictly in confice. I have shown this ring to no one yourself."

'Your father and mother, Rose, do not intend to ask their advice in—"

'Not upon any account whatever. When are formally engaged, of course they ll be informed immediately; but till n I shall repose confidence in no one yourself. I feel certain from all I have n of you, that I may with perfect safety st to your honour."

"You may. Your secret shall never be divulged by me."

"I thank you then, dearest Isabella. We are friends now, I hope," said Rose, advancing as if to embrace her cousin. The latter drew back.

"Not now," she said. "Rose, we are not enemies I hope; but I cannot quite so soon forget the unworthy suspicions you have entertained of my motives—the unkind language you have used towards me."

Rose Lorraine was a person who never, when she could possibly command them, suffered her feelings or her passions to interfere with her interests. On the present occasion, she judged it wise to remain on amicable terms with her cousin; therefore, instead of bursting into invective, according to the promptings of her haughty temper, she replied in a voice, from which every trace of anger was carefully banished, and with a smile of affected good-humour.

"As you please, Isabella. I am sorry for having hurt your feelings. I can do nothing more. I think you might forgive me."

I do forgive you, Rose; but I do not
to assume the appearance of an affec-
for you that I do not feel."
You refuse then my proffered friend-
and confidence."
I have as much of your confidence as
be at all necessary for either of us.
mutual feelings are not such as to
uce the unrestrained confidence of a
ct friendship; but let us be upon
able terms—upon such terms as befits
relations, and members of the same
ly."
As you please, Isabella," again re-
Rose. "At all events I am obliged
ou for the little favour you have
ised to do me. Will you shake
s?"
abella extended her hand, which having
clasped in that of her cousin, the two
g ladies separated. Arrived in her
apartment, Isabella having given vent
r excited feelings in a gush of tears,
eriously to work to calm the agitation
r spirits, and to give distinctness and
gement to the ill-defined ideas, and

confused recollections which chased each other from her mind, started up, vanished, eluded her memory and her reason, and reduced her faculties to a state of chaotic disorder. Gradually, however, she became composed, and able to nerve her mind to take a comprehensive view of the astonishing truth which had burst upon her, of the difficulties in which she was placed, and of the course of conduct which it was incumbent upon her to pursue.

In the perfect quiet of her own chamber with time for reflection, and with a fixed determination to look boldly at the truth, however painful might be the effort, a thousand circumstances which before had escaped her notice, recurred to her recollection in confirmation of what she had heard. She remembered Melville's evidently great admiration of Rose in the first stage of her acquaintance with him; she remembered his preference for her cousin's society when both she and Rose were of the same party, which, though sometimes a little troubled by it, she had unconsciously persuaded herself was not a preference, but

a puzzle which it was useless to attempt to solve. Now, she saw it in a different light. Melville had been led on by circumstances too far to be able to draw back. But did he wish to draw back? Or was it consistent with the decision and manliness of his character thus to have submitted to be the slave of circumstances? To the first of these questions, in spite of herself, Isabella's heart replied in the affirmative.

He loved her—she knew it—she felt it—she had read it in his eyes—seen it in his actions, and amid much that was mysterious in his behaviour, that he loved her was alone not to be doubted. She recalled to mind the evening of the thunder-storm, Rose's glance of intelligence in the hall at Birchmount, and Melville's subsequent depression of spirits during their drive, both of which at the time had perplexed her. Now, all was explained. Melville loved her, and was bound in honour to Rose, and this it was which had produced the despondency which had then appeared so unaccountable, which had caused all those contradictions, coldnesses, and irrita-

tions of temper, which before had appeared so inexplicable.

Rose, too, Isabella felt certain, had perceived all, or some of this; her manner throughout their interview, her very palpable efforts to conceal her serious apprehensions of Melville's want of affection, and her pointed and anxious endeavours to disclaim all belief in the possibility of his entertaining any serious regard for her rival, served to strengthen this opinion. In reply to the second question to which her review of the past had given rise, no satisfactory answer suggested itself. The part he had acted, on the present occasion, seemed altogether inconsistent with the opinion her observations had hitherto led her to form concerning his character. And yet it was so—she could not doubt it. Her own path was clear, and nothing remained for her but courageously to pursue it. She felt that, however others might have acted, she at least was free from blame; and there was comfort in the thought. The more she pondered upon her late conversation with Rose, the more she felt inclined to blame

her conduct, and despise her motives. She did not love Melville herself, and more than suspected that he felt no affection for her, and yet for the sake of ministering to her own consequence and selfish vanity, she wished to marry him, and was making use of every endeavour to separate him from the true object of his affection; she was miserable when she was thwarted, and her cousin fancied scarcely less miserable when she succeeded.

Isabella felt that not for the world would she have changed places with Rose: harassed though her mind was, she felt that its condition was one of comparative serenity and heavenly peace, when she thought of the angry passions, and selfish desires which ruled that of her rival. As she thought of the utter loneliness of heart which must necessarily result from such a state of feeling, she felt more inclined to pity than to dislike her, and with all the confidence naturally inspired by conscious rectitude, she prepared to sustain her own part with proper dignity.

CHAPTER III.

It may well be believed, that in the present state of her feelings, Isabella did not look forward to the projected ball with much expectation of pleasure. Another circumstance, at present, contributed to increase her distaste for such an amusement. Jessie Tulloch, who had appeared to improve previously to the visit at Allanside, now suddenly sunk into a state of excessive debility and exhaustion. Isabella saw that she was dying. Her apparent amendment had been but the brighter burning of the flame, ere it became extinguished for ever. The poor girl also appeared aware of her own condition, and resigned to the fate which awaited her. Yet she performed most of her usual duties, waited upon her old grandmother, whom they in vain attempted to prepare for the blow which awaited her, and even sometimes sewed.

Her sufferings were only occasional, though at times they were intense. She appeared to cling to the society of her young benefactress, who, in her turn, gave her as much of her time as she was able to spare. Those interviews of course did not tend to raise Isabella's spirits, nor to harmonize her feelings with the forthcoming gaiety. Nevertheless, as she suspected that the ball had been made partly upon her account, in gratitude for this well-meant, though ill-timed kindness, she exerted herself to appear pleased, and to be interested in the arrangements which were now busily in progress.

In due time, also, the Miss Camerons arrived, and Isabella was now so much occupied that she had but little leisure to bestow upon her humble friend. In one point of view, however, this constant employment was beneficial. It served to divert her thoughts from the one subject, which, when not otherwise compelled by the demands of necessity, in spite of her most strenuous efforts almost invariably engrossed them.

Since the explanation recorded in the last chapter, Melville had been once or twice at Linnwood. Isabella, however, had never been alone, and had always contrived, without any apparent effort, to be seated where he could not approach her. On these occasions, he had always appeared in excellent spirits, had laughed and chatted, not to any one in particular, but to the company in general; in short, appeared more like his former self than he had done for some time. Isabella did sometimes imagine that this gaiety was forced; but it was an idea that seemed to have struck no one but herself.

"How amusing Rollo Melville is!" said all the inhabitants of Linnwood, all at least but Rose and Isabella.

The Miss Camerons pronounced him to be the most charming young man they had ever met, and began "to tease"—as they called it—Rose about him.

"I thought," said Miss Mary, "that it was Isabella, but I have changed my mind now. Mr. Melville is far livelier here than he used to be at Allanside. Besides, you

we must not allow Isabella to run
with all the beaux, and it can't be
, you know," she added significantly,
Miss Lorraine is never in the room.
t it must be you, Rose, and, indeed,
people say so."
ople talk such nonsense," said Rose
to appear confused, and to attempt
le the observation.
ey do, indeed," chimed in the eldest
Cameron, who was seated where she
t a view of Rose, "and very likely
e case in the present instance. You
ot be put about, for we are only in
d, to speak seriously, I must confess
Ir. Melville does not look as if he
n love with anybody. He laughs
lks too much, and makes himself
nerally agreeable. Do you not think
s. Lorraine."
ink what, my dear?" asked Mrs.
ne, who having been mentally
ed in a calculation concerning the
r of table-napkins likely to be
d at the supper table, had lost the
t of the preceding dialogue.

Miss Cameron explained and repeated her questions.

"Why, my dear, I never thought about it at all. He seems to be very fond of all the girls, and is very attentive to us all, I am sure. I am not at all anxious to part with my daughters, though of course I should not object to a really good marriage. Dear Helen, I suppose some time or other—but they are all young enough yet, poor things. Let me see, eight here, and your two brothers, and Rollo Melville make eleven. Then there are the Masons, and the Heriots, and the Goodsirs, and your papa and mamma; the set of home-made ones that I got when I was married, and those that came from Dunfermline last year; and the Gordons, and the Wilsons, and the Johnstones of Craigie. Isabella, my dear, we shall never have enough."

"Enough of what, ma'am?" inquired her niece, starting from a reverie.

"Table-napkins, my dear, I have another set that I got at Crichtons, but they will never do. They washed all into holes the first year I got them, senseless trash! Ah!

re's nothing like the home-made damask, ill wash and wear, and wash again, and k as well at the end of twenty years as ooked at the beginning. I remember a of table-cloths that belonged to old Mrs. rstairs's mother; let me see, I am not e, but it was her grandmother, and when ty Carstairs was married to Donald ckenzie—no, Archie Mackenzie—it s Archie that was the writer of the net—they were all as a good as ever, and did not need to buy one; and she had m all last time I was in Edinburgh, and are say her daughter will get them after . It's not the fashion, they tell me, now-ays for the ladies to provide these tters; but I like the old way best, and does Mr. Lorraine. Rose, my dear, 't you remember that table-cloth at s. Mackenzie's the day we dined, with ches of grapes and vine leaves? That s one of them—most beautiful."

'No mamma, I do not! I am no great noisseur in such matters."

'Ah! the young ladies now-a-days do know fine damask when they see it.

In my mother's time—but we are forgetting the table-napkins. What is to be done?"

"We can have a standing supper," said Rose, "it is quite as fashionable for so large a party."

"Very true, my dear, but your papa says it is uncomfortable, and that he will not have it. To say the truth, my own opinion is not very different."

Now Rose knew that when her father had positively made up his mind upon a subject, it was in vain to oppose him, and she therefore wisely determined to say no more about the matter. She and Helen went out with the Miss Camerons to show them the Glencola grounds, while Isabella remained at home to assist her aunt in making preparations for the fête.

The following morning was wet, so wet as to preclude all possibility of out-of-doors recreation. The young ladies, therefore, settled themselves to work, and Mrs. Lorraine went first up to the attic, and then into the east wing, as she said, 'to be busy.' It was a very warm day, not a breath of air stirring, and though it rained fast, all the drawing-

om windows were open. Isabella seated
nself at one of them, apart from the rest,
o were grouped round another. As she
zed at the hazy, steam-like atmosphere, or
tened to the low, rushing sound of the
mmer rain among the leafy trees, its mo-
tonous plashing on the stone pavements
d parapets, and on the gravelled walks
the gardens, or as she watched its
asured dropping into the pools which it
d formed, a sort of dreamy, yet soothing,
lness stole over her mind. Little by little
became wrapt in her own thoughts, and
ensible to what was passing around her.
r work dropped upon her knees, and
ning her head upon her hand, she re-
ined gazing at the dripping trees, and at
shattered, melancholy-looking flowers,
ose lovely delicate forms were bent to
earth, their brilliant colours soiled and
figured with mud and dirt.

From this reverie she was aroused by a
ce outside of the window.

'Charming morning for a walk, Miss
bella, do not you think so?"

Isabella started at the sound of the well

known tones, and involuntarily exclaimed in a voice of gratified surprise, colouring while she did so:

"Ah! Mr. Melville, is it you!" an exclamation which was repeated simultaneously by all present. Rose and Helen ran to the window.

"Oh, Mr. Melville!" cried the latter, as she surveyed his streaming, waterproof, and soaked, deplorable-looking hat. "What can have brought you out on such a day?"

"It is exactly on a wet, gloomy day, Miss Helen, that a solitary individual, like myself, feels his own home most dull and comfortless. I have been with my mother, and have come to wreck some of my tediousness upon you."

"But come in," cried Rose, "do pray come in, and do not stand longer in the wet."

"Thank you," he replied coldly, but turning towards the door at the same time. They now heard his voice in the lobby.

"It is easy to speak of coming in," he said, "but not quite so easy to do it. There is a bulwark in the shape of a huge

acking-case, I think sufficient to withstand
e attack of a beseiging army."

"An immense packing-case! What can
be?"

"Nay," said Melville entering the room
aring a large chip box, "it is not so
ry immense after all, you must make
lowance for poetic hyperbole."

"It is the box from Zenoni's," said
elen, "which did not come yesterday."

"To-day will do quite as well," said
se, "Mr. Melville, you have just come
time to help us to choose artificial
wers for our dresses to-morrow evening."

"Since you condescend to require it,"
id Melville, "you shall certainly have the
nefit of my poor judgment, although with
many ladies in council, I cannot flatter
self that it will be of much service."

He then turned to Isabella, who was still
sconced in her window, and addressed
r, speaking in a lower tone, though his
bject was only the weather. The other
ung ladies meanwhile busied themselves
opening the box. Isabella's replies to
elville were as short, as in common

politeness she could make them; nevertheless he did not manifest any intention of leaving her; but drawing a chair towards the window, seated himself, playfully rallying her upon having forgotten the way to Burn Cottage.

"His mother," he said, "had sent him to say that, if necessary, she would have finger-posts erected at all the turnings."

Isabella perceived that Rose was watching her with a jealous eye, but conscious of the purity of her own intentions, she replied sufficiently loud to be heard by all present:

"I intend to call at Burn Cottage on the very first fine day. And now I must choose my flowers," she said, affecting an interest in the subject which she was far from feeling.

As she spoke, she rose and passing Melville, approached the table around which the other young ladies were assembled. Melville felt annoyed that Isabella should care for what appeared to him, at that moment, such frivolity. There was something in her manner which he did not understand; sometimes he almost ventured

to hope that he might possibly be beloved, and then again he wondered how he could have permitted himself to be so deluded.

He sat meditating till he was again called upon by Rose to give his opinion upon the flowers. To conceal her emotions, Isabella now affected to be deeply absorbed in the matter before her. She spoke almost incessantly, comparing, and canvassing the different merits of roses, geraniums, apple blossoms, &c.

"Those two wreaths of white roses would suit you, Helen, and Miss Mary Cameron exactly. They look as if they were made to fit your hair behind."

"They do, indeed," said Melville, "with your fair complexion, Helen, you ought certainly to wear white roses."

Now it happened that Andrew Bell had given precisely the same advice, when Helen had privately consulted him upon the subject the evening before, and she now willingly acquiesced, happy in the idea that she was pleasing all her friends. Miss Mary Cameron followed her example, while her two sisters chose pink ones of the same pattern.

"And now," said Miss Cameron, "what do you two other young ladies think of wearing?"

"I have not made up my mind to wear any at all," said Isabella.

"When unadorned, adorned the most. Hey, Isabella?" said Miss Cameron, jestingly.

"Exactly," replied Isabella in the same strain; and determined at all events not to be silent, she continued in a voice of forced gaiety. "As Helen is to wear white roses to suit her complexion, I think this pretty camelia would look beautiful in Rose's black hair, with the scarlet geraniums in the front of your gown."

"Oh lovely! what an excellent taste you have!" exclaimed Helen, and all the Miss Camerons in a breath, whilst Rose, whose manners towards Isabella had ever since their explanation been affectionate and almost caressing, said:

"But you, dear Isabella, you too have black hair. Will you not wear the camelia?"

"Oh! do you two wear the same," cried Miss Mary, "and then we shall all be in pairs."

"I can easily wear the scarlet gera-
iums," said Isabella, "but I fear there is
nly one scarlet camelia japonica."

"But you shall have it, dearest Isabella,"
id Rose, who rejoiced in an opportunity
showing generosity to her rival in Mel-
ille's presence. "It would give me ten
mes greater pleasure to see you wear it,
an to wear it myself."

"Thank you, Rose," replied her cousin
ldly.

"So generous of you, Rose," said Miss
ameron.

"So very generous," said Miss Jane, "is
not, Mr. Melville?"

Melville did not reply, but seeming to
dress himself to Isabella, inquired:

"Would a natural flower of the same
scription answer the purpose?"

"Oh yes, quite as well!" cried Rose,
ving her cousin no time to answer; "but
ear we shall not be able to procure one.
ey seldom blow at this season."

"I believe you are right," said Melville,
but my gardener who is very fond of
cing flowers, and producing them at all

seasons indiscriminately, has a scarlet camelia in blossom. It will be in great beauty to-morrow, and if one of you young ladies will do me the favour to accept it, I shall only be too happy. I am to be here early to-morrow evening, as Mr. Lorraine has promised to give me a few minutes' conversation before the rest of the party arrive. I shall bring it with me as I shall probably take better care of it than a servant would do."

"Thank you," said Rose, "that will do beautifully; and now, my dear Isabella, you and I shall be dressed alike, which is precisely what I have been wishing all along. Everybody, you know, thinks there is a strong resemblance between us, and I dare say when we are dressed the same, it will be very difficult to tell the difference."

As Rose was perfectly conscious of her own uncommon beauty, Isabella could not doubt that her speech was intended to be highly complimentary. Lately, indeed, the former had never lost an opportunity of flattering the latter. Isabella was much amused, and out of spirits as she was,

ld not restrain a smile, as she re-
l.

You flatter me, Rose."

The difference," said Melville, " will
ery perceptible to me."

At all events, Mr. Melville," said Rose,
m sure we are very much obliged to
"

Not at all, Miss Rose, you are not all
ged to me."

1 this speech of Melville's, the Miss
lerons and Helen perceived nothing
e than common politeness. Neverthe-
, in his manner there was something
ited, and Rose seemed to find more in
words than met the ear. She coloured,
her lip, and stealing a glance at Isabella,
somewhat consoled to perceive that she
ced perfectly unconscious of anything
ticular having been meant. Melville,
r sitting some time longer, conversing
efly with the eldest Miss Cameron, at
took leave, hoping that their next
ght be a " very merry meeting."

CHAPTER IV.

The weather, the following morning, though still dull and threatening rain, was sufficiently improved to allow Isabella to walk to Staines Moor. There she found the poor invalid very much sunk, almost as low as it was possible to be. She had passed a night of great suffering, but was now free from pain. Although traces of extreme languor and exhaustion were discernible on her countenance, yet it was placid and resigned. The fever seemed to have burnt itself out, there was no more restlessness, her eyes had lost their brilliancy; but as they turned on her young benefactress, they beamed with an expression of gratitude and ineffable sweetness. Isabella saw that, as far as poor Jessie was concerned, the end of all things was at hand. As she seated herself on the bed,

put her usual question of, "How do find yourself to-day, Jessie?"

he poor invalid replied, "I am better, k you, dear Miss Isabella, that is to I have no pain. I think I'll ne'er have more, I have na' the strength. Oh! were na' for the thoughts of them that eft; I would be happy now—as happy e angels of the Lord. Oh, ma'am! in iour of affliction, there's no pain like in sinfu' deeds, or the sinfu' deeds o' that are dear to us. *He* has said that sting of death is sin.'"

But surely, Jessie, if ever any one led meless life, you have done so. You rested your hope on the Rock of Ages."

I humbly trust I have. I know that ledeemer liveth, and my will has been his work. But, oh ma'am! when I o' the ways o' some folk, its sair, n me."

is was a theme upon which Isabella l offer no consolation. She durst not ss a hope, which she could not feel. a few minutes' silence, the poor girl nued:

"I have often wished to tell you, ma'am, but I never liked to do it, how well I love you. You are a great rich lady, and I am a puir, friendless lassie, but death makes us a' alike, and on my death-bed, you'll no think its meant for fletherin."

Isabella was now weeping bitterly, but Jessie, as she went on, seemed to be gaining even greater composure, and her voice was stronger than when she began.

"It has been a great comfort to me, seeing you the day, Miss Lorraine. How I lay all the day yesterday, and heard the rain battering on the windows, and wearied, and wearied on your coming, though I kenned you could na' come. I thought if you didna' come the day, I should never see you mair, for who knows if another sun may ever rise on me!"

"Dear Jessie, I trust you may yet live a few days, and that we may meet more than once again, even on this side the grave."

"If I thought we could meet once, only once, I think I should be happier. Will you come again and see me? May I send for you, if—if—"

"I shall be here to-morrow morning, nt if you wish to see me before, send r me, nothing shall prevent me from ming."

"Thank you, dear Miss Lorraine. Oh, nk you! God reward you, for I cannot."

Jessie finished speaking, she put a ble into the hands of Isabella, who as she l been accustomed to do, read several pters aloud before she left the cottage.

When at last our heroine returned Linnwood, the sounds and sights of ety so foreign to the frame of mind, urally induced by the scene she had t quitted, smote strangely on her senses. seemed to have left the world of lity, and to be walking in a dream. r did her spirits regain anything like rable composure, till in the solitude of own chamber, she had given vent to agitated feelings in tears. As the day e on, however, the bustle of the prepa-ons forced her to exert herself, and the uence of all the gaiety by which she s surrounded, producing its natural ct on the elastic spirits of youth and

health, she was able by the evening to dress without that utter distaste for the occupation which she had fancied she must feel.

She had just completed her own toilet, with the exception of the flowers, and was putting the finishing stroke to that of Rose —who had volunteered to dress in her room—by fastening the scarlet geraniums in her gown, when a messenger in great haste arrived from her aunt, to say that her presence was required in the breakfast parlour immediately.

"How provoking!" cried Rose. "I am sure it is only about those little sugar biscuits which were lost before dinner. Do, my dear, make haste, for I cannot have any body else to fasten my flowers, you do it so charmingly. And then I have yours to do, as I could not think of trusting them to Janet, she is so stupid, and so totally devoid of taste. I wish to practise over that song of Miss Cameron's, too, before any person comes, so you must be as quick as you can, my darling."

Mrs. Lorraine did not detain her niece

many minutes. The latter was hastening across the hall on her way back to her own apartment, when she encountered Mr. Melville. He was carrying a camelia japonica, and a bouquet of flowers consisting chiefly of rare and beautiful exotics.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Isabella involuntarily, and caught by surprise.

"Beautiful!" he said, his eyes sparkling with pleasure as he presented the flowers. "How happy I am that you like them. Do you think the camelia a pretty one? It was the only one to be had."

"Very pretty indeed," she replied in a colder tone, and with a constrained manner, "but I must go now, for, as you may perceive, I have not finished dressing."

"I will not detain you now, then," he said, "we shall meet again in a few minutes, I suppose. Are you engaged for the first quadrille?"

Isabella was happy to be able to answer that she was. She had been engaged by Mr. Heriot two days previously. She had

no time to perceive Melville's look of disappointment, as, without giving him time to speak again, she bowed hastily, and ran up stairs.

"See, Rose," she said, as she entered her own apartment, "see what Mr. Melville has given me. I passed him in the hall this instant."

"I suppose," said Rose, "that he thought he could not avoid offering them to you, as you happened to meet him. What do you mean to do with them?"

"Give them to you, Rose, if you think I ought to do so, and if you wish to have them."

"Thank you, dearest Isabella. How could I, for an instant, have doubted that you would act thus kindly? Melville, you see, is so much of a lady's man, that he never can resist an opportunity of being polite, even at the expense of his dearest interests."

This was not exactly Isabella's view of his character. She did not, however, dissent, but endeavoured to persuade herself that she rejoiced at having an oppor-

nity of showing Melville more clearly an she had heretofore been able to do, w much she disapproved of his present yle of behaviour.

"Melville's camelia," said Rose, "is t so pretty as this artificial one, and r the end of the night will be quite ithered, though, of course, in my eyes it ssesses merits to counterbalance those fects. I never saw anything look so autiful as this does in your hair, dear abella. Indeed, I never saw you look so ll in my life."

The two young ladies were met on their y down stairs by Helen, and the three iss Camerons. Compliments were given d returned, and many were the praises stowed upon Rose's beautiful bouquet. iss Mary Cameron guessed immediately at it came from Glencola. Rose smiled, d nodded a reply.

"How very attentive of Mr. Melville," id Miss Cameron.

"It is, indeed," replied Rose, "very kind him to have thought of me, and consulted y taste so exactly as he has done."

Isabella heard this speech in silent astonishment that her cousin could thus, by her duplicity, bear to make herself an object of contempt. But Rose's heart was set upon accomplishing two objects, and she was determined to hesitate at nothing which might tend to assist her in compassing her desires. The first of these was to separate Isabella from Melville; the second, to marry him herself. Rose was now twenty-one years of age, and though beautiful, accomplished, fascinating, and universally admired, had never hitherto had an eligible opportunity of changing her condition. She was very desirous of being married, but at the same time, equally determined to be well married, that is to say, married to a man of wealth and consequence. If the suitor should happen to be also young and handsome, his attractions were of course only so much the greater.

Ever since Rose Lorraine was a girl of fifteen, it had been her dream, by day as well as by night, to marry Rollo Melville. For this she had thought and schemed for years, and in his evident admiration for her

his return to Glencola, after a long ence abroad, she had believed she eld the realization of all her most ious hopes. It was at this crisis, just vanity was beginning to convert hope) certainty, that she was alarmed by ain indications, on Melville's part, of a ference for Isabella. At first, this seemed ost impossible; but to the watchful of jealousy it now became too evident admit of doubt. Rose did not love lville; but it was gall and wormwood to of her pride and pretensions thus, when he point of seizing it, to see the long-ght prize elude her grasp—thus to be trated, when almost at the goal of her es, by one in her opinion so much her ior as her cousin Isabella. That Mel-—Melville whom she had marked out herself—should in spite of her superior ity and more manifold attractions er her cousin, was to her proud and sh spirit a mortification not to be ured.

. thousand and a thousand times, in bitterness of her heart, did she vainly

wish that Isabella had never come to Scotland; and a thousand and a thousand times did she determine, in the dislike which she had conceived towards her, that if she herself should never be the wife of Melville, she would spare no means in her power to prevent her rival from becoming so.

Melville's eye on entering the ball-room, which was already half-filled, sought eagerly for Isabella, nor was it long in discovering the object of its search. She was simply and elegantly dressed, and the lover thought her the fairest object on which his glance had ever rested. It was some minutes before he remembered the bouquet, and saw with surprise that she did not wear it. The instant afterwards, his astonishment was only equalled by his disappointment and chagrin at perceiving it in the hands of Rose. What could Isabella mean by such a pointed neglect of his gift? It could not be that she disliked the flowers, for she had evidently admired them excessively. Her conduct admitted of but one interpretation; it must have been intended as a

marked slight, or at best must have proceeded from a total disregard to his feelings. Never in his life before had Rollo Melville felt so keen a sense of mortification, a feeling which gathered new force on perceiving Isabella led to the dance by his rival, Mr. Heriot.

Stung to the quick, Melville walked across the room to where Rose was standing, surrounded by admirers. Room was made for him instantly, with a promptitude which at another time might have caused him some surprise, but which now passed unheeded. Partly from recklessness, and partly from a desire to conceal his emotions, affecting an unusual gallantry of manner, he invited Rose to join in the set which was then forming.

"I am afraid," she began, looking towards a gentleman who was standing at a little distance.

"Not upon any account," said the gentleman in question, smiling. "Not for any other person would I have consented to resign such an honour; but Mr. Melville, I admit, may have a prior claim." And

bowing politely, the gentleman smiled again.

Melville was rather puzzled to fathom the meaning of so much politeness; however, he could do nothing but bow his thanks, and lead the lady to the dance which was upon the point of commencing. At another time, this little incident might have afforded him matter for considerable speculation and annoyance; now, it caused no more than a passing thought; his mind was suffering from greater causes of vexation, and absorbed by the pressure of dearer interests. Though unacknowledged to himself, it had been one of his motives in asking Rose to dance, to discover, if possible, by what means the bouquet had come into her possession. He took advantage of the first pause in the dance to say:

"You seem, Miss Rose, to have considered my poor flowers worthy of greater honour than your cousin has done."

"I was just upon the point of thanking you for them, Mr. Melville, I never saw anything half so beautiful as they are."

"You ought to thank your cousin rather than me. You got them from her, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did; but I do not owe her much gratitude for them, as though, to say the truth, she is good-natured enough in general, I think she only gave me this bouquet because she could not be troubled with it, or did not wish to wear it herself, and thought that it was a pity it should be wasted."

"Indeed! I thought she was fond of flowers?"

"So she is, sometimes; but she said, that to-night, those in question would only be a nuisance, and that the natural camelia would wither and look frightful long before the end of the evening. On hearing this, you may believe, as I am passionately fond of flowers, I was very happy to relieve her of them. So that you see, Mr. Melville, though you did not bring the flowers for me, yet by being the original cause of their being here, I am at least as much indebted to you as to her."

"I am only too happy that you should

like them," said Melville, with as much gallantry as he could assume, though his tone betrayed a feeling of pique.

"To tell you the truth," said Rose, "for I may tell you as we have spoken upon the same subject before, I do not think it was so much because that she disliked the flowers as—" Rose hesitated.

"That they were given her by me, you were going to say," added Melville.

"Yes—no—that is to say, not precisely. Look opposite," she continued, lowering her tone. "Mr. Heriot—you see—might not have been pleased. People at his time of life are apt to be jealous. And to confess my own opinion, Mr. Melville, I think Isabella has acted not unwisely; she may have behaved a little rudely towards you, perhaps, but your approbation can be of little consequence to her compared with Mr. Heriot's."

"Certainly," said Melville, "assuming that they are engaged, which I am now inclined to think may be likely enough; but Mr. Heriot must be a jealous old fool, or he would never bestow a thought upon

ch a trifle as her receiving a few insig-
icant flowers. Your cousin's conduct
y, as you say, have been politic, but
annot say that I think it has been kind.
wever," he added, gaily, fearing that he
ght have betrayed too nearly the state of
feelings upon the occasion, "it is of
less consequence as another lady has
idly condescended to atone for it."

As Melville finished speaking, he recom-
nced dancing with even unusual vivacity
l spirit. Throughout the whole evening,
leed, his spirits were unnaturally high.
danced with almost everybody in the
m except Isabella, but most frequently
h Rose and Miss Mary Cameron.
was the first in every species of
usement which was proposed, and, in
rt, appeared to be the life of the party.
erybody said they had never beheld so
ch liveliness of disposition — every-
ly, at least, but Isabella: though sur-
sed, she was not deceived. She saw that
s apparent flow of spirits proceeded
her from the ebullition of agitated

feelings which could not otherwise find vent, being unnaturally forced into gaiety, than from a joyous heart at peace with the world and with itself. Her own heart was heavy, but she could not regret what she had done. It was better for them both. All the three Miss Camerons agreed that they had never beheld so delightful a young man in their lives as Mr. Melville; he was gay to be sure—that must be allowed—but still he was so excessively agreeable, that so trifling and natural a defect must be overlooked. Melville conducted Rose to the supper-room, Mr. Heriot took charge of Isabella. He also appeared in unusually good spirits; he was unremitting in his attentions, but Isabella heeded them not, her mind was otherwise occupied.

While sitting at supper, Melville's attention was attracted by hearing a lady who was sitting behind him at another table, observe to her next neighbour,

"They say it is to be a match between the niece and our friend at Birchmount."

"Why, I must say," replied the gentleman, "it does not look unlike it, though I have hitherto thought Heriot not a marrying man. He might have made a more prudent match, I think."

"Why, so do I. But better anybody than nobody!"

"Very true. Heriot has no excuse for remaining an old bachelor. She is rather a pretty girl, I think."

"I do not know; nothing very particular, I think. Mrs. Mackain and Miss Hunter say she is a conceited girl; but that is the way with all your over-fastidious people, they always end by taking somebody of that description. Rose, too, Mrs. Mackain tells me, is about to be advantageously married to—"

"Young Mel—"

"Hush!" interrupted the lady, "they are not within hearing, I hope?"

"Oh no, I think they must be at the other side of the room. She is a beautiful creature, and so charming too."

"Yes, when she thinks proper. She is very beautiful, however."

Melville sat compelled to listen to this conversation, though every word of it operated upon his feelings like the probing of an unclosed wound. Rose, however, was so busy talking to her other neighbour, that he trusted she had not overheard what was said.

It would be difficult to say, whether the first or second part of the above dialogue had been most offensive to Melville's feelings. That it should be currently believed that he was engaged to Rose Lorraine; and that, as if in confirmation of the report, he should at that instant be seated by her side, filled him with indignation. That the foundation for the report concerning Isabella's marriage might be equally slender, afforded him a gleam of comfort, which almost instantly vanished away, and it was in a state of mind far from enviable, that he reconducted his beautiful partner to the ball-room.

Dancing had but just commenced, when Isabella, who, feeling fatigued and out of spirits, had seated herself in an obscure corner, was somewhat surprised to be

alled out of the room by a servant, in the sual phrase of:

"If you please, ma'am, you are wanted."

Isabella followed him quietly, her curiosity a little excited. She was considerably armed to see little Jamie Tulloch waiting r her in the hall. To her question of:

"What do you want, my little man?"

He replied:

"Mammy bade us tell ye, mem, that maun come doon a' now, for Auntie ssie's deeing, and ye maunna wait at no te, or ye'll aiblins no see her."

"Is she so very ill?"

"Ay, she is very bad; and so is ammy. They're a' greetin'. And I was etin' mysel too—for Auntie Jessie was e gude to me."

Quick as thought, Isabella decided how act; bidding the little boy wait for her instant, and running up to her own om, she hastily concealed her ball-dress der the folds of a large cloak, drew a ir of snow boots over her white satin oes, and seizing a bonnet, was ready in tle more than a minute.

Just as she passed the door of the little

ante-room, which led to the ball-room, it was opened by some one, and Melville stood before her. He started on perceiving a person, for the time and place, thus strangely accoutred; but his astonishment was increased tenfold, when a second glance discovered to him who the person was.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Isabella Lorraine! I beg pardon; but at this hour, whither are you going?"

It was no season for ceremony, and time pressed. Isabella explained hastily; and desiring Melville to allow her absence to pass unnoticed, would have hastened on, when he detained her, to inquire,

"Who accompanies you?"

"No one, but that little boy."

"No one but that child, at this time of night, and by such a lonely road! Excuse me, Miss Isabella, but this must not be."

"My uncle's servants are all busy. There is no real danger, and I am not afraid. Do not, I beg, detain me longer. Every moment is precious."

"I will not detain you; but indeed you must not go alone. I will go with you."

No, Mr. Melville, not upon any ac-
. Let me go."

Stay," he said, every feature as he
becoming of the deepest crimson,
but one instant. You misunderstand
nd I must explain, for I now com-
nd all you would have me to under-

I have often lately suspected the
e of your sentiments; to-night you
made it too evident to admit longer
ubt. I thank you for your candour;
etter for us both. Do not, therefore,
hat I shall endeavour to force upon
hose services which I perceive are so
listasteful. All that I propose doing
ou now, is no more than the common
of every man to every woman. Hav-
een you safely to the moor, I shall,
I please, return, and send one of your
's servants, who will then be at leisure
ch you home."

eing that she still hesitated, Melville
nued:

Unless you please, Miss Isabella, it is
even as your friend that I ask to
mpany you; although, perhaps, did
me press, I might inquire what I

have done thus to forfeit your esteem. Foolish, presumptuous, I may have been; but I had hoped that my conduct had not been so very reprehensible as to cause me to merit treatment so contemptuous, and—and, I must say, unkind."

Isabella was much surprised and agitated, but she was able to command her voice sufficiently to reply :

"Unkind! I have not meant to be unkind, and it gives me pain that you should have thought me so. On the contrary, I acted in the manner that appeared to me, not only the wisest, but the kindest. Act so as to deserve my esteem—I am sure I wish it to be yours. I am willing to believe that there has been a mutual misconception; but it is now over. Let it be forgotten. To show you that I have confidence in you, I shall now adopt your plan, with thanks for your kindness. Let us not misinterpret each other's motives; do not think so ill of me, as to believe that I would intentionally and unnecessarily wound the feelings of any human being."

To this Melville's only reply, as they

epped into the outer air, preceded by the tle boy, was,

"Heaven knows, I do not think ill of u." Nothing more passed between them; d both absorbed in their own thoughts, ey walked on in silence.

It was a dull night, and there was no oon; the darkness was unbroken, save r a few pale and almost solitary stars, re and there disclosed by a rent in the ick veil of clouds, and whose sickly ams, as they penetrated the murky atmos- ere, rendered the path but dimly visible. was well-known, however, to all the yfarers, and they trod it almost mecha- cally. Heavy drops of rain began to fall, aking their way between the branches the trees; and when Melville and Isabella ached the open moor, they found that a ge black cloud was slowly discharging contents on the earth, but it did not rain fficiently fast to cause them any solicitude. Neither spoke till they reached the ttage. Isabella then bid Melville good ght, in a kind tone of voice, thanking m for his escort.

"Good night, God bless you!" he replied, in a tone which thrilled to the inmost core of his companion's heart. The next instant, all worldly thoughts were suspended, for she found herself in the chamber of death.

Melville began slowly to retrace his steps from the house of poverty and mourning to the abode of wealth, and the scene of festive mirth. As he did so, his thoughts were with the companion he had just quitted.

"How," he thought, "can one so good, so warm-hearted, so open to every generous and unselfish impulse, how can she love a person like Mr. Heriot—so cold, so worldly! If she could but have loved me, I should have repayed her affection with the entire devotion of a heart, not, I think, less warm than her own. Her happiness should have been my chief care; for her I should have lived. How happy we might have been!" thought poor Melville, with a sigh, as he pursued his solitary way over the cold, bleak moor, and through the dark woods.

CHAPTER V.

ISIE TULLOCH was still alive; but
h there was now no trace of suffering
r pale, placid face, Isabella could
ve that already the angel of death
here set his seal. She turned her
towards the door as it opened, and
instant they were lighted up with a
of delight.

'ou have come," she said. "Oh, may
eward you! Sit here," she continued,
ng to a chair which stood near the
of the bed.

bella seated herself, and for about the
of a minute, silently surveyed the
before her. The apartment was
lighted by one solitary farthing
e, which scarcely served to give a sort
dowy distinctness to the objects more
diately under its influence, while
ds the more remote corners of the

room, small though it was, obscurity was deepened into darkness. On the opposite side of the bed, in her accustomed arm-chair, sat the superannuated grandmother, with a countenance even more vacant than usual. She had been placed there by the desire of the sufferer, who feeling the near approach of death, wished to die surrounded by all she loved. Her nephew and his mother were placed beside her, the farmer, now completely sober, and kneeling by the bedside in an agony of grief. The little boy stood holding his mother's hand, with a face in which childish wonder was strangely blended with awe and sorrow for his kind aunt. There was a solemnity in the whole scene which filled the mind of Isabella with a deep sense of the vanity of all sublunary objects.

Silence was first broken by the dying woman. Turning to Isabella, she said: "My hour is come. I know that I never shall see to-morrow's sun. You know that it was my wish, had God pleased, to have lived to close my grandmother's old eyes, and to have been a prop to her

declining years. But we dinna' ken what
s best for us, and it has na' been His will.
never asked charity from man or woman
or myself, but it would be sinfu' pride in
me now, no to seek support from one who
s willing to give it, when I can do nothing
nysel for her who is old and feckless, but
who was once the best of mothers to my
nother, and to mysel when my ain was
aken away. You once gave me your
romise, ma'am, that she should want for
othing—will you promise me again in my
ying hour?"

"Oh, Jessie! can you doubt that I will? 'our grandmother shall live in comfort as ır as I can contribute to it. She shall ant for nothing that it is in my power to estow."

"May God bless you! and He will bless ou, for you deserve his blessing! You ave been good and kind to me, and now ou are better and kinder than you were efore, and I have nothing to give you but e blessing of a dying woman. And yet at is worth something! Oh yes! when ou are lying in pain, when you have

entered into the valley of the Shadow of Death, then think of this minute; think how you once smoothed the death-bed of a fellow-creature, and how, humble though she was, she gave you her blessing. Think of this, and I ken by my ain feelings how sweet the thoughts will be, and dinna weep for me, for I am sure to be where there is nae mair sorrow. Good, gentle lady, I trust we may meet as sisters in Heaven. Fare ye well!"

As Jessie spoke, she extended towards her benefactress her attenuated hand, on which already the chill damps of death were beginning to gather. Isabella took it, pressed it between her own and then quitted it in silence; for in truth her heart was too full for words. Jessie leant back as if to gather strength to give utterance to something further which she desired to say.

"Ailsie," she began in a voice of great feebleness, but which appeared to gather strength as she proceeded, "Oh be gude to her. But I need na tell you, you are aye gude!"

Poor Ailsie strove to reply, but her voice
s stifled by sobs. She could only weep,
d extend her hand to her dying relative.
"Grandmother," continued the poor girl,
am dying!"
A faint light seemed to break upon the
ntenance of the old woman.
"Eh!" she said, "deein? whae spoke
ut deein? A'body dees but me, whae's
n to die?"
'I am, grandmother. I am going to
etter world; where you will sure see me
in—your ain Jessie."
'Jessie!" exclaimed the old woman,
a, na, Jessie's no deein. Her mother,
t was my Jenny, dee'ed lang syne; at
t they telled me seu, though I whiles
k she's no dead for a' that. She was a
ny lassie, there's nane like her. Jessie,
e mind ye'r mother? But I forget—
re was I—what was I saying?" said
poor old woman, sinking again into a
e of lethargy.
essie shook her head mournfully, and
ing towards her brother, addressed him
n earnest and impressive tone.
Jamie," she said, "I speak last to you,

for I think when ye recollect they were my dying words, the last I ever spoke, ye'll, may be, mind them mair. Oh, Jamie! do ye mind when we were happy and innocent bairns—do ye mind when first you were to be married, long, long before this terrible time, how your mind was at peace with itself, and how you promised Ailsie that you would be good and kind to her, and that she should never ken sorrow? Oh Jamie! she has kenned mony sorrows, and sorrows o' your ain making."

Jessie paused for a minute as if to regain breath, and her brother replied in a voice almost inarticulate from excessive emotion.

"Say nae mair, Jessie, say nae mair, if ye wadna drive me mad. I see the error o' my ways; but I *can* mend them yet, and I *will* mend them."

"Ask the Lord's help, Jamie, and dinna put faith in the arm of flesh, and you may yet be spared from the wrath to come. God kens, Jamie, I dinna mean to cast it up to you as a reproach, but it is for your ain gude, I tell you that your sinfu' ways have given a sting to your sister's death."

Here a look of agony convulsed the countenance of the reprobate. The dying girl continued in the same tone: "Avoid temptation, give up the public-house. Ask the Lord's grace, and all may yet be well. Oh dinna run blindly, and sell yoursel to the evil one, body and soul, and for what? That this world may be a hell only less fearfu' than that in the world to come. Ye ken, since ye began this weary drinking, ye have never kenned a minute's peace; ye have cast away your wife's happiness and your ain. And your bairn, Jamie, your puir, innocent bairn! think o' the fearfu' example—think that you may have his soul to answer for as well as your ain. Oh brother! think of the happy days lang gane by, and dinna doubt but they may be yours again; long, long after I am cauld in my grave. And oh, above a' things, my dear, dear brother! mind there's an eternity—an eternity where I shall be before the morn, and where you must soon follow me. Jamie—Jamie, let us meet there! My last prayer in this world is for you."

She spoke with great excitement and

very fast, as if she feared that time might not be granted her to finish what she wished to say. Towards the close of the last sentence, her voice became so feeble, that the excessive stillness which prevailed in the apartment, alone rendered it perfectly audible. She laid back her head, apparently completely exhausted, gazed affectionately at her grandmother, glanced all around, raised herself again, and attempted to speak. She appeared desirous to give utterance to some idea which had risen in her mind, but the words died on her lips. An expression of resignation almost heavenly spread itself over her countenance; she leaned back on her pillow and smiled faintly. Perfect silence reigned around. It was broken by the forerunner of death, the rattling of the diseased lungs. The last earthly struggle was over. The angels of God sang hymns of joy in Heaven over the entrance of a redeemed spirit into the mansions of eternal bliss; whilst poor, short-sighted human beings wept on earth, that an immortal soul had freed itself from the sins and sorrows of mortality.

Jamie Tulloch threw himself on the bed

f his deceased sister with the most frantic emonstrations of grief, calling on the ead to speak but once more—to hear im promise all she had desired. Ailsie ink upon a seat weeping bitterly, with er face buried in her apron, whilst the ttle boy exclaimed in a voice broken by bs:

"Dinna greet, mammy, dinna greet. Oh e at faither!"

As Isabella surveyed this scene, her ars flowed in unison with those of the ereaved family. Her first feeling, as she itnessed the dissolution of the mysterious nk which binds the living spirit to the erishable dust, as she viewed the extinc- on, or rather the flight of the vital spark, as one of boundless awe for the great eing who thus vindicated his power in s most wondrous and incomprehensible rm, and in whose more immediate esence she now seemed to find herself. s her mind partially divested itself from is at first absorbing impression, it melted sympathy for those who were left. For ie dead she could not grieve, for she felt

that for her the change was indeed blessed. The first thing which appeared in the slightest degree to arouse the mourners from the exclusive contemplation and clamorous demonstration of their individual sorrows, was the unwonted sound of the grandmother's voice, a sound the more striking as she seldom spoke but in reply, and scarcely ever appeared conscious of what was passing around her.

"What's a' this, Jessie?" she said with a face of benighted bewilderment, "what for dinna ye speak? Hinny Jessie!"

"Oh grandmither," said Ailsie, "whisht —whisht. Jessie's no here—Jessie's dead."

"Dead!" screamed her husband starting from the bed, and staring around with a wild and furious expression, which almost instantly melted into one of intense mental suffering, while he repeated in a low, deep tone of indescribable anguish: "Dead!" and threw himself again on the bed in a new paroxysm of grief.

In the meantime, some strange, unusual emotion appeared to be working in the countenance of the old woman. It seemed

to be the last groping effort of intellect to master some important idea presented to its comprehension. At last, the workings ceased, the dark night of the soul appeared gradually to resolve itself into something like the dawn of reason—the dawn of a day of clouds and sadness.

"Dead!" she said, "wha says Jessie's dead?"

"I said sae, grandmither. She's gane to a better world."

"O my bairn! my bairn!" cried the bereaved old woman in a heart-rending tone of bitterness. "Waes me! the young die, and the auld and the feckless live on when they wad fain—fain be awa. That I should ha' seen sic a sight wi' my auld een! Jessie, Jessie hinny—my Jenny's bairn!"

"Whisht—whisht, grandmither!" said Ailsie, "ye maunna take on sae bad. Jessie's now wi' Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. I'll be very gude to ye, grandmither, as good as Jessie was."

"And whae are ye?" said the old woman. "Ye're no Jessie—ye're no Jenny. Ye're no friend to me. I kenned naebody

but Jessie; naebody was gude to me but she, and now she's gane. Hech! but it's sair warsthing wi' this weary warld when they're a' gane; but it canna be lang now."

At this juncture James Tulloch rose again from the bed, and kneeling by his grandmother, said, as he took her feeble withered hand:

"Grandmother, they're no a' gane. Here's Jamie, your ain Jenny's son. Ye mind Jamie, grandmother."

"Ay—ay! I mind Jamie fu' weel. What for said I no; but I henna seen him this lang time. Na, na, he's gane like the rest. There's nane o' them to the fore—a' gane—a' gang. Waes me—waes me!"

"No, grandmother, I am Jamie."

"Jamie!" screamed the old woman in a tone of derision almost unearthly, "you Jamie! I'm auld and donnart, but no sae donnart as that. Jamie was a bonny curly-headed laddie, wi' bonny blue een like Jenny hersel; an' you—you, ye're much as ill-fei'urd and wizzened as I am mysel. No that I was ay ill-fei'urd, na I was a

nny lass aince, as gleg as the best o' em; but that was lang syne—lang syne, Jenny dee'ed. And Jessie—Jessie, dna they say she was deed an' a'! I mind mething about it; but I whiles forget w. I dinna mind sae weel as I aince d. Jessie, hinny, what was't I was saying? ssie! what for dinna ye speak? Am I be guided this gate? And whae are ?" she repeated, drawing her hand from mie's, and gazing at him with aversion ongly depicted in her otherwise soulless untenance.

Jamie now rose from his knees, and sting one glance of hopeless sorrow upon is grandmother, and turning to his wife, quested her in a low tone of subdued ief to assist him in removing their aged lative to another apartment. Isabella companied them, and there found that r uncle's servant had been waiting for r for some time. She took a kind fare-ll of the mourners, and amid the bless-gs of the weeping family, again set out her way home to Linnwood. The rain d now ceased; but a heavy, grey mantle

of clouds obscured the heavens, save where towards the east a few streaks of stormy red gave notice that another day was about to dawn. The chill morning breeze swept across the moor with a wailing sound, seeming to bear on its wings that sinking sensation of melancholy so common when mind and body are alike exhausted by fatigue, when necessity for action has ceased, and repose to the over-strained faculties seems but the want of habitual occupation; a sensation which for the time almost deprives one of the power to feel; paralyses every energy; robs even hope itself of its elevating charm; and makes nature seem one cheerless blank. At such a moment all around us appears one strange delusion; in sorrow even there seems no reality; we walk as it were in a waking dream. Our spirits appear excluded from that mysterious communion which blends all nature in one harmonious whole, and by which all that is good or great, beautiful or tender, seems fused into the very essence of the soul; whilst the place of every other emotion seems occupied by a vague

l passionless sensation of loneliness and
nder. Such, at least, were Isabella's
ings, as drawing her cloak closely round
, and shivering with cold, she hastened
k to Linnwood. There was a bustle in
house when she arrived, and she was
irst surprised to find that many of the
sts had not yet taken their departure.
t seemed to her as if a long period had
ssed, and about a week of events had
urred since she had dropped the train
ideas to which the present scene gave
, and which had been so completely
erseded by those which had last exclu-
ely occupied her attention, that it was
h a feeling of surprise she found herself
iged to resume them exaclty at the
ne point where they had been left. It
s with a feeling somewhat akin to that
the monarch in the Eastern tale, when
philosopher and magician wishing to
e him a practical illustration of the
trine, that the duration of time is natu-
ly measured by the variety of thought,
l the succession of ideas which pass
ough the mind, instructs him in the



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n which he can draw for profit and
ght; and the future, even the glorious
re of an immortal life, is a boundless
l for the endless progression of every
lty, and the perpetual advancement of
nal felicity. To the fool, on the contrary,
is tedious without being long. The
sent is to him full of dullness and mono-
y, the past a blank, the future a dreary
te which is viewed with but one hope,
hope of leaving it behind, and like that
ch has gone before, annihilating it for
r. Such a man can never reflect; he has
material for retrospection; it is impossi-
to people the mind with reminiscences
vanity. There are two paths which
pen to our choice. Oh, beloved human
gs! immortal spirits! let us choose
t which alone is worthy of our high
tiny, and the seeming labours of which
far surpassed in oppression by the
lerable weight of that burden which
not fail to be imposed in the other
he burden of indolence and ennuie.
But I must now return to my heroine,
n whom this digression has led me far,

far away. That she might avoid meeting any of the departing company, she entered by a back door and ascended to her own apartment by means of a private staircase. It required but a few minutes to divest herself of her ball costume. She trusted that in bed she should find rest, alike for mind and body.

She had, however, reached that point of fatigue when we court repose in vain. Sleep seems to shun us, and our mental faculties, as if to avenge themselves for the unwonted exertion to which they have been forced, in return rebel against the will by tormenting the memory with an irregular and irrepressible activity. A thousand vague and incongruous ideas and images chased each other incessantly through the mind of Isabella, as she lay extended on her sleepless couch. A medley of feelings agitated her heart, which she in vain attempted to analyze. One only idea was to her distinct, and that was that Jessie Tulloch was no more. It was with a feeling of melancholy satisfaction that she endeavoured to dwell upon this recollection. Upon this subject

her feelings were in the same spirit, so beautifully expressed in the following lines, which have been since so touchingly applied to their lamented authoress:

Dust to its narrow home beneath,
Soul to its place on high;
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more can fear to die.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit rest thee now;
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

It was broad daylight before sleep closed her weary eyelids, and steeped her senses in partial oblivion. Partial oblivion, I said! for memory peopled her dreams with a train of strange and varied images: ladies in ball-dresses, dancing round the bed of the dying; Melville gazing at her with a stern countenance, which suddenly became metamorphosed into that of the superannuated grandmother of the departed Jessie; while a thousand other tricks were played her by a heated fancy dwelling on the events of the past night.

CHAPTER VI.

When Isabella awoke on the following day, she was surprised to find that it was twelve o'clock. Her aunt had given strict orders that the young ladies, Isabella, in particular, should not be disturbed after the fatigues of the preceding night. Dressing herself with all possible expedition, the young lady in question hastened down to the breakfast parlour. There she found only the *débris* of a meal, and all the party fled. The sound of the piano, however, told her that some of the number, at least, were no farther off than the drawing-room. Thither, after helping herself to a cup of tea, she went in quest of them.

All the young ladies were there with the exception of Miss Lorraine. Helen, looked pale and sleepy, but all the rest were in their usual spirits. On her entrance, they all crowded round her to offer their condolence

on the death of her *protégée*, to inquire after the bereaved family, and to lavish upon herself a liberal meed of praise.

"My poor Isabella," said Miss Mary Cameron, "how pale and dispirited you look!—But I will not have you this way. Come, you must get up your spirits. A certain person, I can tell you," she continued in an altered tone of voice, thinking that a sufficient quantity of time had now been devoted to melancholy, and that she had earned a title to be gay all the rest of the morning; "A certain person, I can tell you, seemed to miss you very much. Mr. M— I mean. He had been out of the room for some time, and I was beginning to think you must have run off together, when lo and behold! he returned and soon after asked me to dance; but he was so dull and silent, so different from what he had been before supper, that it appeared to me I might about as well have had a chair for my partner. Of course I rallied him upon the change. He told me that he was exactly like a glass of soda-water, effervescing for a short time, and endurable,

perhaps, whilst the effervesence lasted, but soon losing every sparkling quality, and becoming then unbearably flat and unpalatable. 'I ought to make you a thousand apologies, Miss Mary,' he said, 'for drawing you in to try this stale soda-water.' I advised him to try another glass, whereupon he became nearly as gay as ever. Afterwards, when I discovered your absence, I teazed him on that being the cause of his dullness; and if you will believe me he coloured deeply, he really did colour. Kate, you were by, you must have remarked it."

"How you do talk, Mary!" replied her eldest sister, "I remember nothing. I do not think Mr. Melville danced much with Isabella, indeed I do not remember to have seen them dancing together at all, though of course they must have done; but it could not have been often. There was another person though, who never danced again after Isabella left. You all know whom, I dare say."

"Ah, yes! to be sure," replied Miss Mary, while the rest of the party exchanged

ysterious nods and glances. Isabella, owever, was too much occupied with her n thoughts to pay much attention to e above-mentioned cabalistic signs, and, cordingly, without reply, seated herself the corner of a sofa. Helen remarking r dejection, and ever anxious to promote abella's happiness, now exclaimed:

"I have something to tell you, Isabella, at will do you good. I know it will raise ur spirits, for you have been wishing for some time. We are to go to Loch owser next Monday—it is quite fixed. Mr. eriot was here this morning, long before u were up, and he and mamma settled it l."

"Indeed," said Isabella, trying to look much pleased as she possibly could, but eling at the same time that her interest in ins, old abbeys, and even in beautiful enery had nearly died away. It was to er as if the sunshine of life had departed. lelen, who was no keen observer, nor cute physiognomist, satisfied that she had roduced the desired impression, continued: "Won't it be enchanting, if it is

fine weather. The Miss Camerons are to stay and go with us."

"If it is fine weather," said Isabella, directing her eyes to a window, from which a heavy shower of rain was, at this instant, distinctly visible.

"But you must know, Isabella," said Rose drily, "we all agreed that there was the greater probability of its being fine next week, from its raining so fast now."

"And," continued Helen, "as there will not be room for us all in the carriage, it has been decided that you are to go with the Heriots, Rose with the Mackains, and I in the Bells' Irish car. We shall have a delightful party. I am so fond of old abbeys and priories, and there's nothing in the world so interesting as nuns. Mary, dear, don't you remember when we were at Miss Simpson's, how much you and I used to wish that we had been Roman Catholic young ladies, that we might have been nuns. I have such a pretty little poem on a nun in my album, written by —I will let you see it some day, Mary, and you too, Isabella."

The three Miss Camerons now exclaimed ith one voice, that she must let them all ee it immediately, which Helen with some how of reluctance and with ill-dissembling y, at last, agreed to do. Isabella, in the eantime, walked to a window at the rther end of the room, whither she was lmost immediately followed by Rose.

"Isabella," said the latter, "Mr. Melille told me last night, that he had walked ith you to Staines Moor. Do not, however, imagine, that because I say this to ou, I suspect you of any ungenerous onduct; on the contrary, I mention it to how you that I have no such suspicion. Ay dear Isabella, I have perfect confidence n you, I only wish you had the same in ne. But I will not tease you at present, s you are really looking pale and exhausted. Will you not lie down and rest? I shall e most happy to read to you, if you are nclined to listen."

Isabella politely declined her cousin's ffer, and taking a chair endeavoured to ccupy herself with some knitting.

Rose was in excellent spirits this morning.

One part of her scheme, she was almost convinced, had succeeded, she thought that she had now little to dread from Isabella as a rival. Missing her and Melville from the dancing-room, at the same time, the preceding night, she had felt a little alarmed. As soon as she could find an opportunity after the return of the latter, she questioned him as to what he knew concerning her cousin's absence. Melville related what had taken place. There was something in the tone of his voice when he mentioned Isabella, which struck Rose's watchful ears. She asked him a few questions, of which her cousin was the subject. The questions were in themselves insignificant, and Melville's replies contained but little meaning; yet there was something in his manner, which impressed her with the perfect conviction, that Melville now viewed Isabella in the light of one who could never be his wife. A certain dejection of spirits, which, in spite of his manifest efforts to conceal it, she did not fail to observe, only served to confirm her in this opinion. It had been no part of Melville's intentions thus to

etray his sentiments ; but though a clever oung man, in art he was no match for he crafty and designing Rose. So the tter, now that she dreaded her cousin no nger as a rival, it appeared advantageous have her for a friend. Accordingly she ared no pains to effect this end. Hitherto, wever, her efforts had not been attended ith much success.

The morning appointed for the pic-nic wned amid fogs and clouds, which now d then became condensed into a small, izzling rain. A thick mist enveloped ery object. The young people thought atters looked very bad indeed. Mr. Lorine, however, did not think the aspect of airs so very hopeless. The mist appeared be coming down to the foot of the hills, e wind had shifted, and the barometer dicated a change. Young people are sily inspired with hope, and those in uestion soon became almost certain that e day would, at last, prove fine. Messges passed among the different parties, d it was unanimously agreed to wait till

twelve o'clock, to see what that critical period should bring forth.

Twelve o'clock arrived; the weather had brightened, and with it the prospects of our party of pleasure. By the time Isabella reached Birchmount, all that remained of the once-dreaded clouds and mists, served only to add fresh charms to the day, and new beauty to the scenery. The Heriots were ready when she arrived, and they lost no time in setting out. The party were to meet, this time, only at Loch Bower.

Isabella had fancied before leaving home, that she should have no pleasure in this excursion. She found herself, however, agreeably mistaken. There are times when our spirits are suffering from the dejection produced by the crosses and disappointments of life, that society becomes distasteful to us. We have pleasure no longer in the graces of conversation, in the charms of wit. It is not thus with nature; her beautiful face is ever friendly. Except when our minds are absorbed by a grief so dark as to throw its deadly shadow over

all that is lovely in life, nature can sympathize with us in every mood, can mitigate our gentler sorrows, and lend an indescribable and soothing charm to her influence even when it mingles with rather than dissipates our melancholy. This benignant power Isabella experienced in its fullest extent during her drive to Loch Bower.

It was almost like an autumn day; there was a breezy freshness in the air, which seemed to betoken the approach of that exhilarating season. The mist-wreaths were rolling away in the valleys, the hills had almost thrown aside their robes of vapour. Upon the summits of the most lofty alone, here yet rested misty wreaths, which the sunbeams had converted into diadems of glory. The undulating country, rich with grain just ripe for the sickle, the dewy green hedge rows, the sparkling streams, the shady woods, are all alike beautiful. The voice of the labourer was heard in the fields, and the cooing of the wood-pigeon in the groves. Beneath the genial influence of so much beauty, Isabella felt the gloom which brooded over her spirits melt away

like the mists of the morning. A sentiment of deep gratitude raised her heart to the bounteous Giver of all good—a gentle peace filled her whole being. She saw that life was beautiful; she felt that it was teeming with happiness—a happiness, however, far removed from mirth, and more likely to end in tears than in laughter. Miss Heriot seemed partly to comprehend her companion's feelings. She did not disturb them by a word of conversation. There were only themselves inside the carriage, which was a phaeton and only held two. Mr. Heriot was therefore obliged to go on the box with the coachman.

After having driven for a few miles, the scenery began to change. They passed over a wild tract of moorland purple with heath blossoms, and every moment drew nearer to the mountains. Then the wide strath began to narrow into a rocky glen, hemmed in by green or heathy hills, which assumed by degrees a more lofty and mountainous character. Sometimes they rose almost precipitously from the rocky ravine at the bottom of which flowed the Cole no longer

the puling stream they had left in the plain, but leaping and brawling over its rugged bed with the continued vehemence of a mountain-torrent. Feathery birch trees fringed the bases of the mountains, and filled the air with their sweet perfume. Dwarf oaks overhung the rivulet, and added a yet darker shadow to the deep pools, while the silvery spray glittered through the glossy green leaves. As our travellers approached the upper end of the glen, the hills again receded, but instead of decreasing in importance, swelled into shapes of yet wilder sublimity, while they formed themselves into a natural basin of imposing grandeur, at the bottom of which lay glittering in the sunbeams, the beautiful sheet of water called Loch Bower.

In some places, the woods swept down to the shores of the lake, and the trees seemed to dip their branches in its waters, whilst in others, open spaces afforded to the travellers vistas for the contemplation of the charming scenery. Near the upper end of the lake, on a green peninsula, stood the ancient priory, embosomed in trees. A

wooded drive on one side of the lake conducted to the ruin. On the other, the mountains rose so precipitately, that it could only be approached by a narrow footpath. On reaching that side of the priory farthest from the Loch, our little party found the Mackains and the Bells already arrived. They were assembled on a pleasant spot on the margin of the lake, which united the advantages of a fine view of the mountains, with shade and shelter for dining. The Lorraines were not long in arriving, and they were followed almost immediately by Mr. Melville on horseback. His mother felt a little fatigued to-day, and regretted that she was not able to join the party. Isabella had not seen Melville since the memorable night of the ball. He had, indeed, been at Linnwood since, but she had — fortunately, she thought—missed seeing him. He now, in her turn, accosted her slightly. She endeavoured to make her reply as unembarrassed and friendly as possible, and she partly succeeded, for she knew that Rose's eye was upon her, and her pride sustained her.

She felt rather than saw that Melville gazed earnestly at her for about a second, but she betrayed no consciousness; she had nerved herself for the occasion. Melville turned from her, and the next instant she heard him talking to Rose and Miss Mary Cameron in an unusually lively strain. She felt her heart swell, and the tears start to her eyes. Melville's conduct altogether was very displeasing to her. She accused him in her heart of presumption, levity, and want of feeling.

"Could he," she thought, "suspect the nature of her sentiments, and knowing, as he must, that he was engaged to another, was he so ungenerous as to desire to do so?"

The idea that he might have made this discovery was, however, too dreadful to be admitted for more than a second; as far as she was concerned, she felt almost secure that her secret was safe, and she trusted there was now no danger of her betraying it. Indeed, she began to fear that Melville's present conduct, by converting partiality into indignation, would obviate

the necessity of concealment. This was an idea, however, which brought with it no consolation. Had he allowed her to continue to esteem him, she felt that she should have been happier. Miss Heriot was the only person who had remarked the short interview between Melville and Isabella. Though she was a little perplexed by Melville's subsequent behaviour, it served to strengthen her in an opinion which she conceived some time before.

Isabella now fearing that the abstraction of her mind might be perceived, and anxious, if possible, to emulate Melville's unconcern, turned from the laughing group beside her to another who were apparently engaged in earnest discussion upon some subject of importance. Miss Hunter was, as usual, the chief spokeswoman of the party, and Isabella's heart sickened when she heard the name of Jessie Tulloch. Great, however, was her surprise to find that it was no longer pronounced in a tone of emphatic bitterness and contempt, but in one of simulated compassion.

"Poor thing!" said Miss Susy, "she was

buried yesterday, and a very respectable funeral it was. Eppie saw it going past. The brother was at the head. Poor man! I saw Ailsie the day before, and she was frightened he wouldn't be fit for it. But, said I, never tell me, Ailsie, that a man at your husband's time of life is not able to carry his sister's head to the grave. If he had been an old man, to be sure, the case might have been different."

"I thought, Miss Hunter," said Mrs. Lorraine, "that you had said you would have nothing more to do with the Tullochs."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. Jessie, poor thing! was very ungrateful to me at one time, but I always make a point of looking over things of that kind. Mrs. Black says I am too charitable, indeed I sometimes think myself that I am quite simple."

"Not simple, dear Miss Hunter," said Mrs. Mackain, "only amiable—so very amiable!"

A smile from Miss Hunter, as she continued, was the reward of this speech.

"And so, though to be sure Jessie had behaved so ill as to prevent me taking notice of her, or doing anything for her while she lived, yet now that she was dead, of course I forgave her, as became a Christian woman, though I always must say I never could have patronized such an ungrateful creature while she was living. Mrs. Black, the grocer, told me the family were in great distress. They would be much the better, she said, for somebody to look to for a little advice. They have plenty of people coming about them, but nobody that they could depend upon. 'Oh, Miss Hunter!' says she, 'it would be such a matter for Ailsie if you would but go and see her. Indeed, she as good as said so to me. If I had but some experienced person to consult about the funeral, says she,—and who could she mean but you, Miss Hunter.' Mrs. Black, said I, it is impossible; you know how these people have behaved. 'Oh, ma'am,' says she, 'but I know your forgiving temper, and we must let bygones be bygones.' Mrs. Black is really quite a superior

roman. She knows that the best way of leasing me is by showing me how I can e useful; for, indeed, I may say, I spend ny life in doing good to my fellow-creatures. have not a minute I can call my own. o after I had looked in upon the charity-chool, and scolded Betty Stevenson for eaning her infant, I set off for Staines loor. Ailsie, poor body! was very rateful for my visit. 'Miss Hunter,' says he, 'I am much obliged to you.' I dvised by all means that the chief ourners should wear white hat-bands. essie, said I, was quite young. It was a ery neat coffin—neat and plain. I called n Wilson, the undertaker, to see it as went past. The name and date were ery neatly put on,—Jessie Tulloch, aged enty-five. I thought she had been older, it perhaps she was near twenty-six."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Lorraine, "I n sure, Miss Hunter, you are very good. o you think I could be of any use—if ey were in want of anything?"

"I sent Ailsie some bits of crape and me old cambric handkerchiefs, and any

little bits of things that I could spare, and that I thought might be of use to her. I have so many demands upon me, Mrs. Lorraine, both for time and money. I give away more than I can well afford, but for for all that, I am always much obliged to anybody for pointing out a deserving object. I offered to get up a subscription list for the Tullochs, and put myself down at the head for something handsome."

"That was very charitable of you, I am sure," said Mrs. Lorraine; "but you see, with my family, I really cannot be so liberal, but if Ailsie required a black merino gown, for instance, or if a few shillings would do her any good—"

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine, that is far too much—the Tullochs are not so poor as that. One ought to be charitable, but not extravagant. See, here is the subscription list," she continued, drawing a paper from her pocket, "suppose we put you down for half-a-crown, since you have not so many calls upon you. For my own part, you see I have so much to do with my money, that I could not afford

more than a shilling. However, one should not give too much, it does harm instead of good."

Mrs. Lorraine, albeit unused to find fault, or to doubt the superior wisdom of any one who spoke in an oracular tone, could not forbear whispering to her niece on the first opportunity:

"Do you not think, my dear, that a shilling seems rather stingy for Miss Susy to give; but, to be sure, she knows best, and she is really a sensible, active woman, and does a great deal of good. And I dare say she has a great deal to do with her money, though to my certain knowledge she has a very large fortune."

Miss Hunter now began to give a detailed account of the scenes immediately preceding the decease of Jessie Tulloch, displaying in her narration that wonderful, minute, and apparently intuitive knowledge, so common in gossips, of words, looks, and actions, which it is nearly impossible can have been communicated by the actors, and which none besides have been present to witness. It is true, there was little resemblance between the speeches of the

poor girl on her death-bed, and the detailed account of them given by Miss Susy —so little, indeed, that Isabella could not in the slightest degree recognize in them the originals.

Occurrences of this nature may serve in some degree to elucidate the mystery; but still, who invents the aforesaid complication of scenes and dialogues? Great, indeed, is the imagination and invention displayed by the ingenious society of gossips. Hide your diminished heads, oh ye sons and daughters of genius, for great is your inferiority! Miss Susy's narrative was delivered in that elevated and mysterious whisper, and with that drawling and whining tone, invariably used by people of her stamp, when they think the occasion demands that they should be at once impressive and pathetic. As she wound up her tale with a peculiarly sublime intonation, Mr. Mackain exclaimed—with that affectation of abruptness, and that air of having said a good thing, which with the mass so often pass for wit—"and so exit Jessie Tulloch."

His wife immediately became convulsed

by a sort of giggling laughter, in which she was joined by the greater part of the company. Not, perhaps, that any of them discerned anything particularly amusing in Mr. Mackain's speech; they only laughed because others laughed. Miss Hunter, even, in whose eyes Mr. Mackain could do no wrong, said:

"It is no laughing matter, to be sure, but really, Mr. Mackain, there's no resisting you—you are so very amusing."

"Is he not?" exclaimed his wife, "so always tell him. *Si amusant*," she continued, turning to Rose, "*si très-amusant, n'est-ce-pas, ma chère!*"

Isabella, at this instant, caught a glimpse of Melville's countenance; there was a frown on his brow. Their eyes met, and each perceived how well their feelings accorded; how heartless to both such mirth appeared. And yet all engaged in it were not heartless, some were only thoughtless. How often is it thus with the best of us!

Mr. Lorraine and Mr. Heriot, who had absconded from the party during the progress of Miss Susy's long harangue, now returned, and all present set out in a body

to explore the ruins. Mr. Heriot attached himself to Isabella, and gave her much curious and interesting information concerning the subjects which now claimed their notice. The majority of the party talked a great deal, but with one or two exceptions, seemed to be thinking of any thing rather than the place which they had come so far on purpose to see.

Dinner was then served. The viands having been done justice to, and having been pronounced by Mrs. Lorraine to be perfect in their way, the whole party with the exception of Mr. Lorraine, his wife, and Miss Hunter, proceeded to ascend the hill in front of them, for the purpose of seeing the view from the top. Mr. Heriot was again Isabella's companion, and again she found him as entertaining as before. Andrew Bell and Helen disappeared from public view, while the rest of the young people, including Melville, lagged behind, rending the still air with peals of laughter, and causing the lonely rocks and mountains to ring with the unwonted sounds of merriment.

Having happily accomplished this enter-

prize, the members of the pic-nic began to talk of returning to their several homes. Whilst hampers were being repacked, and carriages prepared, the company assembled round the scene of their former encampment, all declaring how much they had enjoyed themselves. So far from appearing fatigued by the exertions of the day, they seemed only to have acquired a higher zest for amusement. The jest and the laugh circulated even more quickly than heretofore, and mirth became more and more general. Every body appeared to be speaking at the same time, and to be laughing at three things at once. All appeared in the highest glee; all, at least, except Isabella. Her spirits seemed to sink in exact proportion as those of the others rose. She felt quite unable to participate in the gaiety by which she was surrounded.

Stealing away, therefore, from this scene of confusion, from this Babel of sounds, she passed round the priory, to the side which overlooked the lake. The sun had set, but there lingered behind it in the cloudless west, a train of light bounding

the horizon as with a fillet of pale gold, and melting imperceptibly into the mild blue sky. A solitary star, like a silver spangle, glimmered in the uncertain confines of the fading twilight. The moon, a slender crescent, was slowly sinking in the heavens. The breeze of the morning had died away into one as gentle as the zephyr. The tree tops waved darkly against the soft pure sky.

A holy calm seemed to pervade every object. It was a disposition of nature which seemed to accord well with the present scene. The grey twilight lent a yet deeper shade and interest to the mouldering ruin with its dark mantle of ivy. The ancient trees assumed a more venerable tint, while a deeper shadow rested on the grassy sward, beneath which slept the remains of the departed—of those who had exchanged the gloom of the cloister for the surer and more sepulchral silence of the grave. The clear waters of the lake bathed the rocky base of the little peninsula, while its glassy surface gave faithfully back the lights and shadows of the varied scene. Above all rose the everlasting hills, like

the guardians of the world beneath, and seeming to announce to man in their great majesty, that while the proudest monuments of his labour are doomed to decay, the works of the great Creator pass not away till the dread hour when by the might of his word all shall be changed.

Isabella seated herself upon a projection of the ruin, and gave way to the feelings naturally inspired by the time and place. It was with a pleasing emotion that she contrasted the present scene, so sweet in its sadness, so serene in its melancholy, with the noisy tumults of that she had quitted. Wrapt in a dreamy forgetfulness of the actual world, she seemed transported back to the ages of the past. Visions of other days flitted before her imagination, and repeopled the scene with images of the departed,

> "Dreams that the soul of youth engage,
> Ere fancy has been quelled;
> Old legends of the monkish page,
> Tradition of the saint and sage,
> Tales that have the time of age,
> And chronicles of Old."

But where were they now, those worthies of the olden time? They had followed the destiny of all earth. They were already where we—and all that surround us, are even now hastening. So felt Isabella.

"Yes, mother!" whispered her swelling heart, "you too are there. Oh beloved spirit! from your home of unclouded bliss, you are perhaps even now looking down on the child of your love, still struggling with the cares of life, and endeavouring to look forward with the eye of faith to that period when we shall be united to part no more. Oh mother, mother! God grant that that time may come! God support me in my endeavours to assure it!"

From this contemplative mood, she was aroused by the rustling of leaves, and the sound of approaching footsteps. She turned and beheld—Mélville. He almost started on perceiving her; but recovering himself immediately, advanced towards her.

"I beg pardon, Miss Isabella—I was not aware—what a beautiful evening!"

"Very; very fine indeed," she said mechanically, not knowing very well

ther to stand still, or to walk on to
in the party. The latter alternative
eared too marked, and might, she
ught, bear a construction which she
ld have died rather than have occa-
ed. She, therefore, remained station-
. In reply to the few words she had
ken, Melville continued:

'It strikes one the more: one is the
re inclined to appreciate the superior
rms of the quiet and happy thoughts
gested by the presence of so much
uty, when, as has but now been our
e, our ears have been stunned with the
fe of tongues, and our brains so bewil-
ed by a jumble of the most unmeaning
y, as scarcely to be left in the possession
single idea. I never was so thankful
ny life as to be able to make my escape.
leclare, I was nearly driven to distrac-
."

Melville's words and manner, if seriously
lerstood, appeared to Isabella to diverge
much from the common place, to be
fectly safe in the present position of
irs; she therefore affected to answer
ingly, and in a tone of raillery.

"Upon my word then, Mr. Melville, you are the most smiling martyr I ever beheld, and a self-devoted one too. Had it not been for your present assurance, I should never have dreamed of thinking otherwise than that you were in the height of enjoyment, and indeed the chief promoter of the merriment which you are now pleased to stigmatise so unceremoniously."

Melville coloured deeply as he replied:

"You then," he said, "do not believe in the existence of any feelings but those which meet the public eye. You cannot conceive a state of mind, when to conceal those very feelings which have become too intense to be maintained under a calm exterior, we are under the necessity of simulating a gaiety which is but the mark of pain, of forcing a laugh while the heart is torn with agony?" Seeing that she hesitated, he continued: "You have not thought of this! You have not thought of the possibility that sentiments might exist, which I should shun to betray to the heartless gaze of the selfish, scornful world."

"Indeed, Mr. Melville, I have not

thought—that is to say I have no opinion upon the subject."

As she finished speaking, she turned towards the path which conducted towards the place where they had left the rest of the party.

"No," said Melville with an accession of warmth, "you have not thought upon the subject, because you have not felt. Such feeling must be experienced, or, at least, require a nature capable of experiencing them to be understood. The cold in disposition, those who regulate every thought as well as every action by the rules of formal propriety, however good, however amiable, however wise they may be, can neither comprehend nor compassionate them."

Isabella's heart was now full to bursting. To be thought cold, unfeeling, and by Melville! She durst trust neither her voice nor her countenance, but walked on without casting a glance behind. She was deeply displeased, too, that Melville should affect to view, should wish her to consider a serious dereliction of every principle of

honour and duty, merely as the violation of some rule of cold formality. After a minute's silence, Melville exclaimed:

"I have offended you. I have spoken rashly. Oh forgive me!"

"It is of no consequence," she said in a voice of forced calmness. She meant to have added: "if the meaning you conveyed was unintentional;" but her emotion checked her utterance.

"Of no consequence," repeated Melville, completely mistaking the import of her words. "I was not vain enough, madam, to imagine it of consequence to you. I have only to crave your forgiveness for having foolishly intruded upon your notice anything so unimportant as what concerns solely my private feelings. Madam, be assured it is the last time."

The appearance of Mr. Heriot was at this instant an opportune relief to both. He came to announce the carriage. Melville bowed haughtily—a salutation which Isabella could not return, and she saw him not again. She had proceeded more than half way to Birchmount before she had regained

sufficient composure to enter into anything like a rational conversation with Miss Heriot, whom, for about an hour, she had been answering at random. At Birchmount she was surprised to find that Mr. Heriot intended to accompany her inside the carriage to Linnwood. She was still more surprised at the style of his conversation during their drive. It suggested ideas which had never before occurred to her; and yet there was nothing in the words which afforded her an opportunity of discouraging the hopes they seemed to convey. When, at last, the carriage stopped at her uncle's door, and when in a pitiable state of excitement and distress she bade Mr. Heriot "good night," in as cold and careless tone, and with a manner as markedly indifferent as she could assume, he replied:

"Adieu! but only for a short time. I shall see you again to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" she cried in a tone of affected surprise, but of real terror.

"Yes," he replied, "to-morrow morning—every morning, I hope. Believe me,

I do not willingly pass even one day without seeing you."

Isabella knew not whether to view, at this instant, the presence of her uncle as the greatest of blessings, or the greatest of misfortunes. She was truly thankful, however, that on account of the lateness of the hour and the fatigue of the horses, Mr. Heriot declined remaining to partake of a repast, which was to consist of a union of the requisites of tea and supper. It was in a state of mind not to be described that she at last beheld the conclusion of the day—a day which had been truly an epitome of life, so varied in the scene, so multifarious in the emotions which it had produced.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Heriot laid down the newspaper, drank off his cup of tea, and pushing it from him, rose hastily from the breakfast-table.

"Have you any commands for Linnwood this morning, Mary?"

"Linnwood, my dear brother, you are not going to Linnwood!"

"Why not, may I inquire? Is there anything extraordinary in my going to Linnwood? Really, Mary, you grow quite foolish."

"Nothing extraordinary, but—"

"But what?" said her brother, impatiently. "Nothing can be so silly as that hesitating way you have got of expressing your ideas—or rather of not expressing them. Speak out, what do you mean?"

"You were there only the day before yesterday, you know:—indeed, last night."

"And is that any reason why, if I please, I should not go back to-day?"

"It seems so often."

"Certainly it seems often, because it is often. If you have no other reason why I should not go to Linnwood, set your mind at rest. I wish it to seem often."

"Do you? Oh, my dear brother! I wish—if I knew exactly—if—"

"Come, Mary," said her brother, speaking more gently, and reseating himself, "you are not quite so devoid of penetration as not to have formed some guess of my intentions. The young lady in question is, I know, a great friend of yours; therefore, I have every reason to suppose, that you approve of my choice. That she is your friend—that you have had the good sense to appreciate her various admirable qualities, has, I confess, contributed to raise your own character very much in my estimation. But—how is this—you do not look so much pleased, as I had expected."

"Pleased! Oh, my dear brother, this is what I have always feared!" exclaimed

Miss Heriot, giving utterance, on the impulse of the moment, to a sentiment which for weeks she had been labouring in vain to find courage to insinuate.

Her brother almost started from surprise and anger, as he repeated,

"Feared! Did you say feared? I do believe that you do not know what you are saying."

Miss Heriot was now too much frightened to reply. Her brother continued:

"You do not speak. I can only put one construction upon the words you have allowed to escape you. Mary, I find I have done you more than justice. I never before suspected that you were so selfish as to wish me to remain unmarried."

"You have not done me more than justice," cried Miss Heriot, roused by this aspersion of her motives, and speaking with considerable warmth. "Heaven knows your happiness has always been my first motive. It has long been my most earnest desire to see you happily married."

"It is not to my marriage then, but to my marriage with the lady I happen to

have chosen, that you object. Pray, may I inquire what your particular objection is to Miss Isabella Lorraine? In what manner may she have happened to offend your fastidious taste? I confess I had hitherto imagined that she was fortunate enough to rejoice in the sunshine of your favour."

"Indeed, I love her exceedingly. I could have no objection to Isabella Lorraine."

"What in heaven's name then do you mean? This mystery would try the patience of Job."

"I mean—oh, my dear brother, would that I could make you understand!"

"That you cannot do, so long as you continue to speak in riddles. I do not pretend to be a conjuror, or an expounder of oracles. I must make up my mind to do without your important sentiments upon the subject, it seems. This, perhaps, I may be able the more readily to do, as, to say the least of them, they appear somewhat inconsistent, and perhaps a little contradictory. Adieu for the present."

"Stay—stay for an instant. I wish to ve you from what I know will mortify u. I mean—in short, I think that Isa-lla does not love you."

"Indeed! Did she tell you so?"

"Oh no! never."

"Then allow me, if you please, to retain y own opinion upon the subject."

"I may say, with perfect truth," re-rned Miss Heriot, "that I wish, for your ke, as well as for my own, that it may the correct one. But I cannot believe at it is."

"Isabella, I am sure," said Mr. Heriot, has always appeared pleased with my ciety."

"Yes," returned his sister, faintly; "but rely, dear George, a woman may be eased with a man's society, without wish-g to marry him."

"I cannot say, Mary; not very much eased, I should think. Isabella has, I ink, given me every encouragement at her natural modesty would permit. enuine delicacy, not that affectation of mplicity, that pseudo-refinement which

young people of her sex usually mistake for delicacy, is one of the most distinguishing characteristics, one of the principal charms of her refined and lady-like mind."

"I agree with you; but even making allowance for her womanly reserve, pardon me, if I say that I do not think she has given you every encouragement."

"No! Does not she always accept my attentions? In company does she not converse more with me than with any other person?"

"She finds you agreeable. She can appreciate an intelligent mind. Besides, forgive me again, it may never have struck her that at your time of life, you were likely to have thought of a person so much younger—"

"Nonsense, Mary. I am older than she, it is true; but there is no absolute disparity. People frequently marry with twice the number of years between their ages. And what do you suppose brings her so often to Birchmount? Do you imagine she takes the trouble to come all the way here, merely because she thinks I am

rather a pleasant man, and without having any ulterior object whatever in view?"

"She has an end in view; but not the end you suppose. She comes to see me—to see her friend."

"You—to see you! Really this is too preposterous. Have you the vanity to suppose that a young, blooming girl, full of life and spirits, would come so far three or four times a week, for the sole purpose of seeing a poor, neglected, prosing old maid? You give her credit for possessing greater philanthrophy even than I am inclined to do."

Miss Heriot looked much hurt. The tears started into her eyes; but she did not reply.

"I am sorry to have wounded your feelings, Mary," said her brother; "but you really made me angry."

"And I," she said, "wished to save yours. Perhaps I had better drop the subject; but I cannot refrain from telling you, and would that you could be convinced, that Isabella Lorraine is not in love with you."

"And what do you mean by being in love? I grant you she does not look heart-sick; but she knows she has no cause. Neither does she look sentimental —nor die-away—nor assume any of the absurd airs which are vulgarly thought becoming upon such an occasion. She has too much soundness of judgment, too much elegance of mind, to do anything so silly or so common-place. If she feels esteem for my character; if she is happy in my company; if she finds my situation in life eligible; and with these sentiments consents to accept me, I ask no more. These are rational grounds of preference, and I expect—I wish no other. They are the only foundation upon which reasonable men and women can think of erecting the unsteady fabric of domestic bliss; it is the only foundation which can last. With regard to the puling, sentimental, visionary sort of love, to which I suppose you alluded, I leave it with a welcome to silly girls, and beardless boys. Therefore, be under no apprehension of my wishing to exact more from Isabella than she is likely to give.

I have no faith in 'boundless affection,' in 'self-sacrificing devotion.' So set your mind at rest, if that is all."

"But it is not all. Not only she does not love you—but—she loves another!" said Miss Heriot, with a sort of desperate resolution.

Her brother looked up with amazement.

"Another! whom?"

"Mr. Melville!" she replied with a deep-drawn breath, as if relieved of a heavy load.

"Did she tell you so?" inquired Mr. Heriot calmly, and fixing on his sister a scrutinizing glance.

"Oh no! but I am certain of it from my own observations."

"From your own observations! Is that the groundwork upon which you build. Your observations must have been wonderfully more penetrating than those of any other person. Do you think her affection is returned?"

"Yes."

"Nay then I have little reason to dread the accuracy of your observations. I am afraid,

Mary, you belong to that class of persons, who pass over the obvious in search for the recondite; who imagine they discover great penetration in fancying something which never existed, while they suffer the most palpable facts to elude their imaginary acuteness. Have you been so blind as not to perceive that the lad, Melville, has been captivated by the beauty of Rose. Like a moth, he flutters round the flame, which in the end is sure to consume him. He is exactly of the age, and of the temper to be dazzled by the brilliancy of the one cousin, and to pass over the infinitely superior, but less obtrusive charms of the other."

Miss Heriot shook her head, but did not speak. She had done everything which lay in her power to prevent what she knew would be to her brother's pride, a severe mortification. To his pride—for she could not conceal from herself that there was little love, but self-love to be wounded. It was, however, with a feeling of great uneasiness that she saw him depart, resolute in his determination to make an offer of his hand to Isabella Lorraine.

With a harassed mind, but somewhat invigorated spirits, Isabella had risen that morning, not without some suspicion of the trial which awaited her. She determined, if possible, to elude the disagreeable business at least for that day, but lest escape should be impracticable, she endeavoured to nerve her mind for the occasion. As breakfast was nearly finished, Mr. Lorraine remarked:

"By the by, I forgot to tell you, when I was down at that hay field on the Edinburgh road this morning, who should come riding past, but Rollo Melville. I inquired whither he was bound so early in the morning, and was rather surprised to hear that he was on his way to Edinburgh to join an old college friend, who is upon the point of setting off upon a tour in Wales and the West of England."

"Wales! the West of England! Mr. Melville!" exclaimed Mr. Lorraine's auditors in tones of surprise.

"I thought I should surprise you all. It is some sudden freak, I suppose. Rollo Melville is a fine lad, but now and then he is a little whimsical."

At the present juncture, the bare mention of Rollo Melville's name was at any time sufficient to shake the equilibrium of Isabella's thoughts, with whatever care they might previously have been adjusted. The piece of intelligence concerning him, which had just been communicated, threw them for a few minutes into a state of inextricable confusion. She feared that her agitation might be perceptible to the rest of the company; but she might have spared herself this cause of anxiety. Nobody was thinking of her. The attraction was first diverted from herself, by hearing Rose remark in a tone of indifference.

"Mr. Melville's sudden departure does not take me very much by surprise. I was not quite unprepared for it. He spoke of something of the kind yesterday."

As Rose spoke, a suspicion for which she could scarcely account, arose in Isabella's mind that she was telling a falsehood. She fixed a scrutinising glance upon her cousin's countenance. Rose, however, met it so fearlessly, and sustained it with such perfect unconcern, as to convince her that her suspicion must be totally

nfounded. She now began to accuse erself of a want of charity, for what indeed ould be more natural to suppose, than, onsidering the terms upon which Rose nd Melville must necessarily be, he should ave communicated to her alone what erhaps he might have thought contained othing to interest any other person. mmediately after breakfast, Isabella hastned to her own room for the purpose of reparing herself to stay out of doors the hole forenoon, that she might escape Ir. Heriot's threatened visit. She felt that he was now totally unable for the dreaded nterview. What then was her consteration to meet him directly in the face, ust as she was opening the hall door! ive minutes earlier, and she would have een safe.

"You are early abroad this morning, Miss Isabella."

"Yes, you will find my aunt and cousins n the breakfast parlour, Mr. Heriot," she aid, endeavouring to pass on.

"But my visit is to you, Miss Isabella, ot to your aunt and cousins. Perhaps I

might be permitted to accompany you in your walk."

This was too terrible to be thought of for an instant. Isabella replied quickly, and in a voice which almost betrayed the excessive fright she was suffering.

"Oh no! not upon any account. My walk is not of the slightest consequence. I can easily wait for half an hour," and ere he had had time to reply, her hand was on the lock of the breakfast-room door, and she had announced Mr. Heriot. She was surprised to find no one within but her aunt. The good lady was busily engaged counting her tea-spoons. After the usual salutations had passed between her and Mr. Heriot, she observed:

"There are two missing. I wonder where they can have got to. I dare say, Miss Heriot will find as I do, that if she does not count her spoons herself pretty frequently, she will be very apt to get but a Flemish account of them. These young people do not know what they are coming to, nor you gentlemen either, for that matter. Isabella, my dear, do you think

haven't got a tea-spoon up in your
?"
I will run and look, ma'am, this
nt."
No, no, my dear, there is not the least
ion to give yourself the trouble.
rt has very likely got them in his
y. Besides, I am going up this
nt myself to look over the china in the
store-room, so if Mr. Heriot will
e me, I shall leave him with you for
e. But I dare say Mr. Heriot thinks
is no need of an apology for giving
he company of a young lady instead
old one; and such a nice girl too, I
say, though she is my own niece."
d Mrs. Lorraine walked out of the
, unconsciously leaving her poor niece
most uncomfortable predicament.
Had we not better go to the drawing-
" she said, "the others are there, I
, and we might have a little music."
No, no!" replied Mr. Heriot, placing
lf between her and the door, towards
she was already advancing, "I beg—
eat that you will not go. At another

time, I shall be very happy; but now I wish to have the favour of your attention for a few minutes. Unless you please, I I shall not detain you long. You are, I know, too amiable, too free from coquetry, to desire to prolong the miseries of suspense. When you know how I have sought, how I have longed for this opportunity, you will not, I am sure, deny it to me."

Isabella endeavoured to speak, to prevent, if possible, what she knew must be coming; but before she could form her ideas into words, Mr. Heriot had again begun. With the resignation of despair, she composed herself to listen, eagerly watching for an opportunity to speak, and endeavouring to frame a reply which should combine decision with kindness. Mr. Heriot spoke well, perhaps too well to be much in love. Without possessing that eloquence which subdues the feelings as by the power of magic, and like the tones of a melody dear to our childhood, awakens the slumbering emotions, and agitates to overflowing the still waters of the soul; he spoke with perspicuity and decision, informing the

inderstanding rather than touching the eart. He told her, with rather more of he warmth of a lover than he had exhibited uring his conference with his sister, how ng and how truly he had preferred her to very human being, expatiating upon the rounds of his preference, and without attery, making it appear evident that he nderstood and appreciated many of the xcellencies of her character. He promised, at could she be prevailed upon to accept is proposals, the chief aim of his existence ould be to conduce to her happiness; and ncluded by hoping that his sincere fection might be rewarded by the honour id blessing of her hand in marriage. A use now gave Isabella the opportunity e so much desired. Her confusion, how-er, would scarcely allow her to avail rself of it. Her tongue was cleaving to e roof of her mouth, and she was embling in every limb. Fearful, however, at her embarrassment might be wrongly terpreted, she exclaimed hastily, and most without knowing what she said:

"Stop, I entreat—say no more—oh, Mr.

Heriot! you cannot imagine how much you distress me!"

"Dearest Miss Lorraine! nothing was ever farther from my thoughts than to cause you the slightest uneasiness. I should indeed be happy, could I be equally certain of the favourable nature of your sentiments towards me."

Isabella had now partly recovered her composure, and impelled by the urgent nature of the circumstances, she hastened to say:

"It is with the deepest regret for the disappointment I fear I may be inflicting, but with the most heartfelt gratitude for the honour you have done me, that I now feel myself called upon to speak. Mr. Heriot, I respect, I esteem, but I do not love you. Without love, I cannot marry; nor can I do you the injustice to suppose that you would choose to accept a hand without that affection which alone can give it value. I speak thus plainly, because it appears to me best for both of us, that there should be no possibility of misapprehension. Believe me, I do so with pain."

Mr. Heriot looked surprised, but not convinced.

"Respect, esteem, Miss Isabella!" he said, "and are they not the safest foundation upon which to build the love of married life."

"They are, indeed, the only safe foundation, but they are only the foundation. We may respect, we may esteem many, but we can only love one."

"But having laid the foundation, may time, may patience, a deep interest in your welfare, and an unceasing devotion to promote your happiness, not contribute to raise the superstructure upon that which has been so fitly begun?"

"I will not deceive you, Mr. Heriot, it is impossible — so impossible that I should, indeed, be acting a most blameable and ungenerous part, did I allow you for an instant to expect that it might. I have, now, I trust, been sufficiently explicit. Again accept my grateful thanks."

Mr. Heriot did not reply. Isabella continued:

"I have known you intimately for many

months, and the concern I now feel is partly caused by the very high opinion I have formed of your character. I am not insensible to the high compliment of having most undesignedly and unfortunately engaged your affections. I did, indeed, hope that I had secured a place in your esteem and friendly regard. May I trust that I am not mistaken—may I hope that, though I cannot return your love, I have not forfeited your friendship. Believe me, it is of great value to me."

"Friendship, madam," replied Mr. Heriot, "is not a thing to be freely given, merely because it has been asked, or because we may have the desire to bestow it. It is in a great measure independent of the will. To be genuine it must have been deserved. Where truth and sincerity are not, it can never be more than simulated. Unshaken confidence in the veracity of the parties concerned is the only basis upon which it can rest."

"Truth! sincerity!" exclaimed Isabella in great surprise, but with considerable spirit. "I hope—I trust—Mr. Heriot, it

is impossible you can have any meaning in such insinuations. I have studied both, in all that I have said."

"Actions, Miss Isabella, as well as words may be deceitful."

"We are all liable to be deceived. My conscience acquits me of all intentional deceit."

"And mine, madam, of all the groundless presumption which the admission of your assertion naturally assigns to my conduct."

"I deny the imputation, Mr. Heriot. Such a deduction from my words is, I think, very unfair. You have been mistaken, I meant nothing more, and I grieve for it. I, too, have been misled. Our error has been mutual."

Mr. Heriot listened with polite incredulity, and with a smile of haughty unconcern, replied:

"Your error, fortunately, has been on the safe side. Madam, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning, and all possible happiness." And, bowing profoundly, but with an air of the coldest indifference, he quitted the apartment.

Isabella remained for a few minutes almost stunned by the scene which had passed. That Mr. Heriot—Mr. Heriot of whom she had thought so highly—should have shown such a want of good temper, such a want of proper feeling, and of true generosity, was to her inconceivable—vexatious. And Miss Heriot too—should the particulars of this scene ever come to her knowledge; or should she perceive, which perforce she must, its necessary consequences, her friend feared that it might deeply wound her gentle and sensitive heart. As such thoughts, and others of a still more depressing nature crowded into Isabella's mind, her spirits sank, and large drops gathered in her eyes. Mrs. Lorraine entered the room, exclaiming:

"I have got them, Isabella, and the china is all right. Isn't it a good thing? But where is Mr. Heriot?"

"Gone," said her niece, who durst scarcely speak for fear of bursting into tears.

There was something in her voice which struck even the obtuse organs of Mrs. Lorraine.

"There is something the matter with you, my love. Have you been crying?"

"Oh no, dear aunt! I am not crying—there is nothing the matter with me."

Mrs. Lorraine, who never looked beyond the surface, and into whose simple calculations it never entered that her niece could have any object in wishing to conceal the true state of her feelings, now began to attribute to physical causes her evident discomposure.

"I have been thinking for some time, my dear Isabella, but never said anything about it, for it does not do to put such things into people's heads, that you were not quite so well as usual. You have a very bad appetite. I noticed this morning at breakfast, that you did not eat half a slice of bread, and no egg or ham at all. It is not good for you, my dear, to eat so little. I remember, Mary Shiels, old Adam Shiels that was your grandfather's steward's second son's eldest daughter. Robbie Shiels was a writer in Lanark, for they were steady, decent lads, and got up in the world, he is living yet as respectable

a man as you'll see, and old Shiels was well to do, as the saying is. Well, as I was saying, this Mary Shiel, poor thing, she came here to stay with her grandfather, before he died, poor man, for the benefit of the country air. She was as pretty a girl as you'll see, look where you like. Well, she quite lost her appetite, poor thing, and she pined, and she pined; and she dwindled, and she dwindled, till at last she died. I remember her funeral, and a sad sight it was—such a young creature!" Here Mrs. Lorraine wiped her eyes.

"Her poor old grandfather never held up his head again, for she was the apple of his eye, and a great loss he was to the family, for though William Aimers is a very decent man, your uncle says, he is not half so clever at his business. However, as he says, it is a great matter to have a respectable man, and one musn't expect everything; so that you see, my dear, you must not lose your appetite. What would Mrs. Manners say if you were to grow thin in my hands? She would be wanting you back to Yorkshire again, I make no doubt;

for these English folks think we live upon nothing in Scotland but sheep's-heads and oatmeal cakes. And now, my dear Isabella, let me see you eat a bit of meat at your lunch. I will make cook do a nice piece of beef-steak for you at one o'clock, and if you would but drink half a tumbler of porter. Young ladies, I know, do not like to drink porter, but when people come to my time of life, they get more sense. You must take a full glass of port wine at any rate."

"My dear aunt, how shall I ever thank you for all your kindness? I will take a glass of wine since you insist upon it; but you must not have anything cooked for me, because I really cannot eat it."

"Well then, my love, you must take something to improve your appetite. You have had too much to do lately. You young people are so wild after balls and pic-nics, that you never think of the consequences. It's very natural I dare say: young people will be young people, and so they should for that matter, I should have done the same myself at your time of life.

But as I was saying, Isabella, I stand in the place of a mother to you. Your own mother—ah! she was a sweet creature! I was very fond of her, and so was my husband; we were quite like sisters. She was not like you, Isabella, you have black hair and dark eyes like the Lorraines; but she had a fair complexion, and had brown hair, and soft blue eyes. Sometimes, I think, you look like her. She was a pretty young woman when she first came to the Cottage. Do you remember your mother, my dear?"

"Yes," said Isabella, tears filling her eyes, as her aunt alluded to the fondly-cherished object of her enthusiastic memory. "Yes, I remember my mother, but not with perfect distinctness. It seems like the most beautiful dream I ever had in my life, to recall the time when she used to visit me at night in my little crib, to see that none of my comforts had been forgotten. And then she used to bend over me, to hear me repeat some little hymn, and gaze at me tenderly with her sweet anxious eyes, and in her gentle earnest voice, pray the

good God to bless her darling. How I loved her even then! But I was too young to understand the depth of a mother's love, to be able to respond fully to its tenderness. Oh! that she might have lived till I could have shown her that I was not ungrateful, that I loved her with all the devotedness of her own affection."

Mrs. Lorraine was much affected.

"Do not cry, my love, I am sorry I mentioned your mother — but I did not think. You shall never want a mother in me, Isabella."

"Thank you, dear aunt," said her niece drying her tears, "I am afraid I have been very foolish."

"And that puts me in mind, my dear, of what I was going to say. I am certain you would be the better for some bark in port wine every forenoon. It's not very bad at all, I can assure you, and I am sure you ought to have bitters of some kind."

Poor Isabella! she thought she had bitters enough and to spare; however, she only replied: "As you please, dear aunt."

"Well then, my dear, you shall begin

to-morrow. You will not mind the taste much, so do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said smiling. "Is there anything I can do for you to-day, aunt?"

"Nothing, my dear, except, by-the-by, my black satin gown, the lace is to be put upon it. I think I shall put it on to go to the Bells to-morrow; it is the most suitable one for the Bells, don't you think? I am sorry to give you the trouble, but you are so obliging, and you do it so much more genteelly than Janet. And, my dear, you you must go to the Bells to-morrow; they are so anxious to have you on account of your kindness to Andrew and Helen, and they would really be disappointed if you were not to go. And only think of my forgetting to tell you, Andrew has got his appointment, but Helen will tell you all about it. I know she would like to tell you herself. She is seeking you everywhere, I dare say. I will send her to you in my dressing-room. My black satin is there, and you can have a nice quiet chat. It will be better for you than rambling about all

the forenoon. These long walks do not agree with you. By-the-by, my dear, was not it very odd of Mr. Heriot to go off in that sudden way without waiting to say good bye to anybody. What could he mean ?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Isabella, forced to give way to a little equivocation, and she hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Isabella felt very much annoyed at being under a sort of polite necessity of dining with the Bells. She knew she should meet Mr. Heriot and his sister, and under the present circumstances she viewed the certainty of such a meeting with great repugnance. How would Mr. Heriot act? And how would his sister look? The ground upon which their future intercourse must rest, was now about to be decided.

She looked forward with some interest to the result. She was much attached to Miss Heriot, and felt that she should deeply regret any obstacle to the continuation of their intimacy. But Mr. Heriot's displeasure, she thought, must, by this time, have subsided; reflection must have shown him how unreasonable his anger had been. After all, Isabella began to think that, as meet they inevitably must, some

time or other, it was better that the interview should be got over thus early. The awkwardness might possibly not be so great as after a longer period of separation. Her heart beat violently on entering the drawing-room at the Bells, to perceive that the Heriots were already there.

Their party had to pass Mr. Heriot on its way to the upper end of the room. With greater apparent cordiality than usual, he shook hands with the different members of the group, with the exception of Isabella herself, who had happened to be the last to enter the apartment. He apologized to Mrs. Lorraine, with admirable self-possession, for having run away so unceremoniously the preceding day. "He had," he said, "suddenly recollected an appointment which had almost escaped his memory, but he would do himself the honour of calling again at Linnwood some day very soon." Then feigning to perceive Isabella for the first time, he bowed haughtily as she passed, and turning to a gentleman near him, began to converse upon the state of the crops.

There was something so marked in the difference between his greeting to Isabella and to her cousins, that it was impossible it could be unintentional. A glance at Miss Heriot convinced Isabella that the little scene had not passed unnoticed by her, and that it caused her considerable uneasiness. Her countenance exhibited evident signs of confusion, while her manner betrayed an unusual constraint. Perceiving, however, that Isabella did not include her in the disapprobation, she could not but feel for her brother's strange conduct, nor seem to imagine that she could participate in his unworthy resentment, she gradually recovered her self-possession, and their conversation proceeded in its usually friendly tone, each avoiding the topic which was certainly uppermost in the minds of both.

Mr. Heriot conducted Rose to the dining-room, sat beside her at dinner, and appeared to devote to her the whole of his conversation. When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, he stationed himself by her at the piano-forte, turned over the

ves of her music-book, and compli-
nted her upon her singing. Rose, ever
er for admiration, and nothing loth to
t, when the indulgence of this propensity
not seem to interfere with the success
nore substantial designs, was now par-
ularly well pleased to encourage atten-
ns which might bear the appearance of
nething like a triumph over her cousin.
. Heriot, she knew, was commonly
ieved to be paying his addresses to
bella, an opinion, which though she
l laboured to instil into Melville, she
s not particularly anxious that any one
e should entertain. Here then was a
e opportunity of displaying the superiority
ner own charms. Perhaps she suspected
true cause of the coolness, which her
ctised eye did not fail to discern between
. Heriot and her cousin; but if others
not penetrate it, her vanity did not
er upon the occasion. With Rose, as
as self-gratulation was concerned, ap-
rances were all in all. She, therefore,
rted herself to be charming, that she
ght rivet those attentions which had

thus unexpectedly been directed towards her.

Mr. Heriot also seemed to be making himself agreeable to the utmost of his skill. He appeared to have eyes and ears only for Rose, and to be totally unconscious of the very existence of Isabella. The drawing-room in Mr. Bell's house was very small, almost too small to accommodate the party. The sofa, which had been intended to hold three, was fully occupied by Mrs. Lorraine and another lady according to the established rule of dowager dimensions. There being consequently a scarcity of seats, Isabella had been standing for some time at one end of the piano, and at last began to feel a little fatigued. Rose had ceased singing; but as an excuse for continuing to sit at the piano, she had at intervals during her animated dialogue with Mr. Heriot, been trying Miss Bell's music, a charming amusement, which as every one knows, consists in playing the few first bars of a piece generally with one hand, and with a sovereign contempt of time and tune. At

it, however, she proposed vacating her
at that some one else might give them
ittle music.

After some common-place compliments
om Mr. Heriot, she rose, and her place
s instantly occupied by another candi-
te for the applause of the company.

"There is not another chair, I believe,"
d Mr. Heriot, "so that you must take
ne, Miss Rose."

"No, indeed! I am not at all tired. I
ve been sitting so long, it will be quite a
it to stand."

"A lady stand! That is what I cannot
rmit. You must be seated, and see
ere is a chair peeping out behind that
rtain."

"What a discovery in the present state
affairs!" cried Rose. "Quite a treasure!
fetch it here, Mr. Heriot."

Mr. Heriot obeyed with alacrity. Now
chanced that there was no room for the
air except exactly in front of where
bella was standing. Appearing, how-
er, not to be in the least degree cognisant
the circumstance, Mr. Heriot seated

himself almost with his back to her. It filled Isabella with amazement, that a man who was certainly so well acquainted with the rules of politeness, and whose conduct was in general so scrupulously guided by them, should so far forget himself as to be guilty of so striking a piece of rudeness. She could not doubt that it was intended as a slight to herself. His conversation, with which he was still proceeding in an unusually lively strain, seemed also to be animated with the same view of causing her mortification. His whole conduct, indeed, admitted of no other construction. It was far, however, from having the desired effect. However unpleasant to her feelings its immediate consequences might be, it could not lower her in her own respect; and only served to inspire her with contempt for the littleness of soul which could stoop to such paltry revenge. She felt, however, for Miss Heriot, and was solicitous to secure from her notice her brother's proceedings, and to appear, if possible, ignorant of them herself.

In spite of her most strenuous efforts,

ıe was convinced that she did not succeed. liss Heriot was indeed deeply mortified y her brother's behaviour. She felt that owever carefully Isabella might conceal ır real sentiments, her own mind was o clear-sighted, too magnanimous, not to ıscern the motives which prompted such nduct, and to despise the person who uld be actuated by such feelings. In ır own heart, she retracted the regret ıe once had felt when she became con-nced that her friend could never become ır sister. Her brother she felt was not orthy of such a prize. He could not ven appreciate its full value. Had he lly comprehended, and properly under-:ood the excellencies of Isabella's charac-ır, he could never have acted as he was ow doing. Had he even really loved er, his present course of conduct must ave been quite impossible. But Isabella, s well as Miss Heriot, was perfectly con-inced that his affection had been entirely naginary—had been merely selfishness ı disguise. It was a great relief to some f the party, when carriages began to be

announced, and there was a general indication of breaking up. Helen and her lover were perhaps the only persons who sincerely regretted the circumstance. Mrs. Bell, who for the last hour had been pouring into Mrs. Lorraine's delighted ears a flood of flattery regarding Helen, intermixed with warm commendations of Isabella, and sundry compliments to Rose, now began, albeit well-practised in the art, to be a little fatigued by her occupation. The tapers on the mantel-piece too were nearly burnt out and she had certain misgivings that there were no more in the house. It was, therefore, with secret satisfaction but with well feigned dismay that she witnessed preparations being made for a general movement.

"Mrs. Lorraine, you are not going? I had a thousand things to say about our dear Helen. My dear Miss Isabella, I have been scarcely able to speak to you—it is so very early; but you must come and spend a quiet day with us soon. Ann, my dear, you were saying yesterday how much you wished that Miss Isabella would spend a quiet day with us along with our sweet Helen."

Isabella expected that the taciturn young lady was to betray no sign of having heard her mother's appeal. She was, therefore, much surprised when the statue showed symptoms of animation, the usually impenetrable features relaxed into a smile, and she seconded her mother's invitation with a warmth of manner evidently sincere.

"I do hope you will come, Miss Isabella. I should like to be better acquainted with you."

Isabella's regard for truth would not permit her to echo this wish. She merely replied:

"You are very kind."

Miss Bell continued:

"I wish to be acquainted with you, because I think you are one of those very rare characters who estimate things according to their real value; who would at all times prefer truth to falsehood, and who would feel flattery not less degrading to yourself than to the person who addressed it to you."

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion, Miss Bell; but I cannot agree

with you in thinking, that there are few such characters in the world. My life has not been a very long one, and yet I have met many."

"We all judge from our own experience, I believe; and you, it seems, have been more fortunate than I have."

"We must discuss the point another time, I am afraid, for my aunt is waiting. Adieu. I trust we shall meet again soon."

"I trust we shall," rejoined Miss Bell, shaking hands warmly.

Isabella felt that she was not the common-place, disagreeable kind of girl she had hitherto imagined her.

"What a pity," she thought, "that so many people in the world should do themselves injustice!"

CHAPTER IX.

m the window, the following morning,
la discerned Mr. Heriot riding up the
e. Anxious to avoid him, she made
cape from the drawing-room ere he had
o reach the house. She had not been
t Mrs. Melville for a longer time than
and it appeared to her that the present
favourable opportunity for going to
Cottage.

was very kindly welcomed.

seems a long time, my dear, since you
ıere," said Mrs. Melville.

is a longer time than usual," said
la; "but—"

lake no excuse, my love. Friends ought
above such idle ceremonies. I under-
you have been otherwise occupied. I
t suspect you of neglect: so make your
easy."

ɔella was sincerely glad to be spared the
ıity of making an excuse, as she felt

that it would be impossible to offer the only real reason for her prolonged absence—the fear of meeting her friend's son.

Mrs. Melville was in unusually good spirits this morning. At first, Isabella found it difficult to raise hers in any degree approaching to the same level. Mrs. Melville, however, was far from being a keen observer; her own less sensitive temperament was not subject to the same fluctuations, and, totally unable to comprehend the feelings of a different constitution of mind, her young friend's depression luckily passed unnoticed. By degrees the magical influence of sensible and intelligent conversation, operated upon the dormant faculties of Isabella, and by the time she had been an hour with Mrs. Melville, she could hear her pronounce the name of Rollo without much outward discomposure.

"I was rather surprised," she said, "by his sudden departure."

"So were we all at Linnwood," said Isabella, with a steady voice.

"He had a letter from his friend, young Macdonald, only two days before he left [redacted] and he then told me that he should

not go. Rollo, however, is not one of those foolish young men who, having no absolute and daily occupation to force their attention, act merely upon blind impulses, for which they cannot account. Judging, therefore, from the ordinary tenure of his conduct, I suppose he has some sufficient reason for having so suddenly changed his mind, though he did not make me acquainted with it. Rollo has always been accustomed, even from his earliest years, to regard his mother as his friend. One reason for the happy understanding which has always subsisted between us, has been, I have always thought, that I have never attempted to force his confidence. Generosity never fails to operate powerfully upon generous minds. My son has always made me the depositary of his joys and his sorrows, even of his errors, knowing that in me he should ever find his most indulgent friend, and his most disinterested adviser. Since he became a man, we have mutually rejoiced in the happy effects of this system. Whenever there has been any apparent concealment on his part, I have not weakly imagined it to proceed from a diminution of his regard, nor foolishly tormented myself

with groundless suppositions concerning
cause; conscious, from my perfect depend
upon his character, that he must be actu
by adequate motives. Confidence, my
Isabella, does not consist, as fools are a
suppose, in an indiscriminate disclosur
every event which may have come unde
notice, every word which we may have h
spoken, or of every thought which may
slid through the magic lantern of our mi
To throw aside reserve in some circumstar
would be to destroy for ever all confiden
the mind of the person to whom we were
blameably communicative. What conc
others we have no right to betray;
there are some cases when an unselfish r
would willingly save a friend from shari
pain which he cannot alleviate. Some c
I say, for we ought always to do a true fr
the justice to believe, that he is willin
sympathize in the hour of sorrow, as we
in the hour of joy. True confidence con
in a just appreciation of our friend's chara
and in a perfect dependence upon his pri
ples. What we ought to know, let us bel
that we shall know; what we ought no
know, the idle curiosity of a little mind al

would wish to penetrate. Such ought ever to be the confidence of domestic life, whether between parent and child, or between husband and wife. In the latter relation, the circle of mutual communication is naturally widened, the subjects of mutual silence naturally limited to their very lowest number. My dear young friend, ever bear in mind, and I speak from the experience of a long life, that where there is no openness, there can be no love; and where there is no reserve, there can be no respect. Those are the rules by which I have regulated the conduct of my own life, and it has been a happy one. As a daughter, as a wife, I have been loved, respected, and trusted; and oh! may I be preserved from the dreadful misfortune of losing the confidence and friendship of my child!"

Mrs. Melville spoke with animation; and Isabella listened with interest.

"Happy the family," she said, "and happy the friendship where such sentiments exist!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Melville, "and I firmly believe that where they are genuine, they rarely fail of being reciprocated. People who deserve friends, seldom fail to meet with them. I do not mean to say that they start

up at every turn, far from it, they must be narrowly sought for amid the heterogeneous mass of the world, or carefully formed in the quiet seclusion of the domestic circle. How pitiable are those, Isabella, who have thrown away the labours which ought to have been bestowed upon the acquisition of real friendship—that jewel above all price—in the vain attempt to attain that glittering illusion, the admiration of the ill-judging, fickle multitude. The most paltry of all kinds of ambition, is the desire of popular applause."

"I agree with you," said Isabella, "in despising that ambition which has no other object than meaningless admiration; but surely, dearest Mrs. Melville, when we make no sacrifice of principle, it is incumbent upon us to be as generally attractive as possible. By not being so, do you not think that we may lose many opportunities of doing good, or of making real friendships?"

"You take nearly the same view of the matter that Rollo does. For my own part, I think a few words, the most trifling action, betray the difference between a commonplace person and one of a higher order. Then it is time enough to try if there are other

ualities, if there are points of attraction ufficient to encourage the cultivation of reater intimacy. I think I can say with uth, that I wish well to my fellow-creatures, ad that I endeavour to the best of my bilities to promote their happiness. I for-ive all who have injured me, and would at iis instant do them any service within the ompass of my power; but friendly inter-ourse with such persons is what I could not ave without acting the part of a hypocrite. Vith regard to the merely common-place, or, you will, those who appear to me common-lace, there can be between us no communion f sentiments, no utterance of mind to mind, ur ideas being so dissimilar that there is o point of sympathy, nor even possibility f mutual comprehension. Therefore, as : is impossible such intercourse can be roductive of pleasure to either party, I ee no good reason why it should be at-empted. Why should it be thought neces-ary for two persons to appear mutually nchanted, when they are really in inelegant ut expressive phrase, 'bored to death.' It a false state of society. How much valuable me is wasted in simulation!"

Isabella now took leave, with a promise to return the day after the next. She was surprised on her return home to be told that Mr. Heriot had just left.

"I thought," said Helen, "he was waiting for you, Isabella."

"You suspect wrong, then, Helen, I believe."

"Perhaps I may, for to say the truth, he did not appear at all impatient, and never inquired for you. Now, you know, Andrew always inquires for me, and he is quite in despair when he expects me, and I do not come. He feels quite like the Corsair, or the Sultan, in the 'Light of the Harem,' I forget which. But, by the by, I must go to mamma about the cutting out of my night-gowns, as she says I must have a dozen of everything made at home. I cannot think whom we are to give them to, now that poor Jessie Tulloch is dead."

Isabella was now frequently at Burn Cottage. One evening, after she had been spending the day there, it began to rain heavily. Mrs. Melville prevailed upon her to remain all night, and sent a messenger to Linnwood, to say that she would not return [redacted] weather was fine.

"Your aunt and uncle," she said, "can be at no loss for society with so large a family of their own. But when Rollo is from home, you may imagine that in wet weather, I lead the life of a hermit. Therefore, I trust that you will kindly accept my invitation."

Isabella could have nothing to urge against a proposal in every way so agreeable, and she therefore acceded to it with alacrity. It rained for four days, and though they never got out of doors, the time passed swiftly and pleasantly. Mrs. Melville heard from her son during that period. One morning, she gave his letters to Isabella to read, together with some she had received previously. They were delightful letters; but it was not the abilities which were displayed in the force of the descriptions, in the point of the remarks, or in the perspecuity and liveliness of the style, which particularly delighted Isabella. It was the spirit of manly tenderness, of unpretending benevolence which breathed through the whole. His sentiments were given with the fearless confidence of one, who though conscious of erring, yet felt himself above all suspicion of hypocrisy or deceit.

There was something peculiarly touching in the unobtrusive affection for his mother, hidden, rather than displayed, in all that he wrote. He seemed unconsciously to have remembered the little peculiarities of her taste, and intuitively to have seized and dwelt upon those subjects most calculated to afford her pleasure. If "trifles light as air" be "to the jealous, confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ," so, also, are they to the loving. There are little circumstances, minute shades of difference, which never dwell but in the recollection of those who truly love, and upon this account afford a more convincing evidence of the existence of genuine affection, than the more clamorous, and sometimes apparently more difficult demonstrations of regard.

The latter are much more easy to dissimulate than the former, and though more tangible, they are consequently less indisputable. As Isabella finished the perusal of the letters, her mind was agitated by a variety of warring thoughts, and a strife of irreconcilable opinions.

"How," she thought, "is it possible that

one so noble and generous in his sentiments, one so apparently conscious of rectitude, one, the springs of whose actions seem so little to be guarded from the blaze of day, and who appears so fearlessly to rely on the confidence which he does not seem to doubt that his conduct must have inspired; how is it possible that such a person can have acted as I have every reason to believe that Melville has done?"

Isabella could not answer her own question. To all appearance, the two facts were equally indisputable and irreconcilable. Melville's behaviour was a problem of which time alone could effect the solution; and in the meantime she could not think so very ill of him.

On the fifth day of Isabella's sojourn at Burn Cottage, the aspect of external nature began to brighten. Helen arrived with a peremptory order from her father for Isabella to return. She was, he said, a deserter, and deserved punishment to the utmost rigour of martial law. Isabella was not sorry for a fair excuse to leave Burn Cottage. Melville had been absent for three weeks, and his return was daily expected.

The young lady dreaded nothing so much as to be still the inmate of his mother's house when he should arrive.

"You have no news to tell me, Helen, I suppose," said her cousin, as they were walking home, "the weather has been too gloomy to allow of much adventure, or many visitors."

"We have not had a soul but Andrew Bell and Mr. Heriot, and though they have both called several times, and both dined yesterday, I do not think they had any news, except that, as we were expecting, Andrew and I are to sail at the end of September. It seems so near, now, dear Isabella. Poor mamma says it is her first thought every morning. I almost wish now that I was not going to be married. And yet Andrew is so superior—we are all in all to each other. I could never find another like him—no, never!"

The little boy who was daily despatched from Linnwood to Kirkholm for letters, usually arrived at breakfast time. The following morning, on the opening of the bag, there was a letter produced for Rose; rather a remarkable circumstance, as Rose was the

only member of the family who had no regular correspondence. Isabella farther remarked that her father handed the letter to her with a somewhat surprised expression of countenance, and that she received it with considerable embarrassment. It struck Isabella, though she had not seen the handwriting, that it must be from Rollo Melville. She was confirmed in this opinion, when instead of opening her letter, and reading it at table, as was the custom at Linnwood, she put it into her pocket, the seal unbroken, and shortly afterwards left the room, as if for the purpose of reading it in private. Probably it contained the long-delayed proposals; and if so, Isabella could not doubt how they would be answered.

Her heart sank, and it was not till then that she discovered she had cherished a hope, which she had long ago believed to have been rooted up entirely. Now, however, all was over and she tried to persuade herself that she rejoiced at it. It was in vain, however, that she tried to dismiss the theme from her mind, or endeavoured to believe that she had no curiosity concerning the contents of the letter. The day passed on, and nothing transpired.

Rose, it is true, disapp
for an hour or two, but
she betrayed not the sl
bation. She spoke up
went about her ordina
her usual calm self-po
short, in her behaviou
the slightest preoccup
any subject of more t
Mr. Heriot arrived to
been several times at
first time Isabella had r
ing at the Bells. Sinc
certainly undergone
Though still proudly,
studiously polite. She
self for feeling uneasy
was conscious that no
her conduct, and she
the sensation of const
vain, attempted to rid
in his company she
naturally, and the con
only served to heighter

Time and custom,
lessen, and must ev
embarrassment. On t

was with a sensation of relief, that after tea she heard Mr. Heriot request a few minutes private conversation with her uncle. They left the room together.

"Business, I suppose," said Mrs. Lorraine, "very likely about those poachers your father was talking about. I am sure, as your father says, I wish he was not on the bench. It would be a good thing," she continued with the solemn air of having discovered an important moral axiom, "if there were no such things as poachers, or business, or justices of the peace."

"So it would, mamma," said Helen, "I hope there are no justices of the peace in India; but as there are no grouse, I dare say very likely there will not. But to be sure there are tigers—Andrew tells me they shoot nothing else there. But I told him that I would not allow him to do any thing of the kind. Only conceive the state of my feelings if I thought Andrew was shooting tigers—but he is so brave; he said he did not think he would be much frightened at all, but that nothing should tempt him to cause me the slightest uneasiness. He is so amiable, at the same time, that he is so very

courageous. If he writes any pretty poems on tigers, or the Ganges, or moonlight nights, or suttees, or anything of that kind, you may depend on my sending them to you, Isabella, as whatever friends I may make in India, none of them can be like you. You alone can read my mind at a glance, or properly sympathize with the refined sentiments of a congenial soul, the secrets of which are hid from the world."

Here Rose looked up from her work with a smile of scorn on her beautiful lips, and a satirical glance shot from her large dark eye. Sarah too raised her eyes for about a second from her book, and gazed at poor Helen with astonishment and contempt depicted on her countenance.

"My dear Helen," said her mother. "You were always, at least, since you came home from Miss Simpson's, fond of poetry and all that; and I am sure I have no objection. I do not much approve of novels and plays for girls at school, it's a silly way of taking up their time at their time of life. I remember Jane Rennie, that was at Miss Thomson's with my poor sister that died, was a great novel reader. The 'Old Manor

House' and the 'Mysterious Hand,' and the ike were her favourites, and she used to bribe a little servant girl to fetch them to her, and get up at night and light a candle she bought or the purpose with a tinder-box she kept or the same reason, for there were no Lucifer matches in those days. And there she would read, and read for an hour or two in bed, which was very dangerous, and is a custom which none of you, my dears, I hope will ever get into. Poor Captain Williamson, your father's old friend, that lost his life in he—I really forget the name of the ship, but never mind—his sister's first husband, I forget his name, it was a very queer one, an Irish name—well he died in that way, was burnt to death; the doctors said nothing could be done for him; he lingered two days n great agony and then died. He had made a will, however, and a very strange one it was. He left——"

"I beg your pardon, mamma," said Helen, 'but what were you going to say about Jane Kennie?"

"Where was I?"

"About reading novels in bed at night."

"Oh, yes! Well then, my dear, the conse-

quence of it was, for it could be nothing else, she eloped with the music master, a very handsome man he was, with black eyes and moustaches, a Count de something he called himself, but these German Counts, you know, are a very different thing from our nobility. A great distress it was to Miss Thomson, and her family too, for that matter. Her father, General Rennie was the brother of a Sir Thomas, no it was not Sir Thomas, Sir John, I think, and yet it could not, for it began with a F—but it's no matter. Well, as I was saying, her father being a man of some family, was so incensed, he would never see her again. And the Count, I think, turned out to be no Count at all; but I forget how that was, and how it all ended I never heard, though I was always anxious to find out, but unfortunately never could get any body to tell me. But as I was going to tell you, my dears, though I see no harm now that you have finished your schooling, in your being fond of poetry and looking into a novel at an odd time, yet now you are going to be married you should be attending a little to other things. You'll not be rich enough to keep a housekeeper, and indeed even with a house-

keeper, the mistress will always find plenty o do. Servants in India, I dare say, need as nuch looking after as elsewhere, and very ikely more, for black people can't be sup-osed to know as well about things as Chris-ians; though to be sure they say some of hem are Christians. I gave a guinea to the Indian Missions last week. I did not mean to give more than half a one, but I remembered you were going there, and as that worthy man, Mr. Pitcairn said—I really forget what, but it was a beautiful sermon, and very impressive. My dear, it really grieves me to think, and now you have let the season pass, I really don't believe you know how to make raspberry jam."

"Perhaps people don't make raspberry jam in India, mamma. I rather think there are no raspberries there, at least I don't remember to have heard of them."

"We can ask Mr. Heriot, my dear, and I will explain it to you yet if there are; but there is nothing like practice. When you are married, take my word for it, you'll not care for poetry and novels. Nobody ever does. I have not read a poem for this five and twenty years, except the 'Little Busy Bee,' and such

like, to you when you were children. When people come to have a family they have no time to think about such things. I used to think a great deal about cottages and love at one time, however, I soon got more sense, and when I married your papa, I thought no more about such nonsense. And I could not have made a better marriage. Your father agrees with me on every subject, though we never think of dying lovers and such stuff. To be sure, he was very much in love before he asked me, but you know, my dear, one cannot expect that to last after one is married."

Helen listened to her mother respectfully; but with an air of incredulity, and soon after began to read in her album.

Isabella had almost finished dressing herself the following morning, when Helen burst into the room.

"My dear Isabella! I beg pardon; but I could not take time to knock. Have you seen mamma—have you heard? Really I was never so astonished."

"What is the matter?" said Isabella, her heart beating violently from a secret consciousness, and Rose's letter becoming instantly present to her mind.

"You do not know then—oh guess—guess! will only be fair to tell you, however, that s about Rose. Now guess!"

"Rose is going to be married," said Isa-la with desperate calmness. As she spoke, grew sick at heart; a cold dew spread r her face, and she leant upon a chest of wers to prevent herself from falling, while h intense anxiety, she waited for what she not doubt would be the confirmation of anticipations. Helen was too much upied with her own thoughts to notice her sin's discomposure. She replied in a tone surprise:

'Well! what an excellent guesser you ! I never knew anybody have so much ietration. Do you know, I never thought of h a thing; but to be sure," she continued a lack-a-daisacal tone. "I have no atten-n, at present, to bestow upon others. One ige only fills my heart. When you are love, dearest Isabella, you will find that I can only think of one person. What am most pleased with in Rose's mar-ge—but bless me, Isabella, how ill you k!"

'Only a little faintness which will go off nediately. Go on, dear Helen, what were

you going to say?" inquired her cousin, solicitous to divert attention from herself.

"You look very pale—do lie down. I will run to mamma for some peppermint."

"No, no, a little cold water is much better. I am quite well again. You were saying something—"

"If I were quite certain—but your colour is coming again. About Rose's marriage—I really was surprised—oh yes, I remember now! I was saying it will be delightful for us both to be married on the same day; that is to say, if Rose will agree to it. So interesting you know for two sisters; and we must be dressed alike—so very delightful! Of course we shall have to wear what she wishes, but she has an excellent taste, so I do not mind. I hope she will have orange flowers though, they are so interesting, like that pretty song, I forget how it goes—something 'with a wreath of orange blossoms upon her snowy brow!' And then, you know, he dies. Something you know about, 'No bridal wreath was there,' and the widow's mourning cap—so very delightful!"

"But I hope, dear Helen, in your case that the bridal wreath may be no prelude to the widow's mourning cap."

"Thank you, dearest Isabella, but let us not think about anything so dreadful. Now I do hope Rose will not take a cross fit and insist on having her marriage at a different time. And do you know, I should not much wonder, for to tell you the truth, I think she is not in a very good humour already. And then you know, Rose does not care for things looking interesting or poetical. She is not in the least romantic; indeed, how can she be? If she were, you know, she would never have made this marriage; so much older than herself! I always used to think she had a *penchant* for Rollo Melville, and if it had been Rollo Melville, it would have been much more interesting."

"And is it not Rollo Melville?" cried Isabella, in uncontrollable astonishment, and trembling from excess of emotion. "Did I understand you right? Is Rose going to be married, and not to Mr. Melville?"

"Dear me! and have you been thinking all this time that it was Rollo Melville. But I do not wonder, for I thought at one time myself that there was something between them, and I should have liked it much better. I am sure, I hope Mr. Melville will not be disappointed, he is so handsome, so inte-

resting, so polite. Indeed, except Andrew—oh, he is in every way preferable to Mr. Heriot!"

Isabella's amazement was now unbounded, and the revulsion of feeling, occasioned by this most unexpected piece of intelligence, so violent as not to admit of concealment. Even Helen was struck by her unusual perturbation.

"My dearest Isabella! what have I said? Mr. Heriot! Everybody thought to be sure that he admired you; but I never imagined that you—oh, I have been very foolish! I am sorry—very, very sorry. Dearest cousin! I would rather have done anything—"

Isabella partly recovered, perceived instantly whence arose her cousin's misapprehension, and hastened to relieve her evident distress.

"You have said nothing, my dear Helen! You have not hurt my feelings—you have not, indeed! On the contrary, I am pleased."

"Are you? I am so glad. I thought it was impossible; but when I saw you turn so pale, and then so red. But there is the breakfast bell, and you have not got your front hair done, nor your band on, nor your cuffs. Oh, be quick!"

CHAPTER X.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the latter end of August. The fields were full of the joyous life of harvest, and the voice of the reapers came clearly and musically on the bright, pure air. Light clouds, driven by the cool breeze, floated gently in the blue serene of Heaven. The coral berries of the mountain ash glowed amid the green leaves, and the music of woods and waters came freshly on the ear. The slanting sunbeams tinged the clouds in the western sky, and threw streams of golden light on the green lawns of Glencola, save where its ancestral trees cast on its grassy swards broad and darkening shadows. A scene so goodly, it might be supposed, was calculated to convey impressions of pleasure to the most callous or indifferent spectator, still more to him who was the possessor of all the fair objects he beheld, and who certainly was neither callous nor indifferent.

Rollo Melville had returned. He stood still for about the space of a minute, and gazed on the lovely landscape extended before him, every feature of which to him was as familiar as the face of a friend. It was the home of his fathers, the home of his childhood, entwined in his memory with that season of gladness, and endeared by a thousand fond associations with the happy days of the past. Never, perhaps, had it looked more beautiful, and yet to him it was not beautiful; for him there was no joy. A cloud seemed to rest upon his prospects in life, and to envelop in its gloomy shades the world of matter as well as the world of spirit. To him henceforth, existence might be endurable, but it could never be joyous. The beams of love, that sunshine of the soul, were not there to imbue with warmth and spirit those objects which without them must to loving hearts ever seem cold and lifeless.

Melville had not yet seen his mother, and he now bent his steps in the direction of Burn Cottage. His way thither lay past one of the gates of his demesne which opened upon the public road. It chanced that just as he was passing the gate on one side, Mrs. Bell

appened to be passing on the other. He id not perceive her, till she accosted him ith:

"A beautiful afternoon, Mr. Melville. I m taking advantage of it you see to make ut a long walk to see my sister that lives at arclaws. I have been anxious to get there for ome time, but I am no great walker. What a eautiful place yours is, Mr. Melville, I always ay I never see any place to be compared o Glencola. Highwood Park, as I observed he other day, is not to be spoken of in the ame breath. But every thing is ordered for he best, as one always sees when the person s suited to the place. A nice young man, verybody must allow, ought to have a nice lace. What a beautiful smooth walk!" And Mrs. Bell stood still exactly in the niddle of the gateway.

Now it chanced that the nearest way to Barclaws lay through the Glencola grounds. Melville, therefore, who could never be impolite, was under the disagreeable necessity of taking Mrs. Bell's hint, and of asking her to walk that way. She did not require a second invitation, and they were soon walking side by side, as for a short time their paths lay

together. Though Mr. Melville partook of his mother's aversion for Mrs. Bell, he was sometimes amused by the extravagance of her unblushing flatteries. This afternoon, however, it appeared to him that nothing could have been more inopportune than the present rencontre. He was in no humour to be diverted by anything, and turned a deaf ear to Mrs. Bell's laboured, and as he thought, adroitly turned encomiums upon his possessions and upon himself. He was at last aroused from his indifference, and all his faculties were at once awakened by the question:

"Well, Mr. Melville, and what do you think of Mr. Heriot's marriage, by the bye?"

Melville started as if from the effect of an electric shock, and hastily exclaimed:

"Is it all settled, then? I did not know—I had not heard—I have just come home—I believe—I think it was reported some time ago."

"Oh, dear me, no!" cried Mrs. Bell, delighted to be the first to communicate the news of a marriage, "that was all nonsense. I know what you are thinking about, but you are in the wrong box there, as well as the rest

of us. Everybody was astonished, certainly, when they heard it was Rose, for everybody believed, and indeed it was said—"

"Rose!" exclaimed her auditor, now completely thrown off his guard, and eager to assure himself that he had heard aright. "Rose! did you say Rose? Are you sure—quite sure there is no mistake?"

"Positive—it is quite impossible, for my cousin, I mean Mrs. Lorraine, came down yesterday herself on purpose to communicate the news to me. And the marriage is to take place very soon—at the same time, I believe, as our own. Two sweet pretty brides they will be, though, of course, Helen is my favourite. I do not wonder that it has taken you by surprise, for everybody thought it was Isabella; and, indeed, I hope she may not have thought so herself. She is a sweet creature, and has always been a great favourite of mine. I wonder at Mr. Heriot—she is not so pretty, to be sure, and you gentlemen always think of beauty. Poor thing! she is looking very thin; but you must not mention it, Mr. Melville—it would not do to come from me; indeed, I would not have said it to anybody that I could not trust. Ah! you gentlemen

with your flirtations, you little know sometimes—"

Here perceiving that Melville's brow darkened, for constant practice had made Mrs. Bell something of a physiognomist, she changed her tone.

"But, after all, you know, it may be all nonsense. People often turn thin, and indeed young ladies often look best when they are thin. Rose is generally considered the beauty; but many people prefer Isabella. There are such different tastes in the world. It will never do, Mr. Melville, to let all the pretty girls be engaged, though to be sure they say there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; and any young lady, I dare say—"

Melville was now thankful to observe that they must part company, and Mrs. Bell accordingly took leave with many expressions of gratitude, and protestations of delight at the enjoyment "such a beautiful walk" had afforded her.

Freed from the irksome restraint imposed upon him by her presence, Melville walked on with a velocity almost supernatural, till he reached a point where the path again

branched off in two directions. One led to Burn Cottage, the other to Linnwood, by way of the bridge above the cascade. Here he hesitated for a few seconds, but, at length, adopted the latter road, continuing at first to walk with the same celerity, but, as he proceeded, slackening his pace, which finally degenerated into a saunter.

It may easily be conceived that the announcement of Rose's intended marriage filled Isabella's mind with a tumult of feelings, of which amazement was certainly the predominant one. It was some time before she durst give a glance to the future, or venture for an instant to dwell upon the possibility of what now might happen. In vain did she attempt on Rose's side to unravel the chain of circumstances which had led to the present consummation. Mr. Heriot's motives were more easily elucidated. While she despised the meanness of character he had exhibited, her feelings towards him were mingled with compassion; she still thought that he deserved something better than to be united to a woman so false, so heartless as Rose. She was consoled, however, by the reflection that, for her own sake, Rose would

be under the necessity of maintaining a show of amiability. Mr. Heriot, she felt an inward conviction, would never succumb, even to one so ambitious of empire as Rose. Their interests, too, would be inseparable, and this her cousin who was not without sense, after a worldly fashion, would not fail to perceive. After all, then, their projected union might not prove unhappy, cemented as it would be by a common sense of interest. Isabella shuddered as she admitted the possibility of a happiness which could be founded on mutual selfishness. And yet, are such cases very rare?

Rose was alone, when Isabella congratulated her upon her approaching nuptials. Her congratulations were graciously received. After an awkward pause, Rose observed:

"You must have been surprised, Isabella, to hear of my marriage with Mr. Heriot."

"Certainly. How could I have been otherwise, Rose?"

Another pause ensued.

"I have seen, Isabella, the folly of my former proceedings, the folly of allowing my heart to be enslaved by a selfish, specious trifler, when it might secure, in return for the gift of its affection, the love of an excellent

nd sensible man. At one time, I certainly magined myself to be attached to Mr. Melille, and I firmly believed that I was beloved n return. Now I can perceive it was all an llusion. The person I alluded to is incapable f forming a sincere attachment. His manners re insinuating, his person is agreeable, and his osition in society highly advantageous; and uniting so many attractions, it gratifies his verweening vanity and selfishness to believe himself irresistible. He spares no pains to practise upon susceptible hearts—he does everything but commit himself. He cares not for the disappointment, the heart-burnings he may be inflicting—perhaps because he has no heart himself. He will never marry for love; his worldly heart is set upon something great. He thinks, and perhaps justly, that with his numerous advantages, he has a right to look high. He considers all of us infinitely beneath him, and laughs in his sleeve, I am convinced, at our folly and presumption in daring to imagine for an instant that we, poor insignificant beings, could ever be the choice of Mr. Melville of Glencola. Believe me, whatever his mother may pretend, she encourages him in such views. Everybody

knows she is a very proud woman. I do not think he ever advanced so far with any woman as he did with me; but thank Heaven, I am now freed from the thraldom he wished to fix upon me. Thank Heaven, I can no longer be the dupe of his dishonourable arts, and mean, heartless flirtations!"

"You are the best judge in your own case," said Isabella, "but I cannot call to mind such a number of flirtations as you seem to allude to."

"What! do you not remember Mary Cameron at the ball, and at the pic-nic? It was his conduct then which opened my eyes completely, though I had had some glimpses before of the true state of affairs. The poor girl was over head and ears in love; but fortunately she was a person with whom such impressions are likely to be evanescent. Some new object will soon efface his image from her heart. And yourself, my dear cousin? Had it not been for your own excellent sense, which foiled him in his base attempts, of which, I am sure, you cannot be ignorant, I have sometimes thought how you, clear-sighted as you are, must have despised my blinded folly. But even you,

Isabella,—had I not—had you not—oh believe me, he is hollow and designing! Do not forget, for I can assure you it is true, his character is a compound of conceit and deceit!"

"Perhaps," said Isabella, "I ought to thank you for your advice, though it was unasked."

"You are not offended? Believe me, my intentions towards you are kind."

Isabella did not reply. Rose now began to fear that Isabella was not quite so easily duped as she had imagined. From the ease with which she had formerly practised upon her credulity, she had imagined that with a little management she should be able to make her cousin believe, and act as she pleased, and consequently she was not prepared for the resistance she now encountered. Her scheming, artful mind had yet to learn to discriminate between simplicity of character and weakness of intellect. She did not, however, by any means, yet abandon the hope of separating effectually Isabella from Melville. To see them united would, she felt, be an unendurable mortification, a perpetual martyrdom, sufficient to poison every

pleasure. Hers were feelings of themselves sufficient to embitter the sources of life's sweetest springs, and cast a deadly blight on its fairest blossoms. Verily, such feelings are their own punishment. They are the worms which never die.

Mr. Heriot was now daily at Linnwood. He and Isabella tacitly avoided each other; but when they did meet, their politeness was mutual. He and Rose walked and sat a great deal together. Andrew Bell also was almost constantly with Helen. Mrs. Lorraine was in a never ending, still-beginning bustle of preparations and arrangements, whilst Sarah seemed more sedulously devoted to her studies than before. Isabella was, consequently, left very much to her own devices. The weather was fine and she spent a great part of her time out of doors, sometimes walking, and sometimes seated in a retired spot with a book for her companion. She did not, however, read very industriously. Oftener than otherwise her volume was hanging from her hand, whilst she gave herself up to "the sweet depression of the pensive hour," or to thoughts upon the present posture of affairs in her own little world. She would not allow herself for an instant

to believe in the truth of Rose's statement concerning Mr. Melville. Indeed, the sentiments she expressed towards him, only served to confirm her in an opinion which she had begun to entertain from the minute she heard of Rose's marriage, a belief that she had been all along the object of a malicious deception.

In corroboration of this view of the subject she called to mind what had passed concerning Miss Mary Cameron. Melville's conduct there, she knew, had been maliciously aspersed. She was certain that however much Miss Mary Cameron had admired Mr. Melville, she had never for an instant imagined that he was paying his addresses to her, or that his attentions meant more than what she was always pleased to receive, a little passing admiration. Isabella felt convinced the sentiments she entertained towards him were nothing deeper than a sort of good-humoured delight in the *éclat* attending a flirtation with a young man that was generally allowed to be the most charming and distinguished in the neighbourhood.

Assured then that in one instance, at least, he had been calumniated, Isabella could not

avoid suspecting that he must have been vilified in all. Rose had been guilty of one misrepresentation, to call it by no severer name. Who durst affirm that she had not been the promoter of many? The ring then recurred to her recollection. True, she felt that there still remained much that was inexplicable; but she was obliged to acknowledge to herself that if Melville's conduct had hitherto appeared strange to her, hers to him must have seemed no less extraordinary. Believing, as she now did, that there had been no engagement on his part, in any sense, to her cousin, how unaccountable, how unkind must her own behaviour have appeared? What strange constructions might it not have admitted of? Of what incalculable mischief had not Rose been the cause? And now that it was done, how was it to be undone? Melville had been absent for some weeks, and might not his excellent understanding, and noble sentiments already have taught him to overcome an affection—if, indeed, he had ever felt it—for a woman whose conduct must have appeared to him so capricious and unfeeling?

Such were the subjects of contemplation

which absorbed the faculties of Isabella, on one of the occasions above alluded to, as one beautiful afternoon she occupied her favourite seat on the green knoll under the trees, through which gleamed the setting sunlight, whilst the measured fall of the waters of the "Linn" lulled her into a dreamy abstraction. Her ruminations were cut short by the creaking sound of the little wooden bridge, as if some one was treading upon it. Turning her eyes in that direction, she started on beholding Melville himself! A projecting shrub had concealed her from view, and the meeting was equally unexpected on both sides. Immediately there rushed upon her memory the circumstances under which they had last parted—the misconception on his part, the displeasure on hers. She had not time to think what she should say—how she should act. Some advances, she thought, it was incumbent upon her to make. She, therefore, rose the instant she perceived him, and advancing, extended her hand.

"Mr. Melville," she exclaimed, "I did not expect—that is to say, I thought—I mean I—I was not aware that you had returned."

As she spoke, she felt that she blushed all over, and totally disconcerted by the confusion

which her whole manner, she knew, must have betrayed, she would at that instant have given the world to be assured that she should never again meet Mr. Melville. What interpretation might he not put upon discomposure so glaringly evident? And her cheeks glowed again with shame at the thought. She durst not look at her companion, and therefore she could not perceive that her embarrassment was almost equalled by his. Her confusion had not indeed passed unnoticed. A moment's reflection convinced him that it could not have proceeded from anger. She had advanced to meet him—she had given him her hand—her whole bearing had certainly been friendly.

A delightful idea sprung into his mind; but in an instant came the remembrance of what Mrs. Bell had said, and blighted in its birth the budding hope. He glanced at Isabella, and perceived that she was in truth visibly thinner. The pangs of disappointed love might perhaps have caused her to compassionate in another the same source of affliction; and thence might proceed her altered tone. As Melville regarded her averted countenance, the consciousness of his own sufferings was absorbed in pity for the object

of his love, and in indignation at the wretch who had thus shamefully abused her confiding tenderness. It was some time before he could command his voice sufficiently to be able to speak. Though what he said was only in reply to her own observation, Isabella thought she had never before listened to tones so full of sweetness and melody.

"I have but just returned," he said with evident emotion, "I may almost say this instant; but I could not allow a minute to elapse without coming to inquire for my dear friends at Linnwood. I hope they—I hope you—believe me, your welfare is indeed very dear to me."

Anxious to divert his attention from herself, but deeply penetrated by the kindness of his manner, Isabella hastened to answer:

"We are all very well, I thank you. We are, I suppose you have heard, on the eve of losing two of my cousins. My aunt and uncle of course are out of spirits at the prospect of parting with their daughters; but the occasion is joyful and—"

She interrupted herself and completely lost the thread of what she intended to say;

for Melville, with whom she had been slowly walking, suddenly stopped. Impelled by an incontrollable impulse, awakened by something in her manner—in the tone of her voice, which it would certainly have puzzled him to explain, but which operated nevertheless with irresistible influence, he exclaimed in a voice of ungovernable emotion, with sparkling eyes and heightened colour:

"Isabella, dearest, most beloved! No longer can I repress those feelings which have become too violent—too agonizing to be endured in silence. Often, very often, too well do I know, have you endeavoured to prevent their utterance. It was kindly, generously intended; for you are ever kind and generous. But once, only this once, you must hear me. You may know how long, but you cannot know how passionately I have loved you. Isabella! I know you would not deceive me. May the love of a life-time—may the devotion of every energy of my soul, of all my earthly affections and wishes never hope to win that in return which I should prize? Speak, oh speak to me! one word—one glance is sufficient!"

Isabella's face was averted. She trembled

in every limb with joyful emotion, almost painful from its excess. Now, however, she turned her head. Melville's eyes were riveted upon her; their glances met, but his were still too intensely expressive to be endured. But that one mutual glance had been almost sufficiently intelligible. Rollo Melville took the hand which trembled still more violently than his own, as in low, sweet tones of the deepest emotion, he sought to assure himself of his unhoped for felicity.

"Isabella, loveliest and best! may I—dare I—my Isabella, am I then so unutterably blessed?"

"Yes," she replied in accents which, though soft and sweet as summer breezes, were so broken that none save the ears of love could have distinguished their import, "yes, we are indeed very—very happy."

How it came to pass the lovers never knew, but they found themselves, by tacit consent, seated side by side on the velvet turf, the green boughs waving over their heads, and the music of the waters harmonizing with the melody of their hearts. After much conversation on their nearest interests, much

communion of heart with heart, and mind with mind, Melville observed :

" But how has it come to pass, my beloved, that we have been thus late in understanding each other? Surely, dearest Isabella, it has not been my fault."

" No, at least if either of us has been to blame, the fault I suppose has been principally mine. I thought, in short I thought, that Rose—"

" Impossible," he cried, interrupting her, " you could never have imagined that I was attached to Rose? What could have inspired you with such an idea, so altogether impossible?"

" I blush now for much that I thought, and yet I do not think my conduct was very unnatural. Rollo, I can never tell you all my reasons; they concern another. Henceforth you shall be the partner of all my motives—all my thoughts. Believe only that my trust in you is firm; my faith in your affection, upon which depends my own happiness, not to be shaken. Are you content?"

" Content! oh, Isabella!"

" One thing," she continued, " I must say.

You gave a ring to Rose which I knew you valued highly."

Melville looked at her earnestly, and then replied:

"I will not ask, Isabella, for perhaps such a question might pain you, what you have heard concerning that ring. I shall only make you acquainted with its real history. One evening when you were at Allanside, your uncle, your aunt, and your cousin Rose came across to Burn Cottage to call upon my mother. I happened to be there at the same time. Rose and I were seated at a window apart from the others. The ring was lying upon a table near us. She took it up and admired it excessively—too much, I thought. I had determined, however, not to give it to her. I never saw Rose more lively or more agreeable than she was that night; and you know she can be fascinating when she chooses. Amongst other subjects we fell into a lively dispute concerning the situation of an old tree in the neighbourhood of Kirkholm. In the heat of the argument—a very foolish one certainly—I offered to lay any bet my adversary pleased. She accepted my

offer with alacrity; and instead, as I expected, of the customary pair of gloves, she proposed that I should stake my antique ring against a ruby one which she then wore. Mine was certainly much the more valuable, and though I rather regretted my rashness, I could not retract. As there was no hope for it, I accepted the wager with the best grace I could command. The following morning I wrote to Kirkholm, found that I was wrong, and of course resigned my ring. Had I known the effect it was to have had upon your mind, I would rather have resigned my life."

"Do you think that would have had a pleasanter effect?" Isabella inquired with an arch smile, and a look of affection in her sweet, bright eyes, which was not lost upon her lover. He shook his head at her as he replied by a corresponding glance.

"Well," she continued, "I believe I must forgive you about the ring; but after all, dear Rollo, it need not have contained your hair. That, I suppose, would hardly be stipulated among the articles of your agreement."

"My hair! dearest Isabella, you astonish

me. The ring contained no hair when I gave it to Rose."

Isabella was so utterly confounded by this new proof of her cousin's duplicity, that she could make no rejoinder. Melville, however, did not seem to expect that she should. After a short silence, he said:

"And now, most learned judge, pronounce my sentence. Am I acquitted—honourably acquitted?"

"You are indeed," she replied gravely.

The sun had now been set for some time. The grey shades of evening were stealing over the face of nature, whose ever-varying expression so lately bedecked with smiles, now wore the sweet and sober sadness congenial to the hour. The fading twilight now reminded the lovers of the long duration of their conference, and warned them that for the present it must cease. They rose and walked together through the deepening shadows of the silent woods, their voices mute, but their hearts penetrated with a happiness too deep for words. Arrived at the little gate which opened from the woods upon the lawn before the house at Linnwood, Melville said:

"I fear, Isabella, I must now bid you adieu. I have not seen my mother since my return, and I must not longer delay the happy disclosure which is awaiting her. I have your leave?"

"My leave! Oh go, go!"

"To-morrow then, to-morrow. Ah, beloved! did you but know with what different feelings I view to-morrow from what I did but one short hour ago."

"And I too," thought Isabella.

On entering the drawing-room at Linnwood, she found that all the party had long since finished tea. The tea-things, however, were awaiting her return. Mr. Heriot, looking up as she entered, bowed slightly and superciliously, and then turning to Rose, took no further notice of her. Andrew Bell and Helen anxiously hoped that she had not been ill, whilst her aunt informed her that she had been on the point of sending out servants in every direction to look for her. Her uncle merely remarked:

"You will find the tea rather cold, Isabella; but perhaps you do not object to it. Romantic young ladies are, I believe, above minding such sublunary trifles."

Isabella wished to reply; but she feared to trust her voice. The lamp was not lighted, and she blessed the darkness which concealed her confusion.

"My dear," said her aunt, "I was frightened you had tumbled over the Linn. Your uncle laughed at me, and though I dare say it was very foolish, and he is always right in these matters, I could not help having my fears. We women, you know, are so different."

"I told your aunt, Isabella," said Mr. Lorraine, "that romantic as I feared you had become, I did not think you were quite so far gone, and lost, to the every-day world, as not to have some vulgar care after your own life, valueless as the visionary school in general professes to retain such an unimportant trifle. You are not in love that I am aware of. Indeed, I never heard that you ever 'spake of louping ower a linn,' as Robbie Burns, the only poet I ever read hath it. Had it been Helen now, the case might have been different. There, I confess, my paternal solicitude might have been awakened."

The company in general laughed. Helen replied:

"Oh, papa!"

Isabella could not avoid smiling at her own groundless apprehension that the cause of her unusual detention must have been suspected. How indeed could it? None of the party were aware even of Melville's return. But "conscience makes cowards of us all."

The following day, of course, her new engagements were to be made known, but the present was far too formidable an occasion to have them even guessed at.

"Your uncle may say as he likes, my dear," said her aunt; "and I dare say he is very right as far as sense goes; but I hope you will never stay out that way again without telling me about it; for it really makes me uncomfortable. I could not but think of what somebody was reading to me out of the newspaper not very long ago about somebody—I forget whether it was a lady or gentleman, but never mind—falling over the falls of Niagara—stay, was it Niagara? I am not sure after all, but it might be the falls of the Clyde. Do you remember, Mr. Lorraine?"

"No, my dear; but I dare say either will [redacted] your purpose."

"Very true; as you say, it is quite the same thing. Well, this poor creature was killed, and shockingly mangled. It was over the Horse-shoe fall, so that after all it must have been Niagara. So that you see, my dear, it is a very foolish thing, especially after nightfall. But I must not scold you any more, as I am sure you will promise me never to do the same again; and, to do you justice, you are generally very prudent and sensible, except in this habit of walking about alone. If it were in Edinburgh, where there are plenty of things to be seen, one would not wonder so much; but here, in the country, where there is not a thing to look at, it really is extraordinary."

Isabella gladly gave the desired promise, and the subject was allowed to drop.

How irksome did the observance of the common forms of society appear to her that evening! And yet, despite its many disagreeables, what a happy evening it was! Retired within the privacy of her own chamber, how many hours did she not spend in the contemplation of her own felicity. Yes! agitated, feverish, restless, though she might be, she felt that she was indeed happy! Her

spirit rose in thanksgiving to the Author of all happiness. Her mind became composed amid the exercises of that holy religion, whose spirit is peace. Beneath its mild but all-powerful influence, the agitated feelings became calm, the troubled waters heaved no more. A sweet sensation of happiness seemed to pervade the present, and cast a soft, beautiful light on the future. Isabella felt with Melville, that truly her feelings to-morrow had undergone a complete revolution. Full of peaceful thoughts, she sank to rest. Sweet sleep sealed her eyelids, and visions of beauty haunted the world of dreams, to whose wild and wondrous regions her happy spirit had now winged its flight.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news of Isabella's engagement was variously received by the different members of the family at Linnwood. By her uncle himself it was welcomed with unfeigned pleasure.

"God bless you!" he said, "my dear niece, if there be such a thing in the world as happiness, it promises to be yours." Then smiling as he spoke, he continued; "After all, Isabella, your aunt was not so very far wrong last night, as I had imagined. You run a greater risk of 'tripping ower a linn' than I had dreamed of. Helen's congratulations, and felicitations were equally sincere and much more diffuse; whilst Mrs. Lorraine, at least ten times during the day, said to herself, or to anybody whom she could get to listen to her:

"After all, as Mr. Lorraine says, there's nothing like manœuvring to get one's

daughters married. I am very much pleased; but how dull we shall be when you are all gone! Nobody can ever accuse me of being a match-maker, I have always agreed with Mr. Lorraine in thinking it very improper and unlike a lady, and, as he says, sure to defeat its own object. There was a Mrs. Gilchrist, in Edinburgh, a relation of Eliza Horn's, I did not know her myself, but Eliza used to tell me she had three daughters—"

The sequel of Mrs. Gilchrist's history, I am sorry to relate, never transpired for the gratification of the curious, as upon the day referred to, no individual amongst Mrs. Lorraine's auditors ever had the time or the inclination to hear it to the conclusion, and by the next, it had luckily, I mean unluckily, escaped her recollection. Sarah testified more pleasure upon hearing of her cousin's marriage, than the latter for an instant had ventured to anticipate. Rose was the only member of the family to whom the intelligence seemed to convey no accession of agreeable feelings. It added strength and vigour to the root of bitterness which had already fastened its fibres in her heart, and which, like the baneful Upas, had communicated its noxious

venom to every growth within the sphere of its influence. She maintained, however, an outward show of perfect indifference. All intercourse between the two cousins seemed now to be at an end. They mutually avoided each other.

Mr. Heriot and Rose, whenever they could do so with impunity, lost no opportunity of casting any little slight upon Isabella. She noticed their unkindness; but she determined that it should not make her unhappy. She felt nothing but compassion mingled with contempt for the state of feeling which could prompt such petty revenge. Miss Heriot she saw now much seldomer than she wished, but they both looked forward to the time when there should be no obstacle to their intercourse.

I shall not attempt to describe Isabella's first meeting with Mrs. Melville viewed in the light of her future mother-in-law. Suffice it to say, it was all that her heart, or the heart of her lover could have desired. Mrs. Melville was not a person whose affections manifested themselves much in outward demonstrations; but where she expressed regard, no doubt of her sincerity

could for a moment be entertained. Her actions, also, in affairs of importance, invariably corresponded with the sentiments she professed. Congratulatory letters arrived from Mrs. Manners and her daughter.

Secure then of the love and approbation of all she valued, Isabella gave herself up to the enjoyment of almost perfect felicity. Nor was Melville's happiness inferior to hers. In the shadowy stillness of the quiet woods; in the wild depths of the rocky glen, beneath the friendly shade of some ancient tree, they passed those halcyon days of life. Sometimes they climbed the wooded uplands, whence they could descry the neighbouring country in all its beautiful variety of blue distant mountains, purple moors, yellow harvest fields, sweeping woods, and sparkling streams, whilst the dwellings of man, from the lordly mansions of the free, to the cot of the lowly labourer, added to the scene the attractive idea of domestic life and home comfort.

In such retreats, and amid such scenes, the lovers passed the fleeting hours, inhaling the pure-breathing air, and enjoying the delightful interchange of congenial sentiments. For them nature seemed to assume her holiday

garb. It was now autumn. The deep mossy verdure of summer had disappeared. The deep crimson, the grave russet, the sombre brown, the faded yellow of every shade were, however, here and there interspersed with the still living green of a softer season. At intervals, also, the stately form of some tall, dark pine, proudly reared its towering head in undiminished majesty above the bending shapes and dying glories of the fading beauties around. If the breeze came no longer with the soft, voluptuous, almost oppressive mildness of summer, the air was clearer, fresher, more elastic, of a purer, more invigorating sweetness. There was a holy brightness, a spirituality in the atmosphere which belongs only to that season, whose loveliness seems less of this earth than that of any other.

Our minds, from the impressive, but silent lesson so sweetly insinuated, learn even with happiness to realize the fleeting nature of all that is beautiful in this world, and to appreciate more fully that hope which points to the next, where loveliness is imperishable, where blossoms fade not, and where maturity leads not to decay. Though the voices of the autumnal woods, and the low hoarse murmur of the waters be less joyous than the

music of nature in the spring-time of the year, they come on the listening ear with a softer and more heavenly cadence, and seem fraught with a deeper melody.

Melville and Isabella, though their feelings frequently partook of the pensive cast induced by the season, naturally from the circumstances in which they were personally placed, loved to dwell on the happy future even of this transitory life. Like all young people of an imaginative cast of mind, they were prone to erect those fairy fabrics of bliss, yclept castles in the air. Alas! castles in the air they were doomed to prove. Shake not your head wise man of the world—spare your scorn proud cynic—in sweeping away such "profitless visions," you little know what props of happiness you would undermine. Your cold, matter-of-fact minds have no capacity for such "pleasures of the imaginations," but they are not, therefore, the less genuine. Oh! what is there in this working every-day life to compensate for the prohibition of such excursions to the enchanted realms of the immaterial world. I would not wish, however, even to appear to countenance the indulgence of a vain, dreaming state of existence to the exclusion of the real

and the useful, of all that it is our bounden duty to perform.

To real enjoyment, the all-wise and beneficent Creator has annexed as a condition the performance of duty. Without such a consciousness, in a mind capable of reflection, there can be no real enjoyment. Neglected duties are the dread phantoms of the conscience. Like the presence of an evil spirit, they darken the fairest scenes, and poison the most exquisite pleasures. No, the flights of fancy to which I refer, must never be made the occupation of life; otherwise they would lose the charm of relaxation, that characteristic which alone constitutes their value. There is no business so irksome as the business of pleasure. The great end of our existence must be sought by the beaten track of life, in sure though perhaps toilsome progress, indefatigably endeavouring to surmount the obstacles which may obstruct our onward path, faithfully discharging ourselves of the more prominent duties befitting our station and circumstances, and carefully seeking to perform those minor obligations —those countless trifles which spring up at every step, and which, from their perpetual recurrence, are of paramount importance to

the wayfarer. To despise the minutiæ of life—the daily and hourly observances which smooth the path and sweeten the cup of existence, is the sure sign of a contracted mind —or of a mind at least partially contracted. There is no good too trifling to be done, no knowledge of God's will or his works too trifling to be acquired. It has not been beneath the notice of the Infinite Mind—the Lord of the Universe—to number the very hairs of our head.

There are, however, flowery vales, sweet regions of the imagination which diverge from the highway, and into which for a few brief minutes the traveller may wander, there to refresh the weary spirit, and to allow those thoughts to soar aloft, which are but too apt, from the pressure of earth-born cares, to grovel in the dust. But, let us never forget that these are nothing more than houses of refreshment, wells by the way-side, and not the road itself. Woe to the man who, by his various enchantments, allows himself to be seduced from the common way which alone leads to the goal! Too soon will he find himself involved in a perplexing and endless labyrinth, monotonous from its ease, and cloying from its sweetness, and

which at every unlawful step diminishes that power of exertion so necessary to extricate the unwise wanderer from its bewildering maze. It is a trite axiom, but one which nevertheless, to judge from the actions of most men, seems not yet to be practically understood, that the abuse of anything is no argument against its use. There are many errors which arise doubtless from the substitution of the accidents of life for the generalities, but there are also many produced by a disbelief in the existence of such exceptions, such necessary deviations from the ordinary routine. To the imaginative, variety is as necessary as the air they breathe. Not variety of place or incident, but variety of thought. And truly the mind of man is a "kingdom to itself," endued with the power of creating those sensations which the capacity of the individual is fitted to enjoy.

"Dearest Isabella," said Melville, "how happy we shall be in the winter evenings! We will read those books you were speaking of. You will have your work, and I shall read aloud. And we shall have music, too! We shall sit in that little room to which you took such a fancy. Methinks, I see the

fire blazing more brightly than fire ever d
before. And you shall sing, for you do sing
little, that beautiful song which it mak
one's heart glad to hear: 'Sweet is t
blink of my ain fireside.' And then,
summer, Isabella, we must accomplish c
tour. Not a nook of our beautiful coun
will we leave unvisited. The beauti
romantic south, the wild, rugged north, t
wonderful shores of the west, washed by t
blue Atlantic, islands, lakes, and mountai
together will we see and enjoy them. Oh,
shall be so happy!"

"Happy indeed!" said Isabella; but
she spoke, she sighed.

"Why do you sigh, my Isabella?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, unless it be th
I am frightened to anticipate so much ha
piness. It seems almost too great to
possible. In this world how often is
unusual brightness but the forerunner of t
coming storm!"

"My dear Isabella, 'sufficient for the d
is the evil thereof.' One ought not to anti
pate misfortune, particularly when nothi
appears to indicate its approach. It is mu
more agreeable to deck the future in bri
colours, than to invest it with the images

oom. For my part, I am no weeping ıilosopher, but very much inclined to be ,ppy if I can, upon every occasion."

"But yours, dear Rollo, is such a sunny ind. There is never a cloud upon your ndscape."

"And why should there be upon yours, abella?"

"From a difference in the constitution of ır minds, I suppose, and in the nature of e circumstances which have assisted to eate that difference. Your life, hitherto, ıe your mind, has been sunshine without a oud. Your father died long ere you were ıle to understand the magnitude of such a ss, or to feel aught but the most transient ief. The most excellent and the most voted of mothers has been the guiding ıend of your youth, as she was the proctress of your childhood. You have been essed with a sound constitution, uninterıpted good health, and worldly prosperity ıbroken. With you, no grief hath 'shaded ıe light of other days.' And, above all, you ıve been blessed with a mind to appreciate ıch gifts, and carefully furnished with rinciples to guide and use them. With me

the case has been different. Though it would be the height of ingratitude in me to deny that I, too, have been one of the highly favoured; yet you must allow that there has been much to cast a shadow over my life which there has never been in yours. My father, like yours, was too early lost to be thought of with that fond regret which clings only to the memory of those whose love still lives in our remembrance. My brother and sister, too, are nothing more than beautiful traditions of the past. But my mother —oh, Rollo! I can remember my mother—I can remember her death, and the first bitter grief which overwhelmed my yet childish mind. It seemed as if my happiness had fled for ever with her who had been the source of every joy I had ever known. Death first presented himself to me in his sternest shape, —as the ravisher of all I loved. A blight seemed to have fallen upon my young spirit. Alas! I then understood the true nature of death, and the beautiful consolations attending it. Dark, gloomy, involved in mysterious horrors as the grave then appeared, I felt that I would rather be there with her I loved, than alone in the wide world of life and light.

Alone!—that most dreadful of all sensations to a loving human heart, I remember stealing in the night-time to the room in which lay extended the cold remains—that room which so often before I had entered with a light heart and a smiling face, secure of the welcome which awaited me. But now the kind voice which had spoken it was silent for ever, the warm heart which had prompted it was cold and still. Oh, how cold! how still! I sank on my knees, and in an agony of childish despair called upon Heaven to take me to my mother. Oh, that cold, dark night, how well I remember it!

"I was discovered by Mrs. Manners, weeping bitterly, my heart beating wildly with anguish. With kind firmness, she forced me from the apartment, and sent me home to her own house, and I was separated from my mother for ever; and yet not for ever. You may well believe that my feelings are now changed, influenced by faith in the Christian's hope. Time, too, has robbed grief of its sting, and the bitterness of death is past; but still, a shadow has been cast upon my life which, without lessening my happiness, has tinged it with a shade

of thought that belongs, perhaps, to riper years. Not a day—scarcely an hour has passed that I have not thought of, and missed the guardian angel of my childhood. Often, when I have heard my little companions speak gaily and thoughtlessly of 'mamma,' my heart has sunk at the thought that I had no mamma. How often, in the midst of a happy family circle, when I have seen the eye of the mother beam with an expression which it never wears but when it rests upon her own, when I have witnessed an exchange of those little freedoms which we can never use but with our own family, have I felt that no look rested thus upon me, that I was not of them, that I was sad and solitary!"

"But never again," said Melville, much moved, "can you be solitary, never again whilst I live. Till this heart has ceased to beat, it must throb in unison with every pulsation of yours. My love, you must feel it to be thus."

"I do indeed, and I am happy. When the dark shadow comes upon my spirit, you shall chase it away. Henceforth, you shall be the sunshine of my life."

"And you, Isabella, shall be something

more—something better to me even than sunshine; you shall be the good angel, the peaceful spirit to breathe upon the warring elements of my soul, and soothe them into harmony. Methinks, under your influence, I shall no longer be the rash, impetuous, ungovernable being that I have hitherto been. Mutual improvement shall be the bond of our union."

"I trust so," said Isabella, "and it is precisely because it is to be so, that I think our affection will be lasting. We do not enter upon life, foolishly believing that love will last of itself without mutual cares, unceasing exercise, and unremitting endeavours to keep alive that flame which is to be the light of our lives. Without fuel, the brightest light must burn dim and expire. The vulgar belief in the evanescent nature of love has arisen from the neglect of the means to cherish it. Love neglected must die, and the vulgar sneer at that happiness which they have neither the capacity to understand, nor the perseverance to obtain."

"But it shall not be thus with us," said Melville, "our love shall gather strength from the cares of years, and strike deeper into the

soil in which it has already taken root. I
the time of affliction, for as you say, I suppos
that time must come, our mutual love will b
our mutual support, and far from sinkin
beneath the weight of sorrow, will serve t
buoy us above every evil."

Isabella smiled happily, as she replied:

"Yes, it will be as you say, I firmly trus
but the season of adversity is far from bei
the greatest trial which love has to endu
It is amid the common-places of life, am
hourly crosses, amid petty disappointmen
and trifling differences, that love is apt
be frittered away. On great occasions we a
aroused to make corresponding efforts; b
amid the unbroken tenour of declining li
we are prone to neglect that unremitting, b
inobtrusive exertion from the cessation
which love falls asleep, and then from sle
passes away imperceptibly into death."

"How dreadful!" said Melville. "I
this, Isabella, can never be our case. O
lives shall show that there is such a thi
as lasting affection—a love which can sta
every trial, which can rise superior to pe
grievances—nay, make them seem even sw
when we recollect for whom they are bor

My beloved, love is a reality, and not a delusion. Nothing can ever dispossess me of his belief."

"Nor me," said Isabella, "and therefore we must both be happy."

"Yes," replied her lover, "because we rely upon truth, and truth can never deceive us."

The love of Rollo Melville and Isabella Lorraine was not that selfish passion which narrows the affections and contracts the mind; but a diffusive principle springing from the depths of their mutual tenderness, and hence, as from a centre, extending itself to their friends, their dependants, and seeming to embrace in its expanded circle the whole human race. Together they laid schemes for the improvement of those whose welfare, in a great measure, was committed to their keeping. In company with Rollo and his mother, Isabella endeavoured to become acquainted with the poor on that estate of which she was so soon to become the mistress. Her amiable manners conciliated their regard, and by appearing to feel a sincere interest in their concerns, they were induced to listen to the advice which she so kindly insinuated. She also took a lively interest in the improvements Melville was making in the manage-

ment of his property—improvements wh
were intended not more for his own ben
than for the benefit of others. The cott
were now finished. They visited t
together, and they could not but acknowl
that though ruinous walls, broken chimn
and rubbish might be more picturesque,
buildings and tidy gardens were more b
tiful. A dilapidated "dry slaw dike," i
idea of happiness which it presented t
mind, was certainly not to be compared
a neatly kept thorn or buck-hedge. F
were already planted, and in some of the
sheltered situations, Isabella did not de
even of the culture of fuchsias. Thus
lovers spent a great part of their tim
devising and executing schemes to reclai
idle, to relieve the indigent, to instruc
ignorant, and to diffuse to the utmost of
power, that happiness of which they t
selves partook so largely. Good and h
beings! Happy, because they were
Thus it rarely fails to be. The good
which is sown even in this world, is gen
productive of an abundant harvest to
who sow as well as to those who reap.

CHAPTER XII.

It is not to be imagined that, happily though the time of the lovers passed, it was entirely without the annoyances which beset the path of life. Alas! there is no such thing in this world as uninterrupted happiness, even for a day. In the absence of the severer wounds produced by deep afflictions, there ever remain the pricks and thorns of life's daily trials, to act as drawbacks to the entire felicity even of its brightest periods. If in the season which precedes marriage, bloom the fairest flowers of existence, the same fountain which sends forth water of the sweetest poetry to give them life and beauty, is also the birth-place of a stream of the deadliest prose.

Lawyers, and settlements, the substantial as well as the ideal, have claims which must be attended to. Isabella left everything to her uncle, and Melville would have done the same, had it been

possible. Their conduct completely reverse that worldly style of proceeding which de grades the holiest of earthly ties to a mer bargain entered into for the pecuniary advar tage of the parties concerned. Isabella ha hoped that James Tulloch and his famil might have become tenants of one of the ne cottages. The poet says:

> Smitten friends
> Are angels sent on errands full of love;
> For us they languish, and for us they die;
> And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?

James Tulloch's conduct, for two or thr weeks after his sister's death, appeared afford room for hope, that for him, it h not been "in vain." But alas! what abstinence for two or three weeks from habit, the inveterate growth of years. is not even the beginning of reformatio unless at every sacrifice we put ourselv steadily beyond the reach of temptation. B this James Tulloch had not had the fortitu to do. "He would give up the public-hou at the term, it would be such a loss to do immediately."

Long ere the "term" came, all desire give it up had vanished. The evil spirits h returned, and their house had been "swe

garnished." Truly "the last state of that
was worse than the first." Isabella
ted Ailsie occasionally. The poor woman
quite heart-broken. Her hopes seemed
to have been raised to be dashed again
re cruelly to the earth. Jessie too, her
stant friend, was now no more, and she
left alone in her wretchedness. Isabella
for her the most lively compassion; but
grief was of a nature which scarcely
nitted of consolation. She could only
leavour to direct her attention to Him who
ne could be her support under so heavy
oad of woe. The old grandmother, with
bella's assistance, was placed in as com-
table circumstances as her situation would
mit. A little girl had been hired to wait
on her. She was tidy and active, and
poor old woman seemed generally to
agine that she was still under the care of
r own Jessie. Isabella could not wonder
en Ailsie said that she often envied the
ensibility of that worn-out mind.

Another cause of sorrow was the near
ospect of Helen's departure to the far-
tant East. Isabella felt a sincere affection
her cousin, in spite of her numerous

affectations and absurdities. She had marked that whenever those were brou into competition with the kindly dictate her heart, the latter invariably triumphed.

The marriage-day of the sisters at last rived. Rose, by all spectators, was pronou to be beautiful, but poor Helen cried too m to appear to advantage. After the cerem Mr. and Mrs. Heriot set off to the Eng lakes, where they were to spend the ho moon. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bell rema to dinner, and having taken a long and farewell of their respective families, took direct road to London, where they wer embark for Calcutta. Little more tha fortnight had now to elapse before that which was to unite the destinies of Isal and Melville, and to bind in one indissol tie hearts already so dear to each ot Business—the never-to-be too much dete business called Melville frequently to E burgh. On one of those occasions, Isal went to Burn Cottage to drink tea Mrs. Melville. The two friends were n at a loss for conversation. In the pre instance, it naturally turned upon the p pects of the young couple.

"You have, I think," said Mrs. Melville, "every prospect of a happy life. Your affection is founded upon truth, and not upon illusion. You are both perfectly single-hearted—equally above all deceit; and neither of you has been brought up with those fantastic and high-flown notions of bliss which it is impossible that life can ever realise. Life is full of happiness; but that happiness does not consist in the attainment of the objects to which wild and unbridled aspirations have pointed, nor in exemption from the common troubles of humanity; but in grateful enjoyment of the blessings within our reach, and in unshaken hope and steadfast possession of the soul in the hour of trial." She paused for a few seconds and then continued: "I have never, Isabella, related to you the history of my life."

"Never," said Isabella in a voice expressive of the interest she felt.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Melville, "I ought not to have called it a history. A history leads one to expect varied scenes and remarkable incidents. Now my life has been externally as barren of these as a long life

could possibly be. Born in the same r
of life to which I now belong, I have
perienced none of those vicissitudes wl
are sometimes believed to constitute
interest of biography. Educated in
father's house, in the midst of every com
which affection could devise, I passed f
thence into the home of my husband
husband, my equal in birth and fortune,
largely possessed of those qualities of n
and heart which are the main safeguar
domestic happiness. True, that best ea
friend was early taken from me; but t
my young friend, is no uncommon mi
tune; and though the loss was indeed i
parable, it was in my case even more t
usually tempered with mercy.

"My son has ever been all that the heart
mother could desire. He has faults, it is t
but it is long since I ceased to look for pe
tion, and I thank God, his are neither faul
the heart nor defects of principle. The t
of my life has been unbroken by wond
events, its course unaltered by extraordi
changes. As far as outward circumsta
are concerned, the evening of my lif

exactly what the morning appeared to foretel. Yet how changed are most of my opinions, and many of my feelings! My inner life has undergone a complete revolution. The heart has its own vicissitudes and trials—vicissitudes and trials of which the world can never be cognizant; but which are not, therefore, the less complete, or the less severe. Though hidden from the gaze of superficial observers, they alter the complexion of our whole existence, not less than those more material changes which are apparent to the least penetrating among mortals. According as the elements of the inner man are deep, strong, and excitable, or cold, passionless, and unimpressionable, so is the mental history of the individual varied or monotonous. A breast gifted with lofty emotions, and deep sensibility, fashions forth for itself stirring incidents, and wide alternations of joy and sorrow in the drama of life. Such a heart, though it may never have been subjected to the depressions and elevations which proceed from those causes of disappointment and rejoicing, which alone are obvious to the selfish and worldly;—such a heart has invariably a history—or, if you will, a romance,

interesting to those who have the powe
understand the feelings which have prod
the various circumstances of which
romance is composed. But to my hist
Snuff the candles, my love, and go on
your purse.

"My father, I dare say you already k
was of good family, and lived upon
estate which he inherited from his ances
He was a man of excellent dispositions; g
rous-hearted, and open-handed almost
fault. He was proud of his name, his cou
his Highland blood, and of his daug
Though a man of education, and not defi
in abilities, he was more addicted to cou
sports than to literary avocations. In g
ral society, he was a favourite; among
dependants, popular; and by me, d
loved. My mother was the daughte
a neighbouring Laird, and was, I belie
woman of superior understanding, an
great personal beauty. But I never sa
mother. After a brief year of happi
she died in giving me life. My father
married again; and in me centered al
affections. An old maiden aunt of
father's came to reside with us, to s

the place of a mother to me, and to preside over her nephew's household. Dear aunt Christian! how well I remember her. She lived till I was fifteen years of age. She was a worthy Highland soul, fifty years behind the world in her ideas, and though simple beyond imagination, possessed of great strength of mind, and individuality of character. Though homely in her exterior, and entering *con amore* into the most minute details of common life, my aunt possessed a fund of high sentiments, and an abundance of Highland pride. She also exercised, in no common degree, the old-fashioned virtue of hospitality. Indeed, she was somewhat addicted to killing with kindness, and at dinner, in particular, he was an unlucky wight who happened to be within reach of Aunt Christian's personal attentions, as head-ache, or night-mare, or both, were almost their certain consequences. Under the auspices of this lady, I was educated, if that could be called education, which consisted of being taught for an hour in the morning how to work a sampler, and how to sew a shirt—useful arts in which I am ashamed to say I never made much proficiency—and being

left the rest of the day to do as I pleas
It is true, my father taught me to read, a
sometimes talked of getting a governess
me; but neither he nor my aunt would
am sure, ever have permitted the confinem
which this step would necessarily have
posed upon me. As it was, the time wh
was not diverted to the active sports
childhood, in which I was very expert,
occupied in listening to wild legends rela
by the old servants and clans-people in Gae
which I spoke as my mother tongue.

"Not a hill or stream on my father's p
perty was without its tale of the past;—
a dark glen without its yet darker traditi
And then, in the long winter evenings
would listen with unwearied ear, whilst
aunt recounted again and again reminiscen
of her youthful days. She could remem
the rebellion of 1745, and I have seen
dim eyes brighten, and her usually pla
countenance kindle, as she recounted
feats of bravery, and the hair-breadth esca
of the heroes of that unfortunate peri
Her father and brother had been 'out,' as
is called; and on the paternal estate, wit
view of the dwelling-house was still carefu

preserved an old tumble-down turf hovel where they had been concealed. The whole family had, of course, been devoted to the cause of him whom I cannot even yet call the Pretender. I have seen my aunt even shed tears as she adverted to the tragic conclusion of his attempt to vindicate his birthright. And, indeed, is there a true Scottish heart that would not drop a tear over the fallen fortunes of the house of Stuart—over the extinction of the long line of Scotland's Kings, however much the reason may rejoice under the happier sway of the present dynasty? These tales were varied by readings from the History of Scotland, and though in those days there were no 'Tales of a Grandfather' to combine the romantic interest of fiction with the truth of history, still my imagination was powerfully excited as I eagerly perused the chronicled deeds of our forefathers; I longed to have lived in those days of stirring incident and deep interest.

"Often and often have I wept bitterly over the tragic fate of the beautiful and gifted Mary Stuart, that personification of all that we can imagine most perfect in

female loveliness and grace, and the memo
of whose faults is lost amid the recollecti
of her unparalleled sorrows—of her unj
and cruel death. Amid the female worth
I particularly admired Catherine Doug
who so heroically sacrificed her arm in defe
of the life of her sovereign, James I.; I
bella, Countess of Buchan; and Flora M
donald, the heroine of the last rebelli
This lady, in particular, was the object alm
of my envy; she had lived so near my o
time, had been almost the contemporary
my aunt, whose eyes glistened as she rela
the story of her devotion to the unfortun
descendant of the royal race of her nat
sovereigns.

"For my own part, my enthusiasm kn
no bounds. I too longed to be a hero
—longed to do something great or noble
longed to have my name enrolled amo
the daughters of fame. Those, Isabe
were the dreams of my earliest youth. H
little I then understood the real value
life, or the nature of those qualities wh
constitute true dignity of character! A
grew towards womanhood, I imbibed a l
of reading, which almost amounted t

passion, and which, together with long rambles amid the wild romantic scenery of my beloved Balnacaron, and the time which I devoted to the society of my father and aunt, was the occupation of my existence.

"I became possessed with a strong desire to study languages, and accordingly, under the instruction of the parish schoolmaster, a precise, quaint individual, I made myself acquainted with French and Latin. My father had an excellent library; but it consisted chiefly of the works of former generations. I was, therefore, in a great measure ignorant of the writings of living authors, and though, for my age, unusually well informed, far from being *au courant du jour*. As my mind became expanded, and my reason strengthened, I perceived of course the folly of my heroic aspirations, and relinquished, but not without a sigh, every hope of being a Flora Macdonald. My views of life, however, were almost as chimerical as if I had still cherished such visions. Having no personal experience of the world, the ideas I had formed concerning it were very erroneous. I believed, it is true, that it contained many evil-disposed and wicked persons;

but, at the same time, I expected to find in many noble spirits—many hearts kindle with the same love for the great and t beautiful which fired my own with enth siasm.

"I think I have said that my dear au died when I was fifteen. My father and deeply lamented her loss, but she had liv till an advanced period of life, and pass away in the possession of all her faculti and almost without an hour's suffering. T thread of life was worn so fine that would endure no longer. After her deat I became more visionary than ever. I spe hours in wandering amid the dark pi woods, or reclining on a heathery hill, reflec ing on the emotions produced by the vario aspects of nature, and indulging in romant speculations upon the future. And wh winter had wrapped the world in snow—wh the waters of the lake were frozen, a icicles hung from the branches of the f trees, I delighted to walk on the crackli ice, or on the dazzling snow, listening the cold noise of falling waters, or the moa ing of the wintry wind through the solem pine woods, the only sounds which brol

the death-like silence of the frozen atmosphere.

"I was only eighteen when my father proposed taking me to spend a winter in Edinburgh. I hailed the proposal with delight; for though I was perfectly happy amid the solitude of my native hills, I was desirous to become acquainted with the world of men and women. Except to visit my cousin, Susan Hunter, I had never been from home, and you may well believe my visits to her were not more frequent than I could possibly help. In the world, to which I was now about to be introduced, I imagined that I should find some friend to sympathize in the deep emotions, in the impassioned feelings of my own soul—some friend generous, disinterested, despising worldly grandeur and worldly wealth, far removed from sordid cares and worldly ambition, and living only for mutual affection, for benevolence, and for intellectual enjoyment. My dear Isabella, if I were to tell you half the anticipations I indulged in, you would scarcely credit my folly; but you must remember the seclusion in which I had been educated, the various

circumstances which
a naturally lively imag
friend who would un
and guide and restr
pensities. Such a fri
till later in life—no
been rudely dispelled,
of enchanting beauty
in the midst of one
cold and frightful, th
so fondly futured.

"In external manr
was not so unfitted
imagine. For some
the honours of my f
lavish hospitality was
guests, however, co
Highland Lairds, and
people to whom I sho
of betraying my real n
quainted with the conv
to genteel society. I
dance—an amusement
I should like, but wh
ment, was considere
for a young lady in m
occasionally spent a

at different periods, and the external appearance of that beautiful and romantic city was therefore not new to me. With its interior life, I was now to be made acquainted. My birth and my father's position in society, of course, obtained for me admission into the fashionable circles of the capital.

"There, I suppose I need not say, I met with but little of that generous spirit I so eagerly sought to find. At first I could scarcely understand the petty jealousies, the despicable ambitions which characterise fashionable society, nor the mean arts to obtain a worthless distinction, to which its votaries will so often condescend. I was disappointed, but not disgusted; for I had myself what the French call '*un grand succès*.' Not that even then I rated the admiration of the vain, fickle crowd at much more than its real value; but I was amused, and my time was not disagreeably occupied. I was well-born, possessed of some personal attractions; my character, though not much displayed, was not common-place; altogether I was a novelty and soon became the fashion. Though it was known that my father's estate was entailed, yet from my being an only

child, I believe it was generally imagined by those who were not intimately acquainted with my father's affairs, and his habits of lavish expenditure, that I should possess some fortune; and the reputation of this, together with the qualities I have mentioned, contributed to raise me to the envied pre-eminence I enjoyed in the gay circles of the Northern metropolis.

"We had not been long in Edinburgh when I became acquainted with Mr. Melville. His father and mine had formerly been acquainted, a circumstance which now led to our intimacy. Mr. Melville was many years older than I was, with nothing striking either in manners or appearance; in his deportment grave without being gloomy; not talkative in mixed society, but perfectly reserved and willing to speak upon more private occasions; without that lightness of heart and gaiety of disposition which makes Rollo the life of every party, he had all his cheerful views of life. He was, however, entirely devoid of that enthusiasm of temper and manner, which at that period of my life, I thought absolutely necessary. Without being at all dictatorial, his opinions were delivered as the result of

eliberation. He never obtruded them
ple's notice, but was generally ready
hem when required. Calm and
ical, he was unusually candid, and
r open to conviction. When you
agree with him, he did not appear
ou down as ignorant or foolish. He
appear to regard his own judgment
ble. He was much too sensible to fall
ulgar an error.

irst I regarded Mr. Melville as too
-place to be worth attending to.
y, however, I was struck by the
of his remarks upon a book I
d to be reading. I entered into
sion with him; and though there was
n which we did not agree, I was
ed at the new light upon the sub-
ich he caused to dawn on my mind.
erstanding had become narrowed from
t of considering everything from one
e point of view. Mr. Melville and
ecame intimate friends. Never, even
nstant, did I ever dream of a nearer
on. We saw each other almost
ay, and had many conversations and
its. He endeavoured to enlarge my

ideas and to give me sounder views of life, of that which is truly admirable and worthy of imitation. In return, I opened to him my whole mind. I could often perceive that he smiled at its wild flights; but I pitied him for the pity he felt for me. I regretted that a man for whose abilities I now began to entertain great respect, should thus, as I conceived, waste his time and talents on the insignificant objects of common life. As it was, however, my own mind, under his influence, certainly underwent some change, and might, had it not been for some circumstances I am now about to relate, have experienced permanent improvement. About this time I formed another intimacy with a young person of my own sex.

"Catherine was the daughter of a man in an inferior rank of life. Her parents were both dead, and by means of a fashionable guardian, a fashionable education, a passable person, and above all some thousands of pounds, she obtained admittance into the select circles of Edinburgh. She had not, however, reached the pinnacle of fashion, at which her ambition aimed. Through my

e determined to reach the elevation
ıt for. She determined to become
:n friend of the fashionable Miss
You think, my dear Isabella, that
; not easily to be done, as there
ainly no bond of union in our
:s. But you mistake. It does not
much genius to deceive the unsus-
Catherine made herself mistress of
:uliarities, and adopted the line of
: best calculated to gain my confi-
Regarding friendship, the objects of
:e, the nature of virtue and happiness,
ıoed my opinions. For me she pro-
the most unbounded affection.
that period of my life, I never dreamed
ple being other than they appeared.
nfidence, my friendship, I yielded to
thout a shade of doubt. In return
base coin, I gave her pure gold. Be-
ıg, it is true, I discovered that Cathe-
ıs not clever, that she was deficient
ginination and in the faculty of appre-
genius—a faculty not less a gift than
itself. But then, I was convinced
ıtherine was sincere. To her I could
my impressions and views without

the fear of having them ridiculed, and my vanity was not insensible to the various ways by which she ministered to it, including even her own acknowledged inferiority. Perhaps, Isabella, you will think we very vain; but I believe I only do myself justice when I say that better motives mingled with my vanity. I was grateful for the affection which I believed to be mine, and thought that noble sentiments, even when unaccompanied by superior abilities, ought to be admired and encouraged. Since then I have learned to believe that talents are the usual, if not the invariable concomitant of high aspirations, and that where there is the will there is generally the capacity to perform.

"Mr. Melville, I could perceive, viewed the progress of this intimacy with no friendly eye. Of course he did not express his disapprobation, as there was nothing in our respective situations to warrant such interference, and he was the last person in the world to be guilty of presumption. I could perceive, however, that he felt it, and I spoke to him upon the subject. Thus called upon, he gently and candidly gave his opinion; and warned me against trusting to

of whose real character I could
xperience. I replied warmly. Mr.
eminded me that I had entered
subject, and that he was bound to
he thought. I replied that I did
his doing so, but that at the same
anked Heaven I did not think as
[was not suspicious, and I could
up one friend merely because she
ppen to suit the fastidious taste of
Mr. Melville never spoke again upon
t; and from the opposition I had
d, I became more than ever attached
ine. I thought I was showing a
independent mind.

v evenings after my conversation
Melville, I met him again at a
ll. Though I continued to think
ght, I remembered I had spoken
ance, and I therefore received him
than my usual cordiality. We
gether; and shortly afterwards my
troduced a young man to me whom
r seen before."

elville paused for an instant. Her
nd continued to listen with unre-
tention. After giving a short cough
ded:

"He was an officer from a regiment then quartered in the Castle. Certainly, never either before or since, have I seen any one to be compared with him in personal appearance. Not only did his face and form realize any idea I might have conceived of the perfection of manly beauty; but they were set off by a gallant bearing, polished manners, varied accomplishments, and an unusual vivacity of expression and demeanour which never degenerated into frivolity. You may naturally feel inclined to ask if I discovered all this in one evening. I did, and much more. I discovered that not only was he gifted with every external advantage, but that he had a mind, and, could I doubt? a heart to correspond with so fascinating an exterior. He understood everything I said, and appeared to be able to sympathize in all my feelings. If he did not exactly entertain the same views and opinions that I did upon every subject, he seemed to comprehend and to admire mine. He spoke with the same enthusiasm, and appeared possessed by the same spirit which pervaded all my thoughts and actions.

"We danced together nearly the whole

nd in one night my intimacy with
made greater progress, than my
with Mr. Melville had done in a
nth. The following day, he called
father and myself, and soon became
sitor at our house in George Street.
only served to confirm me in the
e opinion I had at first conceived of
d he gave me no reason to doubt
regard was mutual.

ing told you thus much, my dear
you will not be surprised to learn
re the end of the season we became
—betrothed. Often in my day dreams
lulged in the hope of a perfect friend-
it never of a perfect love. This, even
anguine spirit, seemed too great a
to expect. Now, however, more
wildest visions was realized. I was
blessed beyond all imagination. Love,
passionate ever felt by mortal, cast
ver every object in existence. The
s full of beautiful illusions—illusions?
there was no reality."

rs. Melville spoke, Isabella narrowly
l her countenance to see if there
there, in referring to her early and

passionate love, no portion of the enthusiasm which she attributed to that period; but there did not—her still beautiful face was calm and placid as the tone of her voice. She continued:

"My lover was a younger son, and possessed little or nothing of the world's gear beyond his pay. He seemed surprised to hear that I too was without fortune; but appeared almost to rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded us of manifesting our mutual disinterestedness. The necessaries of life, he said, were all-sufficient where there was youth and love, and he quoted the Bible in proof of his assertion; whilst I, for his sake, was not only ready, but delighted and eager to sacrifice the pomp and vanities of the world for love and its beautiful things. My father's sentiments, you will readily imagine, did not entirely coincide with ours. He had, however, loved; and had from the first conceived a high opinion of the young man who sought his daughter's hand. In that daughter's happiness, too, centred all his hopes, and he saw that it would be her misery to thwart her inclinations. Therefore, though perhaps rather un-

he consented to our marriage. My
of a respectable family; but perhaps
ıy equal in birth and station. His
ıer, one of the most truly excellent
ous of men, offered to settle a small
us annually. We were to live with
till his death, and he insured his
r benefit. Our marriage was fixed
)lace in the month of June, when
should be smiling on my beloved
)n.

ıwhile, the days were spent in
anticipations of that happy period
eriod which was never to arrive!
: was now an inmate of my father's
She did not appear to be happy at
lian's, and I invited her to live with
e my sister. She appeared to sym-
vith her whole heart in my felicity.
never weary of talking to me of him
oved more than my life, and without
of envy, she seemed to rejoice in
)eakable happiness. I loved her
more every day. Possessed of such
such a lover, such a friend, I coveted
her of earth's gifts. How they
comparison with those which were

already mine! True, Catherine occasionally sounded the praises of my affianced husband, and reiterated speeches which he had made in a manner that rather shocked my taste. I felt that she touched upon many subjects, upon which natural tact should have taught her to be silent. I reflected, however, that in early life, in that season when the ductile mind is most readily moulded, Catherine had laboured under many disadvantages. I remembered her low origin, and at that period my—prejudice, if you will, was even stronger in favour of birth than it is now.

"The rememberance of Catherine's mean extraction, however, served only to enhance her merit in my eyes, and to make me overlook many little flaws, which in one as well-born as myself, would have appeared unpardonable. The Edinburgh season was now drawing to a close, and in a few short weeks, I should be roaming with my beloved amid the silent woods, and by the blue mountain lakes of our beautiful home.

"It was about this time that I fancied—it could be nothing but fancy, I thought—that there was a difference in my lover's demeanour. It was not that his visits were of

rrence, or of shorter duration. His
ıns of affection, of delight in my
ıis devotion to whatever gave me
ıd pleasure, were all undiminished.
re than usual, he appeared to an-
my wishes and provide for my en-
; but yet there was an undefinable
ng—a something rather felt by the
ıan perceived by the understanding,
ɜnveloped, as with a gloomy cloud,
vords and actions, and through whose
medium all he said or did came to
ɜsted with its own sombre hues. I
ɜd valiantly against this feeling of
in my own happiness. I represented
ɜlf the folly, the weakness of giving
chimerical uneasiness and nameless
ıen I was in the certain possession of
elicity. I was angry with myself when
ɜd the many proofs of love I was daily
g, that I should dare to have even
ıw of doubt in him who was thus
f affection.

ıs I argued with myself till the feelings
ɜxperienced became in my own eyes
ɔtible, and my heart at ease. No
however, did I find myself again in

his company, than all my vague apprehensions of I knew not what returned. I did not even name to myself a distrust in my lover's faith. That was an idea which it would have been too terrible to dwell upon for a moment; and which even to admit would have appeared little less than sacrilege. I was too much ashamed of the uncomfortable feelings I had experienced to confide them even to Catherine. No, I locked them in the inmost recesses of my own heart, determined that no mortal eye should ever read them, and that every energy of my mind should be bent to subdue them. I made a positive determination that they should be conquered. All, I was sure, would be well at Balnacaron.

"Two or three weeks before the time fixed for our return to that dear home, Catherine left us with the intention, she said, of paying a short visit to some relations at Morningside before she quitted her home in that neighbourhood. She took leave of me with demonstrations of regard, which appeared to me unusually extravagant, but which I received as undoubted proofs of her grateful affection.

"One morning, three days after her depar-

s sitting in my own room, when moned to the drawing-room. My ;, for I did not doubt that it was I had not seen him all the pre-, a most unusual circumstance, vhich, in the present state of my ıad been productive of no small d alarm. Now, however, I thought ne to explain the cause of his non-:. Great, therefore, was my sur- disappointment to find only my l Mr. Melville. My discomfiture sed on perceiving instantly, by the ces of both, that something dreadful ned.

t is the matter?' I exclaimed, g I see you have to tell me. I ır this suspense—father—Mr. Mel- mercy's sake—tell me, I will try —speak—speak—where is he? Is

Melville spoke; but what words he cannot tell you. I never knew. ort far outstripped my wildest fears, ıny hours deprived me of my senses. ss friend had eloped with my still idious lover; and I was duped,

betrayed, deserted, by those whom I had most loved and most trusted. My happiness was destroyed by those for whose interest I would not have hesitated to sacrifice my life, and who, I had fondly believed, returned my affection with a love not less pure—not less disinterested than my own. Bitter, bitter indeed was my first lesson in the world's ingratitude! When at length I returned to life—to the consciousness of my own unutterable misery, the contemplation of my wretchedness almost deprived me of my reason. The sight of my father in an agony of grief, alone recalled my wandering senses, but added a new pang to the anguish I was already suffering. I begged him to be comforted. He only looked at me, whilst tears started into his eyes, and he clenched his hand as if in the act of calling down imprecation upon some person.

"'Father,' I said, 'do not act thus. I forgive them. In time I shall recover, I know I shall. I am not dying. Henceforth, we are all in all to each other.'

"I was right, Isabella. Whatever romancers may have believed or feigned concerning the nature of woman's love, I am

convinced that it can never, unless ced by imperative duty, cling to rthy.

e I left Edinburgh, all love for the was gone for ever. The bitter, ıg of ingratitude, however, was still ıe anguish of disappointed hope still l on my memory, and the prospect ɔng, dreary, cheerless life, oppressed l with a sense of suffering almost too o be borne. I then thought of my —of all his love and of his pride in ıd I determined that my life should of devotion to his happiness. I could leed be happy; but a sense of duty support me, and I should be resigned. dea, as a steadfast resolution to do ɜ right, brought rest and comfort to assed spirit. I determined to banish r all vain regrets, all useless repinings, set myself steadily to the task which l me.

ıdmitted also the consolation—a melan- one certainly, that it was better I have been thus rudely undeceived hat I should have bound myself for

ever by irrevocable vows, to one utterl false and worthless. I did not, howeve feel the hate of a woman scorned. I fe how infinitely less miserable such a state c mind as mine must be, than that of thos by whom I had been so basely deceived; an I truly pitied whilst I despised them.

"The day of our departure from Edin burgh at last arrived. Mr. Melville came t bid us adieu. He was visibly affected—mor than I had ever seen him in my life before Though he did not speak, I saw how deepl he sympathized with me. I was touched for Mr. Melville's feelings were so much unde command, so seldom perceptible beneatl his usually calm exterior, that when the did appear I felt they must be strong. A he handed me into the carriage I returned hi affectionate pressure of my hand.

"'You are indeed,' I said, 'a true friend You, at least, will never deceive me.'

"'Noble-minded woman,' he replied 'you have not then lost all faith in th sincerity of your fellow-creatures. May Go bless you!'

"The remembrance of these few words wa the sole solace of my melancholy journey

ıore than when we have experienced
hood of one friend, do we prize the
and constancy of another. I felt
now I had never done full justice
xcellence of Mr. Melville's character.
ıarmed with his delicacy and forbear-
I knew that from the beginning he
etrated the artful and designing dis-
of Catherine, and understood the
ːss of her motives. Her accomplice
it, though introduced to me by himself,
never appeared to like; yet never
d or look did he ever triumph in the
ırity of his judgment. Never once
insinuate that my blinded folly, my
led rashness had been the chief agents
present misery. All self-congratula-
his own quick-sightedness and sound-
f opinions—all selfish considerations
er, seemed forgotten in pity and sym-
for my misfortunes. Proud as I had
ıs I still undoubtedly was, I could not
l how infinitely superior in magnanimity
ıd was to mine. I must, however,
self the justice to say that I took a
ıs pleasure in making this acknowledg-
ɔ myself. I felt proud, if you will allow

me the expression, of being able thus far
humble my haughty self-sufficient spirit.

"We now approached the termination
our journey. A new and severe trial awai
me. I was about to see again those sce
and faces which five short months befo
had quitted with a heart at ease and bri
anticipations of a life of beauty and gladn
and which but three weeks ago I had ho
to revisit in perfect felicity with my brigh
dreams more than realized. And now I
returned, how complete was the revolution
feelings had undergone? How different t
were from what they had promised to
Thoughts and recollections of my never-to
forgotten visit to Edinburgh came crowd
on my mind: Edinburgh, that place wh
must henceforth be associated in my mem
with the brightest and the darkest period
my life. Never, however, I then thou
could the remembrance of it be other
than exquisitely painful.

"As each change of the familiar la
scape—each well-known view of the mo
tains appeared in sight, I thought of the
with which I had expected to hail it;
now the contemplation of the contrast

o great to be borne. That I might
ıose objects which I had associated
nd with past and future happiness,
:h for that reason were now fraught
s of misery, I turned my eyes from
ried my face in my hands, and wept
trollable anguish of spirit.
ed at home, I regained my com-
nd arranged my future plan of life,
hange had come over the complexion
:lings, and been effected in my views.
:d the course of reading, the train
ht, and the romantic ideas in which
merly indulged, as in a great mea-
cause of the misfortunes which had
me. I determined now to quit for
ideal world in which I had lived,
ch had hitherto appeared so en-
but which had in reality proved
f snares—a dark, subterranean gulf
covered with a treacherous carpet-
lowers. I determined now to live
ty. The human mind, my dear
is ever prone to extremes; par-
the mind of the young, passionate,
ınd inexperienced. Without rudder
ass, I had hitherto performed the

voyage of life. No pilot had steered my wandering bark. I had never but once, and then only for a short time, come in contact with persons who could understand its aberrations, or who consequently were able to guide it back to the safe track.

"The brilliant glare of poetry and romance appeared to me now to be undoubtedly 'the light which leads astray.' I resolved to turn for ever from the bewitching path on which its illusive glories shone, and set out steadily in search of another, illuminated by a purer light. I had never been irreligious, nor without a sense of the infinite holiness and goodness of the Supreme Being, and the reverence due to His omnipotent perfections; but with me, religion had been hitherto rather an æsthetical impulse, than a rational and living principle pervading every thought, word, and action. In the present state of my feelings, I viewed it truly as the one thing needful. In other respects, however, my views were mistaken and perverted. Instead of seeing in it a consolatory, joyful, loving spirit, amalgamating with, and heightening every innocent pleasure, I invested it with the glowing colours of my own darkened soul,

ed it at variance with all that is
n earth. I thought I could serve
by mortifying every natural inclina-
ny heart and mind. I shunned all
easures which before had been my
I shuddered even when I experienced
nost heavenly emotions produced by
templation of the beautiful works of
eator. To be moved to ecstacy by
ht of the setting sun on the heathery
f Balnacaron, or the soft moonlight
deep, smooth waters of its lake, ap-
to me to partake too much of earthly
, of the 'light of other days' to be
d in, without incurring the guilt of
g the avenues to sin and romantic

short, Isabella, I all but did penance,
the tenets of my faith were rigidly
istic. I never read any book, of which
and the style of religion which I
lopted, was not the subject. Thus
rceive that it was almost impossible
as could be enlarged or purified. I
ver walked except along a dull road
good of my health, or to the cottages
and relieve the wants of the poor.

"In this manner, a whole twelvemonth passed away. I had regained outwardly, perfect composure, and within, that freedom from turmoil and racking pain which a sincere devotion to religion never fails to bestow. I was, however, only negatively, not positively happy. If the misery which had filled my heart was there no longer; neither was there any joy in its place. All was cold, lifeless, uninteresting. My father could not avoid remarking that if he never heard me sigh, neither did he ever see me smile. He perceived that the joy of my life had departed. When I saw how this grieved him, for his sake I tried to smile, but the attempt died away on my lips.

"One day, one beautiful day in the month of May, he asked me if I should not like to leave home for a little while. A little change might do me good. I rejected this proposal with terror. I would never, I said, leave home again. My father sighed deeply, and next proposed that I should have some friends to visit me at Balnacaron.

"'My dear, dear father,' I said, 'I have no friend but you—on earth, I mean.'

"'There is your cousin Susan,' suggested *my father. I shook my* head.

r Mr. Melville,' he continued. I im-
ly seized this idea; not that I expected
re any benefit from Mr. Melville, or
ıy friend upon earth; but I saw that
er was anxious to try some change,
as thankful to be able to gratify him
way that was not positively objection-
nd that would not, in my opinion,
ts own end. Moreover, I still enter-
a great regard for Mr. Melville, and
I shrunk from all intercourse with
of my own rank, I felt that I could
ndure his society than that of any
uman being. When I wished to be
I knew I could take the liberty of
ıim so. The invitation was promptly
ied, and as promptly answered. He
s friendly, as considerate, as he had
en. He seemed to take as great an
in me as formerly. Even on the
f his arrival, I was surprised, and
alarmed at the unusual lightness of
its as I retired to rest. The following
ad a long conversation with my friend.
ıot conceal from him the important
which my sentiments and views had
ıne, and challenged his approbation of
smiled kindly, as he replied,—

"'Forgive me, my dear Miss Rollo, if I venture to prophecy that they will change again.'

"'I hope not,' I exclaimed in terror, 'but I am sure they will not; therefore, do not say so.'

"'You must forgive me again,' he replied, 'if I say that you have mistaken reverses of wrong for right.'

"Hereupon we entered upon an argument, which was renewed at intervals every day for some weeks. I shall not trouble you, my dear Isabella, with an account of all that was said on both sides; I shall merely mention the result. Under the kind guidance, and clear, gentle reasoning of Mr. Melville, my mind, which had hitherto groped in the darkness of its own unassisted powers, began gradually to attain to a wider field of vision, and a more definite and distinct perception of the relative value of things. I was led to perceive that the romantic dreams of earthly honour and happiness, in which I had fondly delighted to dwell, were, indeed, vanity of vanities; and that if I wished to be a heroine, true heroism —the heroism of a mind elevated above vulgar ambition, consists in carefully ascer-

he path of rectitude and duty, the have been ordained by God to tread; dily pursuing it when cheered only pprobation of the still small voice, as when encouraged by the applause of es. He also taught me that, if God the entire surrender of our affections ies, it is that he may purify and exalt, he may annihilate them.

ow saw that the ways of religion were rk, and gloomy, and barren of all ent, but ways of pleasantness. I ered that godliness has the promise of e as well as of the life which is to I perceived, that if the Christian has re to sustain, it is not with the boun- fts of his Heavenly Father, but with ssions, perverted ideas, and with the nd self-sufficiency of his own natural

ow truly felt that the spirit of the is not a spirit of bondage, but of —a new birth of the soul into a world and beauty. Again with a light trod the beautiful earth, surveyed the avens, and inhaled the fresh mountain remembering, whilst I did so, that

they were the excellent gifts of the same infinitely Holy Being who, by a life of sorrow and humiliation and a death of suffering and shame, had purchased for me the hope of a life of eternal blessedness.

"The works of art, the charms of genius, I again enjoyed with a zest unknown before; they were new proofs of the goodness of Him who has strewed even the narrow way with the flowers of his love. It is the abuse, not the use, the making of such things the end instead of the recreation of existence, which is sinful. If we are called upon frequently to deny ourselves, it is only that in the end our pleasure may be augmented, and that we may not lose that peace which passeth all understanding, and without which there is no real happiness.

"By realizing to my own mind the transitory nature of all earthly possessions and emotions, I diminished the bitterness of grief, and enhanced the brightness of joy, for I recollected that the time was not far distant when the former should be merged into the latter, and that all we could know of happiness in the fleeting realms of time, compared with the everlasting abodes of eternity, was

the glimmering of the faintest star, ed with the brightness of the sun at ay. I now saw that religion was not, l imagined, a thing totally apart from, posed to, the every-day occupations of t a blessed spirit mingling with every t, word and action, with the minutest of the natural and moral worlds. I that—

'There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.'

lot that we ought to be always speaking religion, nor to be constantly occupied rforming those works which are often sively denominated religious; true reli- ather guides, restrains, and purifies the it of our ideas, than forcibly diverts it its natural character.

Whenever, with pure intentions, we are vouring to promote, in the slightest e, the happiness of our fellow-creatures, ay be more religious than many who for ever on their lips the name of the High — that awful name which the ites regarded as too hallowed to be pro- ed by mortal man. Religion, my dear

young friend, is a blessed influence, casting around the life of man a veil of ineffable beauty and tenderness, and giving spirit and interest to the smallest incident of existence.

"Mr. Melville next applied himself to the cultivation of my intellectual powers, and the storing of my mind with useful information. How mistaken are those who represent the acquisition of knowledge as incompatible with the interests of religion! It is only knowledge unaccompanied by charity, which 'puffeth up.'

"Knowledge, wit, genius, imagination, —those sparks from the illumination of the better world, when not perverted from their natural use, and not criminally turned against their Giver, are surely talents which we are bound to use, and to enjoy with deep gratitude.

"The microcosm of man, and the microcosm of eternal nature, now began to display their wonders to my admiring gaze. Like the man in the Arabian tale, my eye had been touched with a precious salve which enabled it to discern the boundless and hidden treasures of the universe. I recognized the hand of the Almighty not more in the

ı and government of the myriads of which people space, than in the beauti- ıtation to their several functions of the ɜt parts of the lowliest flower trodden he foot of his creatures. In the records ı, I could also trace the workings of ıe Eternal Wisdom.

story I no longer read with the narrow dwelling on the deeds of the mighty, ving my enthusiasm excited by the nplation of poets; but I endeavoured to from the beginning, the progress of ation, and the wonderful concord of ɜntly incongruous instruments in con- ing to produce this end. It is true, the ɔters and deeds of individuals still fre- ly called forth my warmest admiration, ıe instances in which that admiration ccorded, was usually very dissimilar in nature from those to which it had rly been almost exclusively given.

now again happy. My smiles again ɜned the heart of my father, and the er weeks were passing rapidly away. you perceive, my love, that good had forth from evil, and light had dawned chaos.

"One morning, when I entered the breakfast-room, I found Mr. Melville alone. I began to congratulate him and myself upon the fine weather, which, I said, would allow us to put in execution an excursion which we had for some time meditated. He replied that that could not be at present, as on the following day he must leave Balnacaron.

"'Leave us!' I exclaimed, 'You must not leave us. You will return—you must return soon.'

"I had never before seen Mr. Melville so much moved.

"'Do you wish me to stay, then?' he said.

"'Can you doubt it?' I interrupted him.

"'I must,' he replied, 'till you have heard me. If you then bid me return, I shall only be too happy.'

"He then told me—what till that moment I had never had an idea of—that he had loved me long and truly. I found that during that memorable winter in Edinburgh, he had loved me with an affection as unselfish on his part, as on mine it was unmerited. I saw how deep and sincere that affection still was, and how it had led him—by staying so long

ıe—to sacrifice perhaps his own peace
ıd, in the endeavour to restore mine.
v he had too much strength of mind
ɜssly and imprudently to run such a
l. My heart was sensibly affected by
ɔ disinterested and generous.

Ƒou know,' I said, 'how I have once
Such love, I can never feel again.
f such affection as I have yet to bestow,
ıake you happy, take it. It is yours.'

ſy dear Isabella, when I was left alone—
I had time to think over all that had
l, I could scarcely believe in its reality.
ır ago—nay, a few weeks ago—how I
l have spurned the idea of marriage!
yet now, I was actually once more
ed. So strange did it seem, that I
scarcely believe in the reality of my own
nce.

ɑ the autumn of the same year we were
ed. Need I tell you that it was a union
never was repented of? The two first
of our wedded life were spent between
ola and Balnacaron. My dear father
e were never separate. It was a mar-
in every point of view, peculiarly
ıble to him. He rejoiced in our hap-

piness; and the evening of his day closed in peace. I had been married for rather more than two years when he died. His death was almost without pain; and his last days were cheered by the infantine prattle of his little grandson. I had another child; but it pleased God to take him from me.

"About three years after my father's death, my husband met with a dangerous accident. He was thrown from his horse, and his head was severely hurt. He recovered from the immediate effects of the fall; but his health never afterwards regained its former tone. He was ordered abroad, and Rollo and I accompanied him to the continent. He lived for about two years; but never returned to his native country. He died at Nice after a lingering illness accompanied with acute suffering. You may well imagine his death was a heavy trial to me. But he himself prepared me first, and infused into my fainting soul a portion of that Christian fortitude which supported him in the hours of agony to which he was subjected. He pointed to our little son, and told me that for his sake I must be willing to live.

"'To none but you, dearest Margaret,'

l, 'could I commit him with perfect
nce. Whilst his happiness is in your
ş, make him as happy as you have
ıis father. My best friend, we do not
r ever.'

ıus he endeavoured to console me, and
ɜ partly succeeded. But oh, Isabella!
his lifeless hand fell from mine; and
[beheld his cold remains enclosed from
ht for ever, then did I feel utterly deso-
Rollo, however, for him I lived; towards
ɜndeavoured to fulfil my husband's dying
ɜt, and the dictates of my own maternal

It was a pleasing task, and in its
ɜution I regained my happiness. Rollo
ıe to me a source of deep interest, even
s world. Whatever was conducive to
appiness augmented mine. Though I
you much for your own sake, my dear
la, I am also grateful to you for his.
ɜ, the petty jealousy of a selfish mind,
ish of possessing exclusively the regard
y human being, has always been incom-
nsible. And now, my love, I think I
told you all."

bella thanked Mrs. Melville for her
tive, and then enquired if she knew

what had become of her faithless lover and his wife. She replied:

"After their marriage, they went abroad for a few months. Their union, as might be supposed, proved unhappy. Catherine, without principle, from beginning to end, eloped with a French nobleman. Her husband exchanged into a regiment which was quartered abroad. He returned after two or three years' absence, and married again. He and his wife are now both dead. Peace be with the dead! Four or five years ago, when I was in Paris with Rollo, he was walking in the streets one day, when he was accosted by a woman in the last stage of misery, and wretchedness. She demanded alms. Struck by her foreign accent, he asked if she were an Englishwoman. She replied in the English language that she was a Scotchwoman.

"'I was once,' she said, 'a Scotch lady; but you see to what guilt and poverty have brought me!'

"Rollo was filled with compassion for the wretched fate of his countrywoman. Her cheek was sunken, and her eyes hollow. Want and disease had brought her to the verge of the tomb. Rollo offered to provide

an asylum where she might end her
comparative peace. She was over-
l with gratitude, and requested to
ıe name of her benefactor that she
ray for him, if she durst not pray
elf. Rollo told her his name. She
much struck by it.

ıu are not,' she said, 'the son of
ılville of Glencola—and Rollo—you
ır name was Rollo—oh, in Heaven's
ll me who was your mother!'

lo, much astonished, gave her the
information.

ıis,' she replied, 'this only was want-
ll my cup, that I should be saved from
ıe most dreadful of all deaths by the
Margaret Rollo—of Margaret Rollo,
betrayed.'

re me the remainder of this dreadful
dear Isabella; the unhappy woman,
ve already guessed, was Catherine.
we left Paris, she died, I sincerely
ınitent."

tle French time-piece, which chimed
ıt the conclusion of every hour, here
ıted Mrs. Melville. The friends were
d to find that it was ten o'clock.
rose to take leave.

"No servant has come for you, my dear," said Mrs. Melville.

"I half expected Rollo home to-night," returned Isabella, "and I told my aunt that she need not send for me."

"He must have met with young Macdonald in Edinburgh," said his mother; "he said that if he did, he should be obliged to remain all night, but would return to-morrow to breakfast. Hewison shall go with you, my dear."

"There is not the smallest occasion; I would much rather go alone. It is a beautiful moonlight night—a full harvest moon, and surely there can be no danger between Glencola and Linnwood."

"As you please, my love," said Mrs. Melville, who was certainly not of a timorous disposition, and who was quite able to sympathize in her young friend's preference for a moonlight walk alone through the beautiful scenery of her future home to the restraint of being attended by a servant.

e they are of understanding the visions
th and sunshine—of life, and beauty,
piness, which are conjured up in the
the weary sufferer by these simple,
hem insignificant words—the fresh air!
ong deprivation to inhale again the
of Heaven! What ecstacy! There is
earthly feeling which in depth of hap-
xceeds this delight. It is the feeling
nciliation. To feel that we are res-
o the love and confidence of those
hom we have been long estranged,
t whom we have never ceased to love,
y which words are feeble to portray.
hese sources of happiness now conspired
Isabella's drooping spirits. All around
emed to vie in showing her kindness.
ted by the arm of her affianced lover,
ok short walks in the garden, or in
od-paths, which were already enamelled
rimroses and violets and the earlier
of spring.

"e roses will bloom in June, dear
a," said Melville, as he beheld with
the returning hue of health. June
e time fixed for the marriage of the
couple. Isabella had said something

about delaying it till July or August; but her uncle had concurred with her lover in desiring that it might not be deferred longer than was absolutely necessary.

"The highest honour," he said, "which we can pay to the memory of the departed, is to act as we know they would have wished us to do. In justice to the dead, you must not make him the cause of a further separation."

Isabella sighed deeply; but as Rollo pressed her hand, she looked up, and with tears still in her eyes, smiled an answer to the wish which she read in his.

Rollo Melville was now one of the happiest of mortals. Isabella daily acquired strength; and her spirits had almost regained their ordinary tone. Rollo Melville was one of those fortunately constituted beings, whose spirits, when relieved from the pressure of misfortune, rise immediately to, or even above their former level. Sorrow seems to them strange and unnatural. Not that they feel grief less poignantly than others; on the contrary, whether in themselves, or for others, they feel it, perhaps, more acutely; for to them it is a foreign, unexpected, incompre-

e prodigy. Their very element is hap-
and in the hour of affliction they feel
they were exiled from their native

e spirits there are, who seem born to
. For them it appears as if there were
y in grief." They become wedded to
on. They seem as if they would not
ige their own sorrows for the joys
:r men. Others there are, who, though
ave no predilection for misery, are yet
to surmount the influence of the
st misfortune. Each sorrow as it
casts a shadow on the mind, which
s cause passes not away. Though the
itself may have been removed in-
, we may perceive that it has left
behind, which, though they may be-
ainter, can never be entirely effaced.
o Melville possessed the happy gift
ng able to extract the sweet of life,
gled with the bitter. Misfortune, when
was only to be remembered as a con-
and served to enhance the happiness of
esent. He possessed the enviable art
ig able to behold the bright side of life.
ways hoped. He never feared. Yet

was he not insensible to the woes of humanity. Wrong and oppression, suffering and sorrow, he knew, had made their abode in the world. But then they were not irremediable. Nothing was to be gained by sitting down to weep. Much might be produced by active exertions, and well-directed efforts. He was indignant that any one should say nothing could be done. He felt that all had something in their power. He did not wait till others set him an example. He possessed that energy of will, that untiring perseverance, without which nothing good or great can ever be achieved. He set resolutely to work to promote, as far as lay in his power, the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

I do not say that his attempts were always crowned with success; but in general they prospered sufficiently to give him ample scope for encouragement to proceed. In such pursuits, he found his own happiness; and if for a season the remembrance of a scene of distress cast a gloom over his joyous spirit, such a sensation was succeeded by an inward tribute of gratitude from his swelling heart, to that Heavenly Father who had made his own fate so different.

CHAPTER XVII.

'as a beautiful morning in June. The one brightly. The birds sang sweetly. the wedding-day. The wedding-guests ew in number; the only persons present 'ere not relations of the bride or bride-, being Melville's friend, young Mac-l, and Harriet Manners, the beloved nion of Isabella's early years. She and Lorraine were to act as bridemaids the occasion.

Scotland, unless when the parties are ers of the Church of England, the age ceremony is never performed in h. The party were now all assembled drawing-room at Linnwood. The cler-n and the bridegroom were there. They vaited for the bride. Nor did they wait

She entered, leaning upon the arm of ncle, and accompanied by her friends. 'as dressed in white, as a bride should She wore in her hair a sprig of orange

blossoms. Her countenance was pale; but ere long it became suffused with a colour like that of a blush rose. Her expression was pensive, yet happy. As she took that vow which irrevocably bound her destiny with that of another, her eyes were raised to that Heaven, where her promises were registered. At that solemn moment, all earth-born thoughts seemed to have vanished. She seemed unconscious of all sense of the duties she was then binding herself to perform.

I dare not affirm that Melville's ideas were so altogether rapt from earthly feelings, and worldly cares; but he too looked deeply serious, and impressed with the importance of the engagement to which he was so solemnly pledging himself:—an engagement which involved the happiness temporal, and perhaps eternal, of her who was most dear to him, as well as his own.

Mr. Johnstone's address upon the duties of the married state, and his prayer for the future happiness of the newly-wedded pair, were both short. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any virtue in prolonging such religious acts. On the contrary, they cannot

concise. What they gain in number
ds, they lose in force of impression.
ealth of the young couple was then
by the company who crowded round
o offer their congratulations.
ella received them with a smile. She
ly knew where she was, or what she
All seemed so new and strange. Mrs.
ne wept during the whole time the
ony lasted; and though after it was
she dried her tears, they were per-
ly starting anew into her eyes.
Lorraine stood by his daughter Sarah;
s eyes rested upon his niece.
have only you left, my dear daughter,"
id, whilst a tear trembled in his eye, and
seemed to gulp down some strong emo-

.

And I will never leave you, my dearest
er."
May God bless you, my dear Sarah!"
And think, papa, Isabella is not going
1 us. We shall see her every day."
I have thought of this, my love. I know
for her good. I am convinced that she
every prospect of happiness. I too am
py and contented. But at my time of

life, Sarah, we cannot behold with indifference the severing of any tie which binds us to those we love, even when we are convinced, as I am now, that it is all for the best."

"But, Mr. Lorraine," said Melville, who had been moving about from person to person, and from place to place, and who, as he approached, had caught Mr. Lorraine's last words: "you must not speak of severing ties. On the contrary, we have been forming new ones, which I trust—which I am sure, nothing shall be wanting upon my part to render as agreeable to you as I possibly can."

"My dear Rollo," answered Mr. Lorraine, "those new ties of which you speak, are, indeed, most grateful to me. But you forget the nature of things. If we are not severing others, we are, at least, loosening them. It cannot be otherwise. But do not mistake me, or do me the injustice to think that I am not aware, that upon this occasion, what we have lost is more than counter-balanced by what we have gained."

Mr. Melville bowed gratefully, and appeared much pleased. Isabella, meanwhile, after having received kisses, congratulations,

od wishes, and heard herself called
Rollo Melville," by almost every in-
l present, had withdrawn to a window
apart from the rest of the company.
olind was half drawn up, and she looked
d upon the smiling aspect of nature.
garden was literally in a blaze with
right hues of summer. The roses were
et with the dews of the morning, which
a softened lustre to their glowing beauty.
shadows of the summer clouds chased
other across the surface of the distant
but no vapour dimmed the splendour
e bright June sun which bathed the
iful earth in a flood of glory.
bella gazed on this fair scene as one who
d it not. Her feelings were those of one
dream. The sights and sounds by which
was surrounded, the words which had
spoken, seemed more like the fabric of a
in which she had been a passive object,
the sober realities of life in which she
a principal performer. They operated
the senses, without carrying to the
a conviction of their certain existence.
mberous feeling stole over her senses.
earth seemed strangely bright. The hum

of voices sounded dreamily in her ear. She repeated mentally for about the twentieth time, "Can it be true—am I really married?"

From this state of abstraction she was aroused by the sound of some one drawing up the blind above her head. She looked up. It was Rollo Melville who stood by his bride.

"Isabella," he said, "we have not yet spoken to each other to-day. I have not yet had time to express my gratitude to you for all your goodness; but, I am sure you cannot doubt that I feel it. My love, I trust you are well and happy."

"I trust so, too," said Isabella, "and indeed, I think so. But I cannot realize my happiness. All that has passed—that is passing seems to me so like a dream."

"A dream! to me it does not appear like a dream; but like the most blessed of earth's realities. You know of old, Isabella, that I have always been an incorrigible believer in the reality of happiness. To-day, I can assure you I feel that I have reason to be more so than ever. My own sweet wife, can I for a moment forget that in life we part no more?"

n life we part no more," murmured lla, accompanying her words with a e of confiding affection, which spoke nes to the happy heart of the young and. He gave her one look of gratitude love, and moved from her towards Miss ot, with whom he began to converse. . Heriot was not at the marriage. She excused herself on account of not, at ent, being equal to the fatigue of a party. haps, if it were not uncharitable to investe her motives more closely, it might ear that the pleasure of thwarting her band, who she had discovered was particularly desirous that she should be present, , quite as much as solicitude for her own lth, the cause of her absence. Miss nter was among the number of the lding guests. She had been invited at request of her cousin, Mrs. Melville. ne weeks previously, she had condended with a very ill grace, to make nething resembling an apology to Isabella the reports she had originated to her judice. She consoled herself, however, submitting to such an indignity by laring everywhere, that if she had been

mistaken in her deductions, in her premises, at least, she had been correct.

"I merely stated facts," she said, triumphantly; "and if people drew the natural conclusions, could I help it?"

Isabella Lorraine's conduct had now become as much the theme of popular applause as it had formerly been of general censure. Miss Susy employed all the vulgar arts of detraction usual with individuals of her stamp; but finding that even from her they had little influence upon general opinion, she found it more politic to desist from the open expression of her animosity. For the restrictions to which she was under the necessity of submitting when talking of the daughter, she indemnified herself when speaking of the father, upon whose behaviour she exhausted every epithet in her vocabulary, and it was not a small one, of reprehension, scorn, and virtuous indignation. "She really thought that the Linnwood family might have had something else to do with their money, and, indeed, in her humble opinion, it was a positive encouragement to vice to put on such handsome mourning for a ne'er-do-well blackguard, for she could call him nothing

r. But it was all the Lorraines' pride.
ight have a fall some day yet. Indeed,
hat matter it might have had one already.
wait a wee, and if she was Rollo Mel-
, she wouldn't be very keen of taking
fe out of such an ill nest. But he was
like his mother, and would never take
ce. They were both eaten up with pride.
only wished they might never live to
nt it."

he carriage drove up which was to convey
ville and his bride upon their long projected
r over their beautiful native land. Adieux
re exchanged, and tears were shed. Mrs.
elville embraced her son and daughter. A
ght drop glistened in her eye; but the
pression of her noble and beautiful coun-
ance was eloquent of heartfelt happiness.
"May God bless you," she said, "my
loved children!"

The carriage rolled away. Would that every
idal equipage contained as happy hearts! . .
Mr. Mackain absconded immediately
er he had inflicted upon his victim
e mortal wound. He has not since been
ard of. It is generally supposed that
must have returned to those lawless regions

of the Western World, there to fix his abode among people of congenial tastes and manners. There only could he hope to find a field for action commensurate with his great abilities. His deserted wife was left in a state of great penury. The horses, carriages, and furniture of Highwood Park were sold for the benefit of the creditors. The proceeds of the sale were not sufficient for the discharge of the debts. The unhappy woman and her child were left utterly homeless and penniless. By dint of the most persevering and fulsome flattery, and the most abject submission to her opinion and will in all things, she persuaded Miss Hunter to invite her to her house.

There she still lives, and probably will continue to remain whilst her patroness survives. Flattery has now become necessary to Miss Susy. She is so useful in proclaiming those praises, which that modest lady was formerly under the necessity of sounding herself; she saves her so much trouble in acquiring news for her to promulgate, and in doing all the dirty work; she and her child are so convenient as objects upon which their protectress may vent her ill-humour, and keep

ınd in her favourite exercise of scolding, ıere is small chance of a person being ısed who performs so cheaply services portant. To all this drudgery, Mrs. ıin submits with the patience of Job. It ɔe sure, a woeful change for the elegantly d, pampered, luxurious, and extravagant ss of Highwood Park, to have sunk he humble dependent, the obsequious ater of a parsimonious, domineering er, who, every hour of the day, not only ions, but by words, reminds her of the tions she is under, and the tenure of ıte slavery of body and soul by which she holds her enviable situation. Many, ess, were the bitter feelings of regret torment the mind of this unhappy ı, as she remembers the glories of that ɔus state from which she has fallen ; but is her abject spirit touched by the con- ness of that degradation to which she arily submitted.

sufferings are not aggravated by that of disgrace which appears so natural to ɔn in her situation. She does indeed feel ed when she is obliged to appear abroad unusually shabby gown ; but for

her husband's dishonourable conduct, she has not a blush. Wealth is to her the sole honour and happiness; poverty alone, misery and disgrace. She has not availed herself of the "uses of adversity."

She still labours and toils for those vain and vulgar shows—those hollow pleasures, which to her grovelling, darkened soul, possess greater charms than all those treasures of the heart, those heaven-born joys which the dross of the earth cannot purchase, but which all, if they will, may obtain. She lives in the hope that Miss Hunter will reward her services by making her her heiress. This, however, is problematical. Had Mrs. Mackain, indeed, still been rich, there would have been no doubt upon the subject.

James Tulloch was completely sobered, and dreadfully shocked by the melancholy death of Captain Lorraine. The late course of events made a great impression upon him. He gave up the public-house, and joined the Temperance Society. For two years he led a sober, hard-working life. At the end of that time, Mr. Melville being in want of a steward for his home farm, he applied for the situation, not without ac-

ledging with shame his former mis-
ıct, but pleading his late course of life
earnest of his amendment, and saying
he believed himself qualified for the
. His services were accepted, and he
ontinued ever since to give satisfaction.
wife is now a tidy, active, light-hearted
ɔn ; and his son a fine, healthy, steady
Many people, and amongst others Miss
.er, found great fault with the Melvilles
he part they acted upon this occasion.
were, she said, giving encouragement
.ce. But Mr. and Mrs. Melville thought
erwise. They thought that it is as incum-
ıt upon those who desire to promote the
ɜrests of virtue, to encourage the repen-
t—to assist the fallen in their efforts to
ɜ, as to discountenance the wicked or even
ɜward the good.

Oh ! who can tell how many are lost beyond
wer of redemption, because no charitable
rit in this hard-judging world has put faith
their amendment ; because no good Sama-
ın has sought to heal the wounded spirit,
l bid the penitent hope ! How apt are all
pass upon the other side, and think that
y do God a service ! Let such persons
ıember that the " angels of Heaven rejoice

over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance." Alas! does it become those frail beings who need forgiveness and encouragement every hour of their lives, thus to shut the door of hope, thus to turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of their fellow-mortals? Or do they even know that they are more guilty than themselves? Have they measured the strength of their temptations, or do they now correctly estimate the value of that effort, which has promoted even the beginning of reformation? Blessed be God, it is not thus our Heavenly Father acts towards his sorrowing children. "Shall a mortal man be more just than God—shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

But a few minutes longer, my reader, do I solicit your attention, whilst I present once more to your notice, Sarah Lorraine. Miss Lorraine is now above thirty years of age, but she looks older, in consequence, perhaps, of her manner, and her style of dress, which though both perfectly unexceptionable, partake rather of the staid and sober character of middle age than of the sprightliness and ornamental arrangement of youth.

People have begun to call her an old maid,

wever, with the opprobrious meaning
o foolishly attached to this term; her
is mind, her steady, good sense, her
l, good temper, her cultivated under-
g, and her obliging manners render her
versal favourite. She is her father's
the joy of his life, and the comfort of
lining years. Her mother thinks she
iout parallel in the world, for every
and accomplishment under Heaven.
i sweet in themselves, the praises of
daughter Sarah," often cause her no
nnoyance. No condition of life in this
s altogether without a drawback. At
la there is no guest more welcome than

Isabella and Rollo are ever grateful
r unwearied kindness to the former at
ne when she most required it. They
ie to preserve for her the most
ied esteem and friendship.

children partake in the attachment of
father and mother to "dear cousin
" Her arrival diffuses universal satis-
throughout the establishment; and
oices strive to out-scream each other in
ming to papa and mamma the welcome
ence. She is as happy as earth's

pilgrims can be while yet in the land of their pilgrimage; she has made the grand discovery that it is the spring of sympathy and kindness which melts the frozen waters of the heart, and calls forth the flowers of gratitude and affection, the fairest that bloom in the garden of life. She can smile now at her former mistakes, and she has wisely found that even they may be made useful. To her young friends she speaks of them as errors which they must avoid; and many have been made happier by her counsels.

THE END.

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